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July 2, 1938

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Collier's

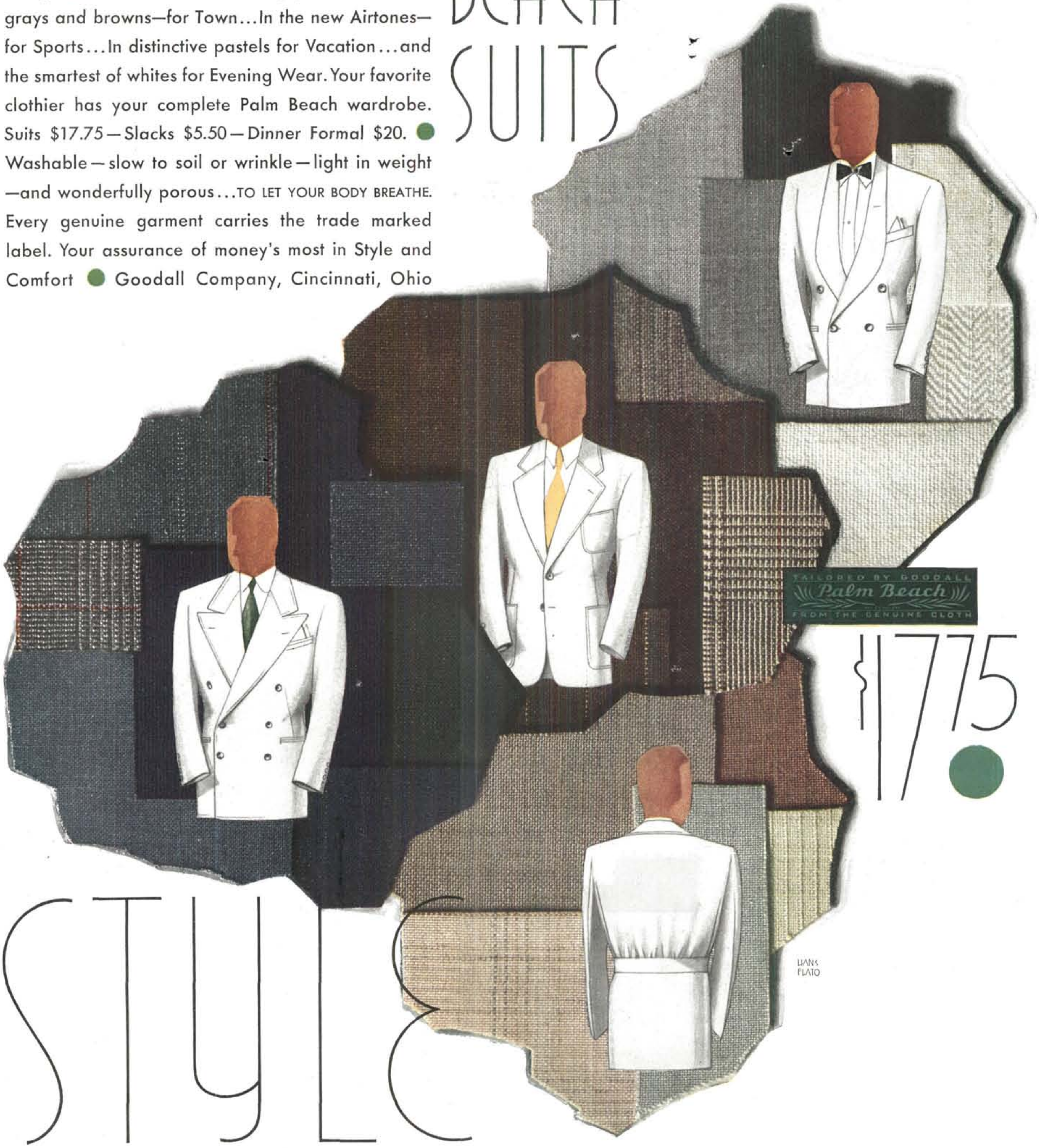
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN BEN AMES WILLIAMS
KYLE CRICHTON MAURY MAVERICK ERNE[illegible]X

JULY 2, 1938

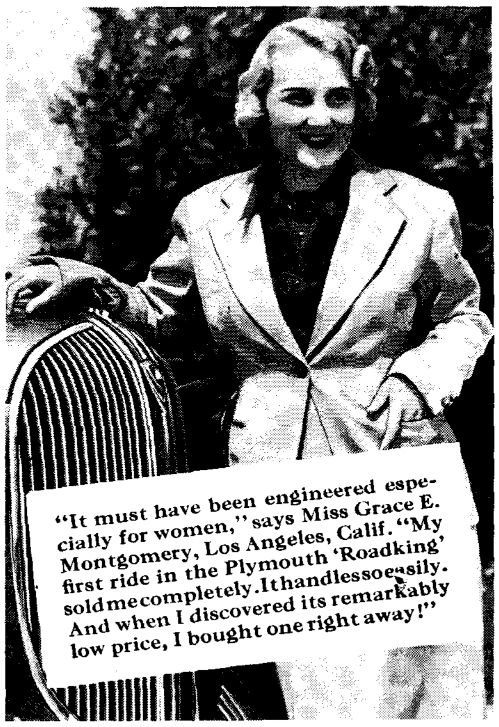
PALM BEACH SUITS

For cool style, the world turns to genuine Palm Beach ● Made by Summer wear specialists who achieve perfect fit—without burdensome pads or linings ● Tailored in handsomely patterned blues, grays and browns—for Town...In the new Airtones—for Sports...In distinctive pastels for Vacation...and the smartest of whites for Evening Wear. Your favorite clothier has your complete Palm Beach wardrobe. Suits $17.75—Slacks $5.50—Dinner Formal $20. ● Washable—slow to soil or wrinkle—light in weight—and wonderfully porous...TO LET YOUR BODY BREATHE. Every genuine garment carries the trade marked label. Your assurance of money's most in Style and Comfort ● Goodall Company, Cincinnati, Ohio



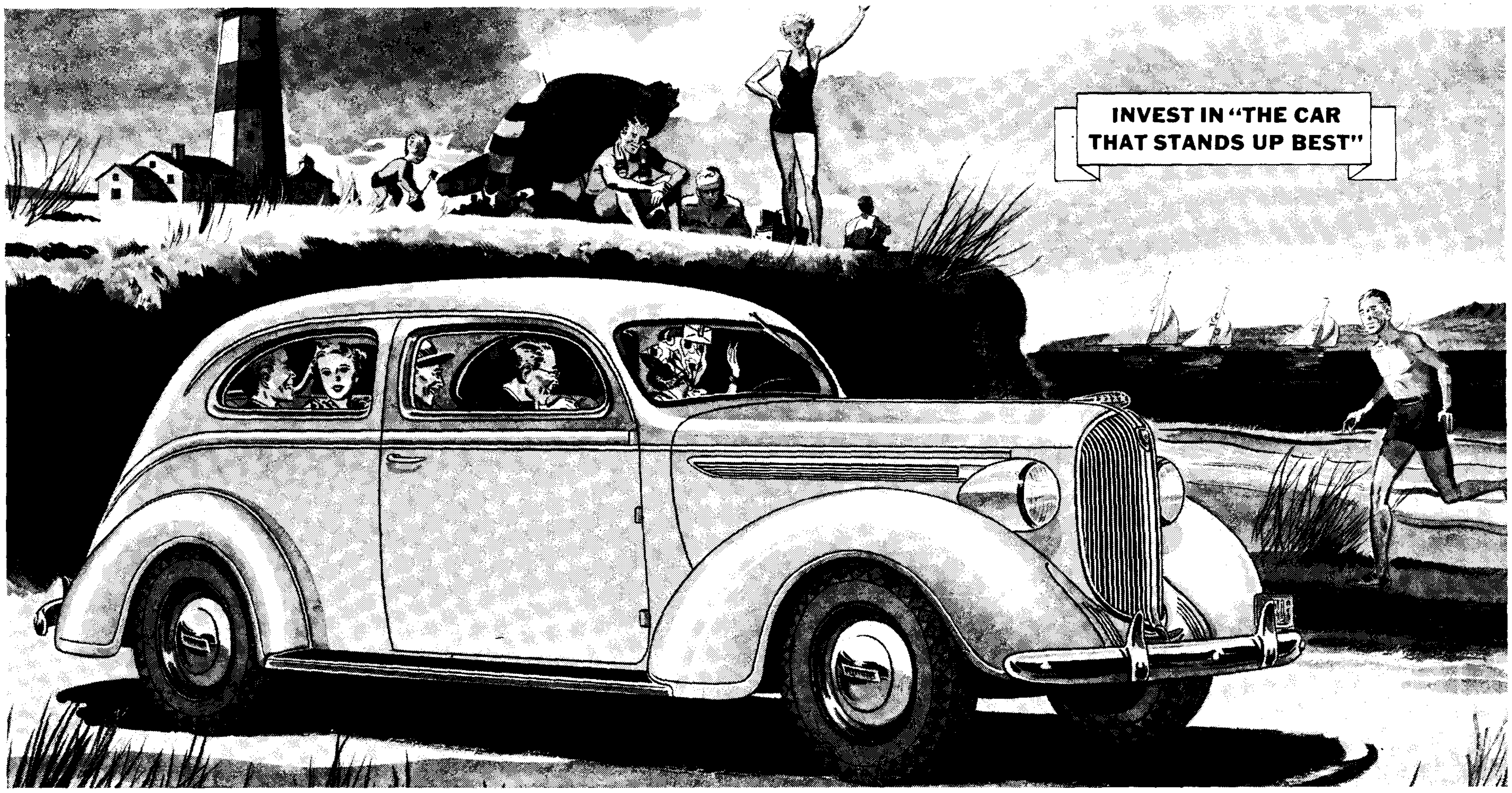
STYLE

$17.75 ●



"It must have been engineered especially for women," says Miss Grace E. Montgomery, Los Angeles, Calif. "My first ride in the Plymouth 'Roadking' sold me completely. It handles so easily. And when I discovered its remarkably low price, I bought one right away!"

"I FELL IN LOVE
WITH THE 'RIDE' OF THE PLYMOUTH
Roadking"


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

The "Roadking's" exciting new ride thrills everybody! People express delight with its new faster steering, new easier handling...its unsurpassed comfort and luxury throughout.

EXTRA ROOM—The Plymouth "Roadking" is by far the biggest and roomiest of the leading lowest-priced cars; it is nearly 7 inches longer than one; and more than 10 inches longer than the other.

POWER AND ECONOMY—The big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine gives the "Roadking" brilliant performance. Yet owners report *18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas*...big savings on oil and every item of upkeep!

EASY TO OWN—Your present car will probably represent a *large proportion* of Plymouth's *low delivered price*... balance in surprisingly *low monthly instalments*.

Go see this great car...learn why it's making such a tremendous hit! Call your nearby Plymouth dealer for a demonstration today. There's absolutely no obligation on your part. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH "Roadking" $685
5-PASSENGER SEDAN

—"Detroit delivered price," including front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes not included.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS
THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
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Collier's

July 2, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

"F'M whar I stand," Giles said, "I kin smell a cucumber smell. Hit might be a cucumber or hit might be a snake in de grass." The overseer of Little Bee Bend was talking to Albert, who claimed the child he had with him was his stepbaby. "I ain't tryin' to snake-in-de-grass nobody," said Albert.

Giles was right in his suspicions, but by the time he found it out he was downright attached to that child. When Albert and Black Jack and the lady in red britches tried to take the baby away it led to some of the fastest shotgun, razor and rifle work ever seen on Little Bee Bend. Roark Bradford tells about it.

"COAL Black and the Seven Dwarfs" is the title of John T. Flynn's brisk and informative report upon Pennsylvania's two greatest industries—coal and politics. Besides the seven dwarfs, the cast of characters includes such ornamental figures as polo players, contractors, bosses and bootleggers. As a stirring climax you will learn what happened to the millennium and the Guffey Coal Act in the Keystone State.

ERASMUS PACKARD sent his son to sea to get his ears knocked down. Erasmus was owner of the line and the ship he picked for his boy was skippered by John Lancey. He hoped the old captain would be able to show the young man something that would earn his respect. But Anne Lancey knew better. That, she said, was something a man had to have inside him. "Smart Little Man," a story of the China Sea by Jacland Marmur, shows you what happened.

AS ANY rational person will tell you, there couldn't be a mustache or a face like that belonging to Mr. Lew Lehr, nor could a human being produce such sounds. It's all true, nevertheless, all part of "Loony Lew," whose private life and public achievements are discussed by Kyle Crichton.

IT WAS no disgraceful action that sent Johnny Dugan into hiding at Haddam's Corner. It was because Johnny had behaved like an honest man and had been almost killed for doing it. But how was Hilda to know that? Lucian Cary gives you a clear object lesson of what happens to racketeers who get in the way of young love.

PHILIP GUEDALLA, William Cole, Kathleen Norris, Mignon G. Eberhart, Heywood Broun, Freling Foster and others complete the picture. Watch for them.

This Week

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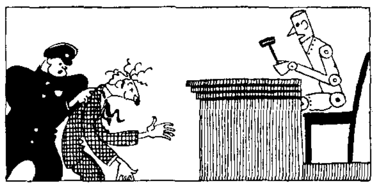
COVER GILBERT DARLING

Any Week

FOUR of the judges who hear traffic cases are exceedingly annoyed at the suggestion that politics may explain the suspended sentences awarded some of those convicted of drunken or reckless driving in Rochester, New York. The judges say with force: "The treatment of all persons according to set formulas assumes prejudgment, which, so far from accomplishing justice, does not accord with common decency. The conscientious judge is not a judicial robot."

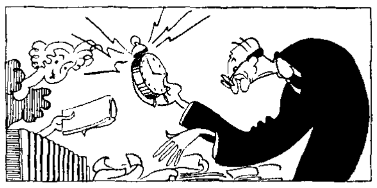


We are glad to testify that we have no evidence that reflects adversely upon the integrity of any of the justices who hear traffic cases in Rochester. If we are ever caught in the maze of Rochester traffic regulations we hope to land in the court of a judge who mingles mercy with his sentences. Somehow we don't relish the idea of being tried by a robot full of preconceptions.

RUSHING around the country as we're doing at the moment, pausing breathlessly now and then to jot down a few notes, fails to deliver complete satisfaction. Just now we're bulging with regrets that we had to leave Hazard, Kentucky, and dash up into Ohio. If we could have remained in Hazard we could have gone to the wedding of a nice meaty mountain girl and a fellow who was described to us as "a fotchin' man." Naturally we wanted to know what a fotchin' man was. He was, they said, a furriner. We protested that we still didn't get it. "Well, sir," said our host, "a gal either marries a home boy from the neighborhood or she marries a boy from out of the county—a furriner. And there's only one way to get a furriner, and that's to fotch him. So that's how he gets to be a fotchin' man."

WE MET a preacher, too. This gentleman, a Reverend Lassey, offered us "the honest evidence" that President Roosevelt is a Communist and that "the reason why nobody anyone ever heard of is ever invited to lay up overnight at the White House is that every room is filled with Communists." We asked Mr. Lassey how he knew this. He told us that we could find out for ten dollars. But our interest fell to a new low when we discovered that the ten dollars would have to be invested in The White Rescue. The White Rescue, we gathered, is "America's last stand against Communism." Also it "arose from the ashes of the great Ku Klux Klan—a noble order that prepared the way for The White Rescue like John the Baptist did for our Lord."

SO WE didn't join. If we had joined all the new societies and orders that seem to be springing up, we'd have had to walk or hitchhike home. We had to be content with listening to rumors. Usually the rumor crop doesn't ripen until we're about to elect a President. But they're growing wild now. We are informed that Germany and Italy are to attack us on the Atlantic Coast not later than August 15th and that simultaneously Japan will attack San Francisco. That ten thousand Russian airplanes are massed in Mexico preparing to bomb Texas. We also heard that Mr. James Roosevelt had gone to Rochester, Minnesota, not because he was feeling ill but to visit his father, the President, who had had a total collapse and was dying. We expressed some doubt about this, saying that surely the reporters in Washington would have known of it and notified their papers. "Oh, no," said the gentleman from Tennessee who gave us the news. "You see, the President left Washington after dark."



WHICH reminds us that Professor Ben McKerl of Knott County, Kentucky, has discovered that "nothing done by human man after four o'clock in the evening sets right." We talked at some length with Professor McKerl, who is "88 years old, never went to school a day in my life except to a spelling bee, which I won up against forty young bucks who had the book in their pants pocket." The professor said his conclusions had been reached after "studying human man at work and at rest every day since my twelfth birthday, when they wanted me to go to school to a man named Headly, who hadn't never been to school himself." To sum up the professor's findings, he discovered after sixty-five years of observation that "everything I thought up or took any account of after four o'clock in the evening hadn't the body to it to last till morning."

OUR clock just struck four. W. D.

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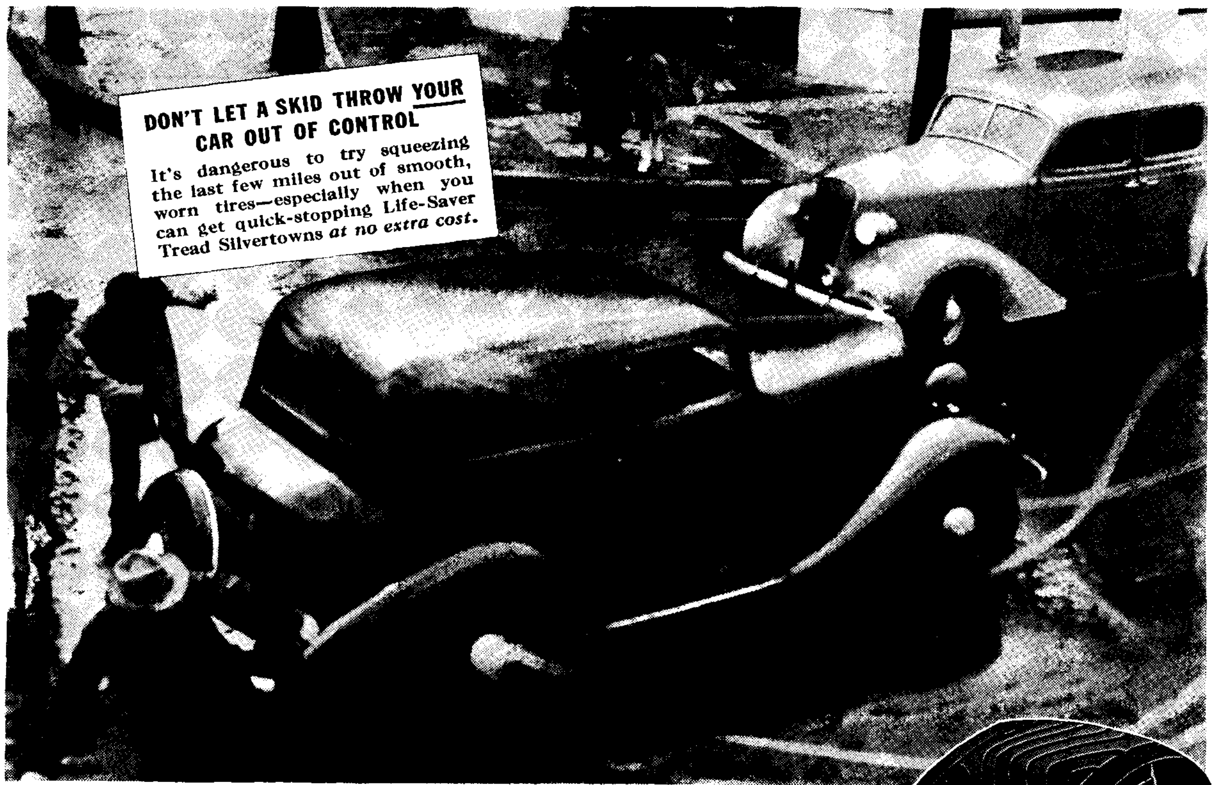
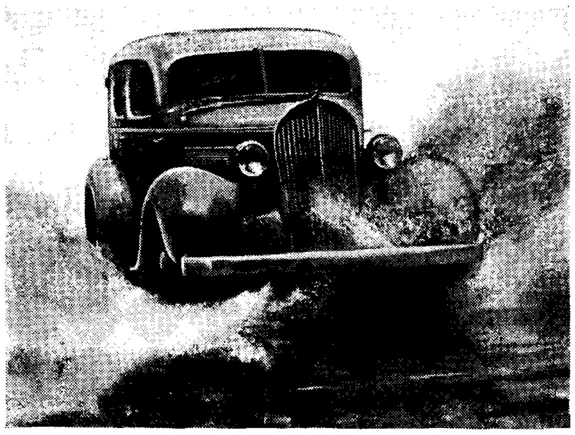
NEW *Non-Skid* TIRE DRIES WET ROADS

. . . Also Gives You Golden Ply Blow-out Protection Free



DON'T LET A SKID THROW YOUR CAR OUT OF CONTROL

It's dangerous to try squeezing the last few miles out of smooth, worn tires—especially when you can get quick-stopping Life-Saver Tread Silvertowns *at no extra cost.*



Wins "hands down" in non-skid tests by independent engineers

For *three* solid months—for thousands of miles over wet and dry roads—the famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory checked the *regular* and *premium-priced* tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers to determine scientifically which tire gave *greatest* resistance to skids. Read their report below.

Read how this new tire can save your life

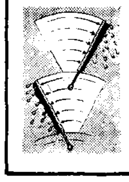
THE thousands of motorists, who are killed or injured every year by SKIDS OR BLOW-OUTS, would *never* risk the danger, grief and expense of riding on unsafe tires—*if they had another chance.*

With traffic growing heavier, with long vacation trips just ahead, *right now* is the wise time to replace smooth, dangerous tires with the new Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.

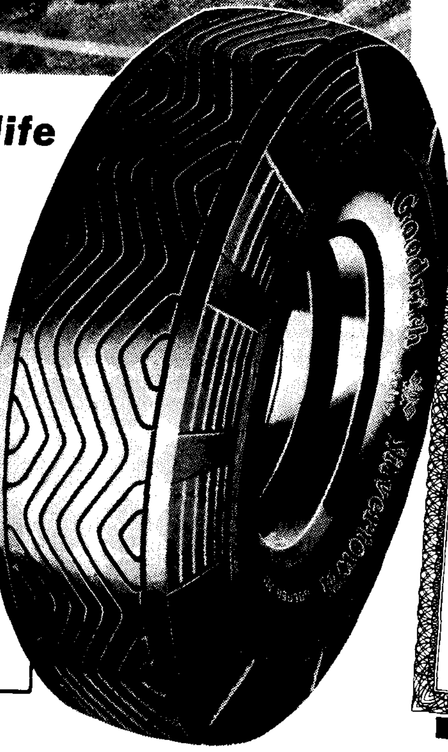
This sensational Silvertown is *more* than just a new tire—it's a NEW KIND OF TIRE! *Inside* it has the famous Golden Ply blow-out protection that has already saved thousands of motorists' lives. *Outside* it has the amazing new Life-Saver Tread—the wider, flatter *deep-grooved* tread that dries wet roads and gives you the *quickest* non-skid stops that you've ever had.

Go to your Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store for a *free* demonstration of this new safety sensation. Compare it with any other tire you've ever ridden on—regardless of price. Discover what it means to be SAVED BY A SILVERTOWN STOP. For *tomorrow's* safety—equip your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns *today!* They cost you not one penny extra.

LIFE-SAVER TREAD WORKS LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS



The never-ending spiral bars of the Goodrich Life-Saver Tread act like a battery of windshield wipers, sweep the water right and left—force it out through the *deep* grooves—make a *dry track* for the rubber to grip.



SUMMARY OF THE REPORT
from America's Largest Independent Testing Laboratory

"NON-SKID—The new Goodrich Silvertown with the Life-Saver Tread gave greater skid resistance than any other tire tested, including those tires listed at from 40% to 70% higher in price.

"MILEAGE—The Goodrich Silvertown gave more non-skid mileage than any of the other tires tested in its own price range—averaged 19.1% more miles before the tires wore smooth.

"BLOW-OUT PROTECTION—Despite the severe nature of these tests, no Silvertown blew out, or failed from any cause, while two tires of other makes failed."

A. R. Ellis, Pres.
PITTSBURGH TESTING LABORATORY

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID-PROTECTION ◆ GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

Delightful!

Delightful is the word for Whitman's—especially these summer days when appetites hunger for variety and superlative quality in candy. As a part of any outing . . . for the house party . . . the week-end . . . or the appreciative "Thank you" to your hostess . . . the happy choice is Whitman's Chocolates, preferred by folks of good taste everywhere.

Why not visit your nearby Whitman's dealer today and select from his assortment, direct to him from the makers—

THE THING TO DO . . .
GIVE Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Whitman's
Sampler
Chocolates & Confections
Whitman's
Fairhill
Chocolates

The Sampler
$1.50

By far the finest box of candy in the United States. Here are crisp and crunchy nuts, luscious fruits, delectable honey nougat, satiny-smooth caramels and many others—the choicest array of favorite confections in all the land. 17-oz. Sampler (35 different kinds, 100 pieces)—$1.50. Also in 2, 3 and 5 lb. sizes.

The Fairhill
$1

The outstanding box of candy at its price. An array of centers that will delight the most critical candy lover—nut, caramel, marshmallow, cream and crisp centers—coated with Whitman's famous chocolate. 1 lb.—$1. Also in 25c, 50c, $2, $3 and $5 sizes.

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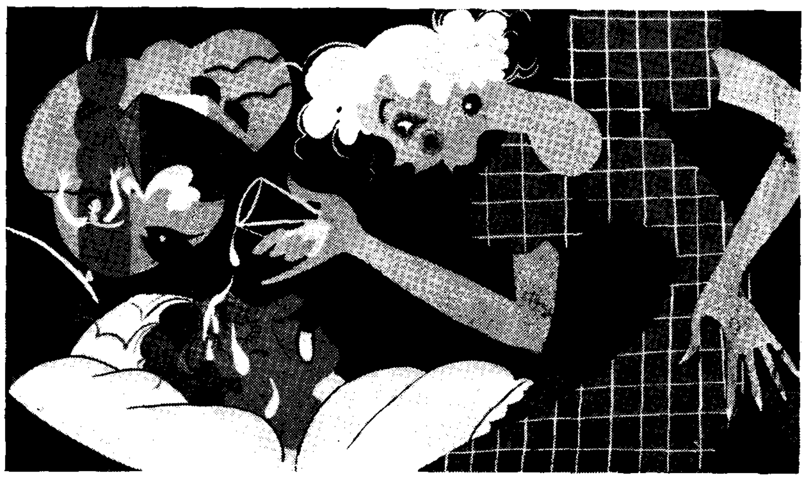

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

That dreams may take place with incredible rapidity is borne out by those that occur, too often to be coincidences, while the sleeper is being awakened by an external stimulus. As an example, a man may dream of being on a ship for hours and then of falling overboard, only to open his eyes and find that water has just been thrown in his face, and that the dream had taken place during the few seconds in which he regained consciousness.

In this country, six states give the husband legal control over his wife's earnings, nine states give him legal control over her separate estate, and fifteen states give him the larger share of the earnings of their children.

Early 19th-century England was so interested in prison news, details of confessions and the last words of condemned men that the warders sold these stories to such newspapers as The Terrific Register and The Malefactor's Journal, which were devoted exclusively to crime news. Sometimes these publications sold more than 2,000,000 copies of a single issue.

In London, one may hear the "voice" of Confucius on a phonograph record made at a famous seance in 1927; in Muna, Arabia, one may visit the tomb of Adam; while in Marseille, France, one may see the "actual" cell in the Château d'If in which Edward Dantes, the hero in the Dumas novel "The Count of Monte Cristo," spent twenty years of his fictional life.

The whale is the only common mammal not found in natural-history museums. Owing to a peculiarity of the skin, it cannot be mounted successfully, like that of other animals, and models of whales have to be made for exhibition purposes.

Many state medical examining boards permit a candidate to take an examination repeatedly for a license to practice medicine. In one Eastern state, within recent years, thirteen men failed a total of 123 times before passing: two failed seven times each, two eight times, three nine times, four ten times and two thirteen times.

Persons afflicted with paralysis of the eyelids, excessive activity of the thyroid gland and other abnormalities sometimes sleep with their eyes wide open.—*By Pearl Etheridge, Pelham Manor, New York.*

Glass can be made so strong that a pressure of 350 tons is required to crush a two-inch cube, and it can be made so fragile that the breath will break a drinking glass.—*By Ewald Wachholtz, New York City.*

Not all blood is red. Most of the insects, Nature's largest class of animals, which comprises at least 10,000,000 species, have either greenish or yellowish blood. In some it is even colorless.

When a Moroccan woman dies before she is married, her family clothes the body in a wedding dress and sings a bridal song over the bier.—*By S. C. Rickey, Covington, Kentucky.*

The sling, which was a formidable war weapon in Biblical lands centuries before Christ, still is employed by Palestinian shepherds, who startle wandering sheep back to the flock by throwing pebbles close to them.—*By Raymond C. Draude, Columbus, Ohio.*

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SON, I'M A BETTER DAD TONIGHT..

I bought you a College Education today

This better *Dad, shrewd and farsighted, has just made sure of four years in college for his boy.*

He has realized that he couldn't leave it to luck to guarantee security for his family. He knew that the wrong kind of luck could upset the plans of a lifetime, deprive the boy of a good education, even destroy the home.

He found that under our Double Duty Dollar Plan, he could, with the same dollars, provide security for his family or a life-long retirement income for himself if he lives to retirement age.

So he has left none of these problems to luck. His Bankers Life contract is an emancipation from worry about the uncertainties of the present and a guarantee of security in the future. He adopted our Double Duty Dollar Plan to guard the whole family—mother, child, and himself. For free illustrated story of this plan, send coupon below.

BANKERS *Life* COMPANY

A Mutual Legal Reserve Life Insurance Company • Established 1879.

DES MOINES

DOUBLE DUTY DOLLARS
Provide

FOR YOU
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Bankers Life Company, Des Moines, Iowa 7-C

Without obligating me in any way, please send me details of your Double Duty Dollar Plan.

Name____________________**Age**________

Address________________________

City____________________**State**________

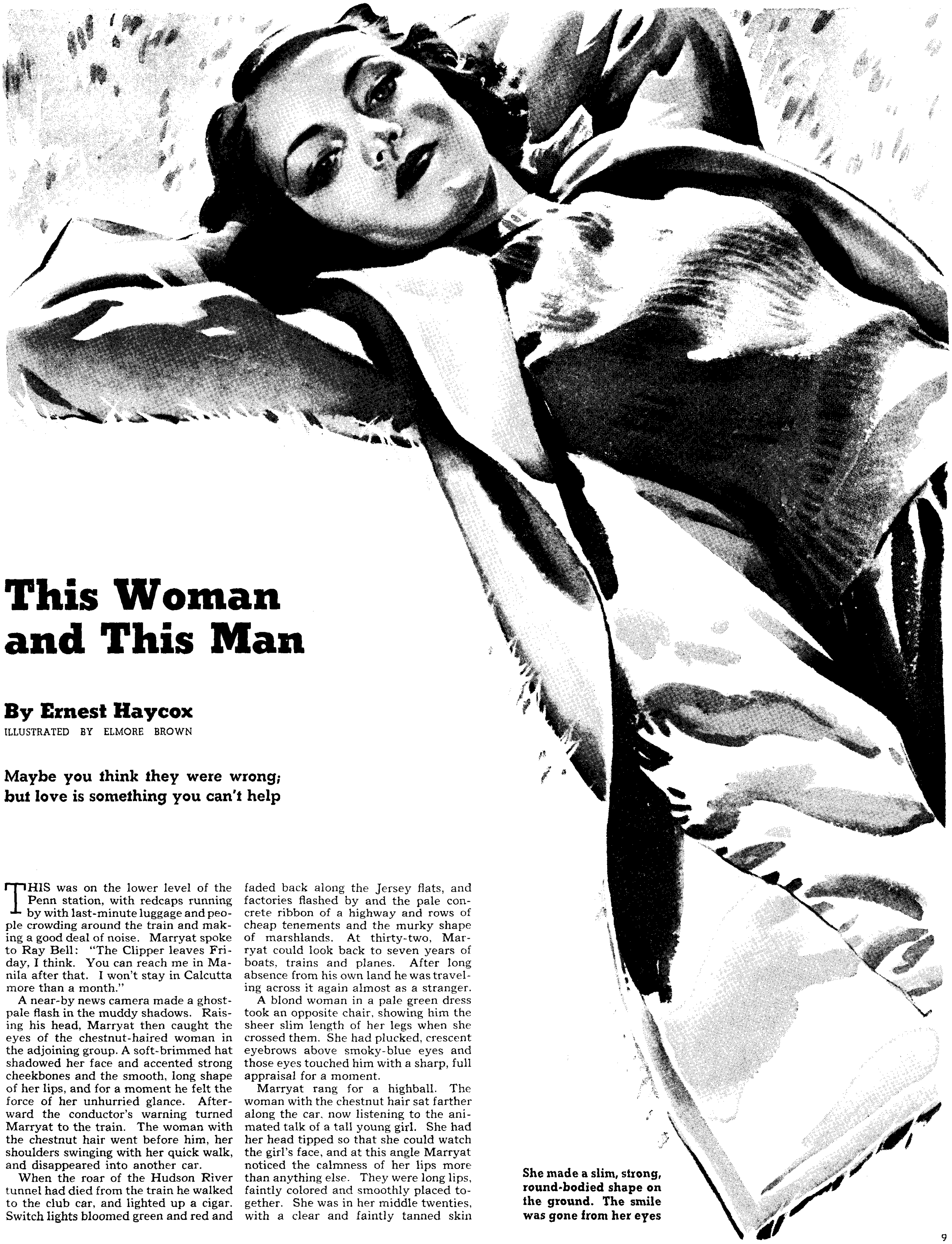
"I'M GIVING YOU A BIGGER TERRITORY, BILL

AND LONG DISTANCE TO HELP YOU COVER IT"

"It's a tough assignment, Bill. Get out on the road and get to know your dealers right away. But learn to use Long Distance too. . . . When you hit a big town, *telephone* the customers roundabout whom you can't see every trip. You'll keep in closer touch and pick up orders that might slip away. . . . When you're ready to move along, *telephone* ahead to the next town for appointments. You'll save a lot of time and a lot of legwork. . . . Go to it, Bill. I'm betting on you."

Long Distance puts alert salesmen way ahead of shoe-leather competition. It's fast. It's personal. It multiplies man-power. With the help of Long Distance, each man can cover more territory and fill more order books—more economically—at the present low rates.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.
BELL SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



This Woman and This Man

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Maybe you think they were wrong; but love is something you can't help

THIS was on the lower level of the Penn station, with redcaps running by with last-minute luggage and people crowding around the train and making a good deal of noise. Marryat spoke to Ray Bell: "The Clipper leaves Friday, I think. You can reach me in Manila after that. I won't stay in Calcutta more than a month."

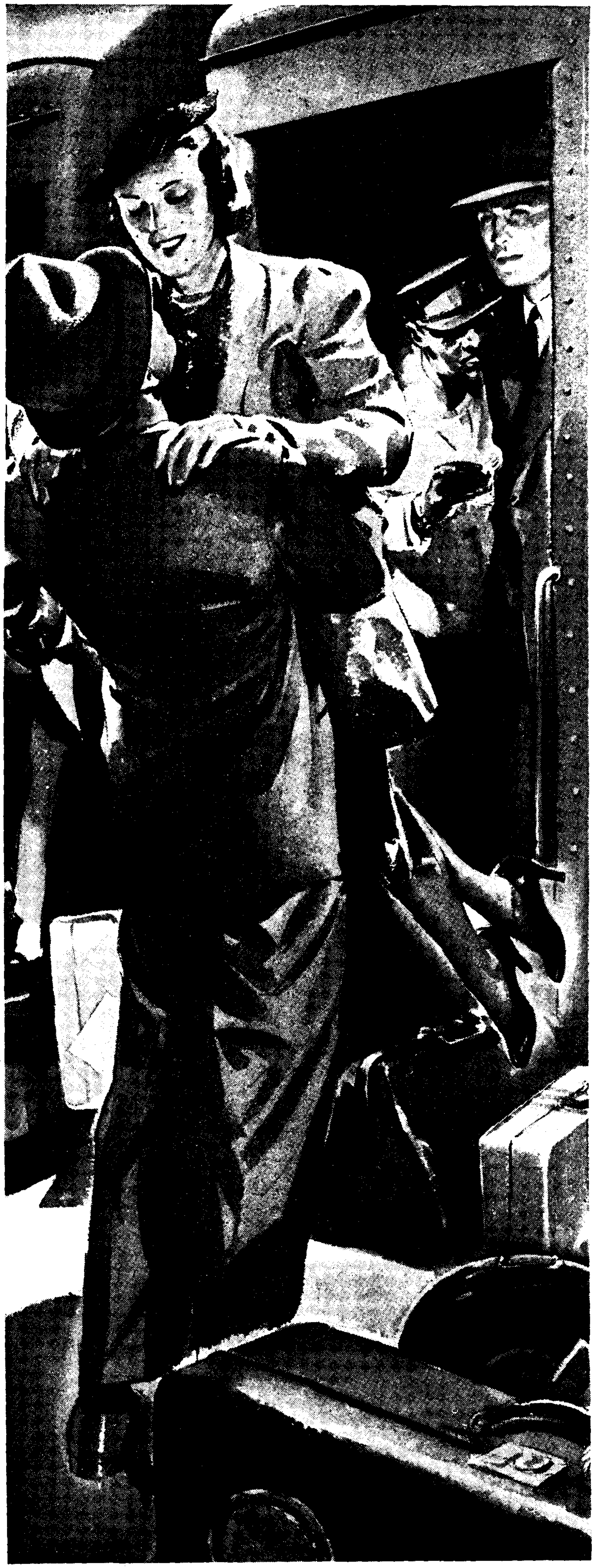
A near-by news camera made a ghost-pale flash in the muddy shadows. Raising his head, Marryat then caught the eyes of the chestnut-haired woman in the adjoining group. A soft-brimmed hat shadowed her face and accented strong cheekbones and the smooth, long shape of her lips, and for a moment he felt the force of her unhurried glance. Afterward the conductor's warning turned Marryat to the train. The woman with the chestnut hair went before him, her shoulders swinging with her quick walk, and disappeared into another car.

When the roar of the Hudson River tunnel had died from the train he walked to the club car, and lighted up a cigar. Switch lights bloomed green and red and faded back along the Jersey flats, and factories flashed by and the pale concrete ribbon of a highway and rows of cheap tenements and the murky shape of marshlands. At thirty-two, Marryat could look back to seven years of boats, trains and planes. After long absence from his own land he was traveling across it again almost as a stranger.

A blond woman in a pale green dress took an opposite chair, showing him the sheer slim length of her legs when she crossed them. She had plucked, crescent eyebrows above smoky-blue eyes and those eyes touched him with a sharp, full appraisal for a moment.

Marryat rang for a highball. The woman with the chestnut hair sat farther along the car, now listening to the animated talk of a tall young girl. She had her head tipped so that she could watch the girl's face, and at this angle Marryat noticed the calmness of her lips more than anything else. They were long lips, faintly colored and smoothly placed together. She was in her middle twenties, with a clear and faintly tanned skin

She made a slim, strong, round-bodied shape on the ground. The smile was gone from her eyes



Marryat saw the young man rush up and lift her completely off her feet

against strong cheekbones; and she wore a diamond solitaire on her engagement finger.

Marryat drank his highball in relaxed pleasure. A redheaded man rose and came to the car's end, looking through the window. He put his hand against the door and gave the woman in the green dress a quick glance, and spoke to her. She looked at him and her shoulders stirred a little and the man sat down in the adjoining chair, and presently they were talking. Marryat noticed the wedding ring on her finger.

OUT in the darkness of Jersey the outlines of mills and factories showed a continuous shape. Somewhere a furnace blast belched a livid and spectacular flame into the night. A row of huge brick stacks flickered by. At Philadelphia the conductor brought a wire back to Marryat: "Ben and I are thrilled. We will meet you in St. Louis at the Pontchartrain as soon as your train arrives. Lillian."

He sat with the telegram on his knee, slouched back in the chair, with the cigar's smoke trailing across a face that showed a settled indifference. He wore a rust-brown English suit and a green tie loosely knotted, and these clothes lay indifferently on him, as clothes always did. He was of average height, with very black hair and wide shoulders hitched to a lank, restless body; and if he sat still now it was because his thoughts held him so. The train ran through the electric flare of another town and plunged on into darkness, and the woman in the tailored suit rose, pulled the edges of her jacket down and left the club car, walking in the quick, self-certain way he had noted before. Self-reliance was clearer than any other quality in her.

He finished his cigar, pleased by its taste, and pleased with his own indolence—which was rare for him—and returned to his car.

In his berth, Marryat watched the night rush by until he fell asleep. Later he woke and found the train moving slowly through the deep gap of a mountain. The pale glitter of arc lights lay over an endless row of switch tracks. A huge freight engine clanked by, its firebox exploding red flares, its steam jets throwing a white fog into the night. They passed coal chutes and water tanks and drab little houses tacked against a hill. A crossing guard waved his lantern, his pale face appearing and vanishing.

MARRYAT saw her in the diner early the next morning and went at once to her table. He said: "Would you mind?"

Her voice was pleasantly noncommittal, "No."

Her make-up was lightly and evenly applied along the perceptible tan of her cheeks, smoothed discreetly into her lips. She wore a gray slip-on sweater that showed the good structure of her shoulders and the swell of her breasts. He noticed again the directness, the calm self-assurance of her eyes. It was her strongest quality. She wasn't a thin-boned woman or a sharp-featured one. There was a vitality in her, a strength he distinctly felt. He watched her pour her coffee, observing the slim symmetry of her fingers and the touch of squareness at the knuckles. Looking down at the cup this way, she showed him the long sweep of her eyelashes; and suddenly lifted them and met his inspection with that straight glance he had come to expect of her. She said:

"Last night I guessed that you were quite a direct person."

"In a day or more you'll be gone and I wanted to talk to you."

She said: "Does it matter that much?"

He recognized a warning. She wasn't sure about him yet and she had a pride that would stand no trespassing. This was the quality he had tried to define in her. She was a woman who belonged to herself.

He said to the waiter, "Coffee and bacon and toast," with a brusqueness he probably didn't realize. At bottom, the woman reflected, he had a nervous energy that made it hard for him to relax. His hair was quite dark. His face had a kind of settled reserve on it, though his eyes were very sharp, with small adjacent lines that gave to them an expression of irony. "Most people," he said, "live rather gray lives. Either repressed and afraid, or just a sort of neutral existence, neither happy nor unhappy. Once in a while I see someone different. You are."

She thought about that, her lips smooth and still. "Of course I'm happy."

"It shows on you. It colors your eyes. It is in your voice. It shows in the way you walk. You are sure enough of yourself to be natural. Few people are."

People began to come in. The woman in the green dress walked past with the redheaded man. The tall young girl stopped by and said, "Hello," and went on. Marryat fell to his bacon and toast. Outside the car window, the flatlands of middle Ohio whipped by—vistas of creeks winding through groves of oak and ash and sycamore. Little towns appeared and merged into rolling farmlands again.

She said: "Last night at the station you made me envious for a moment. I heard you speak of the China Clipper and Manila and Calcutta. You took it so calmly."

"It can get pretty dull."

"To watch people all over the earth? How could that be dull? Are you sure it isn't you?"

He said, "Maybe it is," and when he smiled he was a rather good-looking man with a fresh interest on his face. She paid her check and rose. He stood up. He said with his characteristic curtness, "Will I see you again?"

She gave him a thoughtful glance and said, "Yes," and left the diner.

MARRYAT returned to the smoking room of his own car and sat a while with his cigar, watching the fields flow by. Two men sat on the adjoining leather seat. One of them was talking:

"I was at the Edwards House in Chicago one night when a woman knocked on my door, a damn' pretty woman. She says, 'Is Mr. White here?' I said, 'No, but come in.' So she came in and we had a couple of drinks. Well, a man's a man. You know how it goes—"

Marryat finished the cigar and went to his seat. He ordered a table and set up his portable and rolled in a sheet of paper. He typed off a date line and started his lead: "This is the America a man returns to after seven years' absence." He stopped here and rested back on the seat. What was this America—what was it like and what did it mean? The train thundered over an iron bridge, below which the muddy silver surface of a river gently looped. A farmhouse stood upon a knoll, square and neat, with its lightning rods pointed to the gray sky. Which was America, this farm on the flat breast of the Middle East, or the livid furnace blast of a steel mill turning the Pennsylvania night crimson? He pulled the sheet from the machine and went back to the club car.

She was by the rear door, watching the land flow past, but her eyes lifted and she watched him come up with a faint break of expression on her face; something moved below her poised calm. They whipped through a town. A signal tower fled away.

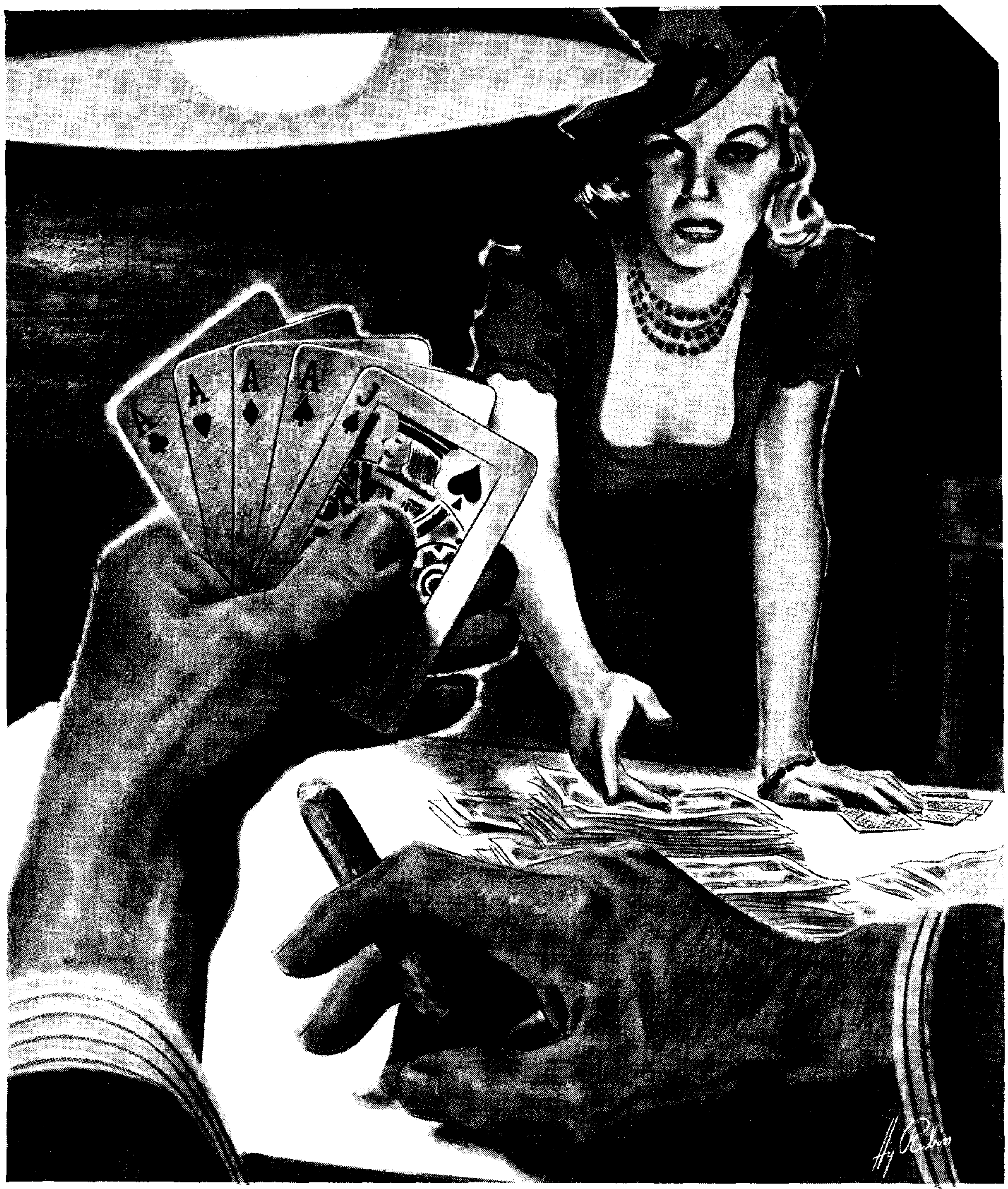
He sat beside her and watched the silhouette of her face until she turned. She said: "What do you do?"

(Continued on page 40)

Poker Game

By Walter Henry

A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



HY RUBIN

The blonde didn't fall for it. "Table stakes, cash, Big Boy," she snapped

I WAS dealing when the girl came in. "What's the idea?" Scalzi said. "We don't want skirts in here."

The girl didn't seem to notice him. She closed the door, and walked to the table. She was carrying a big red bag. When she got to the table, she opened the bag and shoved it in Scalzi's face. "Take a look, Big Boy." She had one of those whisky voices—low and throaty. "Nineteen grand. And all yours, Mister—if you can take it. Do I stay?"

"You stay," said Scalzi. "Oke by you two guys?"

I said: "Oke by me."

We were playing at a square table covered with soft felt. The chair at my right was empty. The girl slipped into it; she dropped her bag in her lap. Romano sat at her right. Scalzi, his fat, white face glistening under the green-shaded light above the table, sat across from her.

I gathered up the cards. I shuffled them. I could see Scalzi giving the girl the once-over.

She was an eyeful: about twenty-five, and a blonde; a slim, smooth product. Her dress, vivid red, showed every line of her body. She wore a little red hat, with a long feather that slanted down smartly over her forehead. Her lips, full and firm, were waves of rouge. Her eyes were gray; they were as hard as Scalzi's.

WHILE I was passing out the cards, Romano said: "For the benefit of those who may have come in late, this is one hell of a big game. Five-dollar ante, table stakes—cash on the table, and the sweet, blue sky the limit."

I shot a look at the girl. She wasn't even listening.

I flipped out the last card.

The girl was a poker player, all right. But she wasn't in our class. Within half an hour, I knew it. I watched her eyes. Twice, when she tried to bluff—and didn't get away with it—she was cool enough. But there was something about the way she looked at us—a slight, almost imperceptible narrowing of those cold, gray eyes, which wasn't there when she wasn't bluffing—that tipped her play off. I got it. I was pretty sure that Romano got it. And I was dead sure that Scalzi got it; you couldn't put anything over on that baby.

Still, she took fairly good care of herself. She lost a little, won a little, lost again. Once, when she had taken Scalzi for nearly half a grand on a neat full house against three cute deuces, Nikatos, the Greek who runs the joint, opened the door and looked in.

"Ladies' night, Mr. Scalzi?" he inquired amiably.

"Get to hell out of here!" said Scalzi. He was going to take this skirt for a ride, and he didn't want any interruptions.

About twelve o'clock I dealt myself the sourest hand of the evening. Romano didn't seem to care for his, either. He threw his cards on the table. Scalzi said: "One." I gave it to him. The blonde said: "One." I gave it to her. I dropped out.

Scalzi, that dead pan of his as blank as ever, opened—for five hundred dollars. It was not an unusual opener—at Nikatos' place. The girl took another look at her cards. Then she looked straight at Scalzi. Again, that tip-off! Those eyes of hers told, as clearly as though they were shouting, that she didn't hold anything to get excited about.

When she spoke, though, she was plenty calm. "I see you," she told Scalzi. "And I raise you." She rummaged through her bag, and scooped out a handful of bills. "I raise you . . . let me see . . . I raise you fifteen grand: exactly fifteen thousand iron men. Want it, Big Boy?"

I flicked a look at Scalzi. His dirty, black eyes were almost closed; he didn't appear to be interested.

I switched back to the blonde. I watched her count out fifteen thousand—in thousand-dollar bills!—and the extra five hundred dollars. I watched her as she shoved it on the table. Then I looked at Scalzi again. I knew he was a plunger. I didn't know, for sure, how game he was.

I learned. Scalzi said: "I only got ten grand. So what?"

"Give her a check," I said.

The blonde didn't fall for it. "Table stakes, *cash,* Big Boy," she snapped.

Romano came to life. "Go out and get some dough, Scalzi," he said. "If Mr. Scalzi"—this to the girl—"goes out, you going to beat it?"

"Don't kid yourself, Sourpuss," the girl said. "I'll wait."

Scalzi didn't say anything. He pushed his chair back and got up. He left his hand on the table, and he didn't even bother to put on his hat when he left the room. As the door closed behind him, I looked at my watch. It was exactly 12:17. I stepped over to the door, and tried it. It was locked. From the outside!

"LOOKS like our friend's coming back," the girl said.

I winked at her, and sat down. Romano said: "He's coming back, all right," and lighted a cigar.

I kept my eye on my watch. Just to make sure, I took a squint at the fat man's cards. Four sweet aces and a jack. . . . Yes, Mr. Scalzi would be back. No doubt about that!

Still, you never could be sure. But at 12:58, when I was just beginning to wonder, in he came. He unlocked the door, and closed it, and walked over to the table. He took his seat. He planked down a pile of bills. He said: "Come on, baby. Let's play ball!"

"That real money?" said the girl.

"It's real money," said Scalzi.

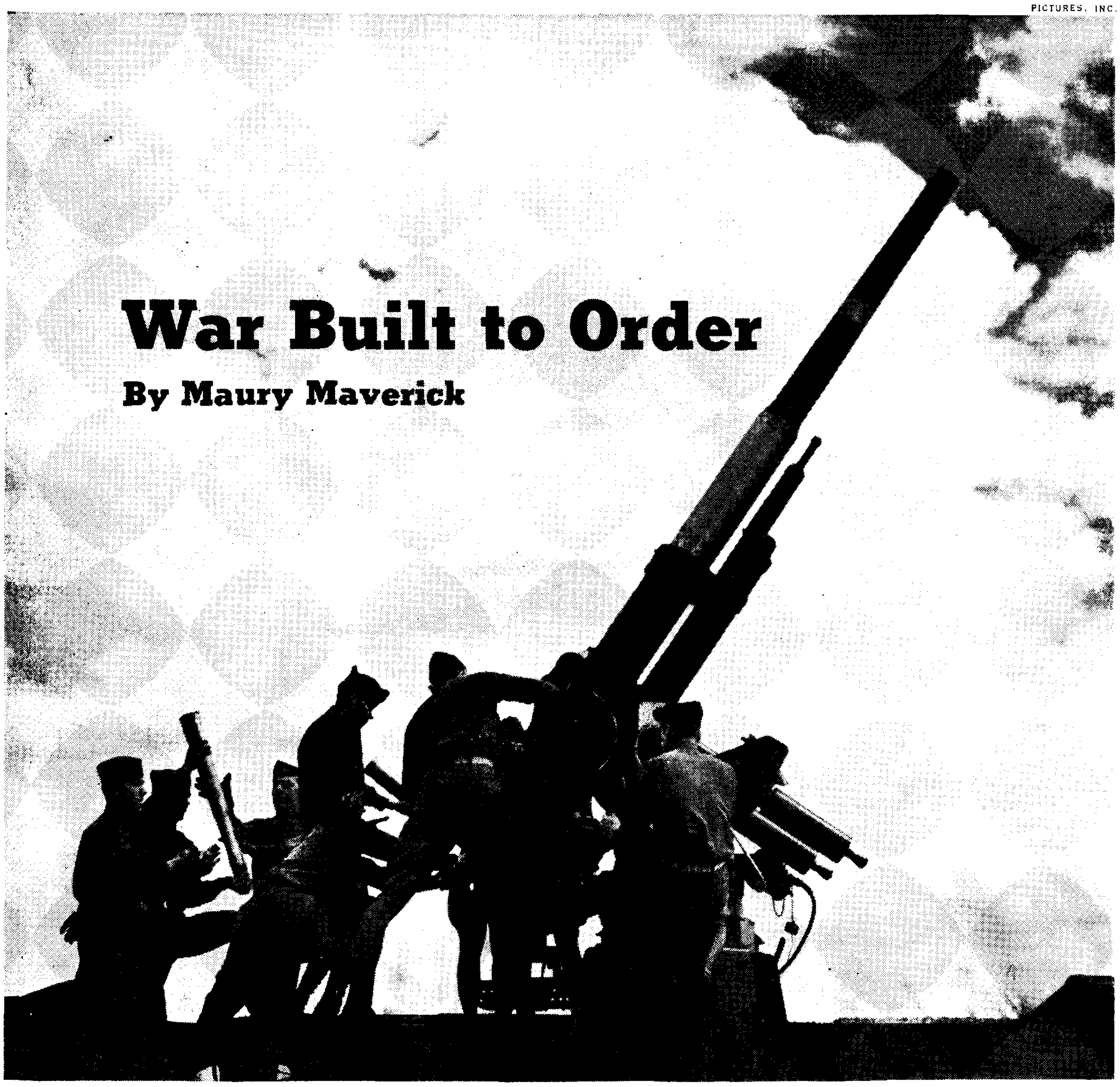
Romano couldn't have done it. I couldn't have done it. The blonde did it. She leaned far over the table, and looked those bills over. She looked them over carefully, slowly, one by one. When she had looked at every bill, she stood up. "Nothing but big ones; thousand-dollar bills. And"—she fiddled with the feather on her hat—"I just love the pretty little serial numbers!"

That was the tip-off. That was the moment we had planned, worked up to, for months—Romano, the blonde and I—to get Al Scalzi, with the goods. It was all the blonde's idea, that party at Nikatos'; she's a smart little cop, Goldie Gleason. Romano is a good cop, too. And I—I'm a good poker player. Good enough, anyhow, to hand a guy four aces, in a pinch.

Scalzi beat us to the door. But we got him. With enough hot money for any jury.

War Built to Order

By Maury Maverick



One of the fifty-six antiaircraft guns upon which the United States relies to defend itself from invading planes. This gun, a standard three-inch, is considered efficient up to altitudes of 14,000 feet. With automatic electric ears and height finder, it can locate an enemy plane and be aimed mechanically for the proper firing angle

PICTURES, INC.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

CONGRESS has just launched this nation into the greatest naval race in history on the highly questionable grounds that three mystic numbers, conveniently separated by hyphens, mean your safety and mine.

To the beating of the tom-toms of 5-5-3, Congress has voted authorization to spend a billion and a half dollars on 46 new ships of war, and a full complement of auxiliary craft, which constitute the biggest chip the United States has ever placed on its shoulder.

This naval bill was put over in spite of serious protests of a substantial number of us in both houses, who believed that instead of spending billions that might lead the United States into trouble overseas we should spend *millions* on our shore defenses and more effectively insure our peace at home.

None of us opposed a sufficient Navy; we had already authorized more additional building than the yards could hold for several years to come. Indeed, in the latter part of January of this year, we had passed the biggest naval appropriation bill in peacetime history.

But a few weeks later, our admirals marched up to Capitol Hill and told us in mortician tones that Great Britain and Japan, particularly Japan, had turned heretic and upset the sacred 5-5-3 ratio. We must build! build! build! they cried.

This immediately raised the question, why this mumbo-jumbo of 5-5-3? Why? Why? Why?

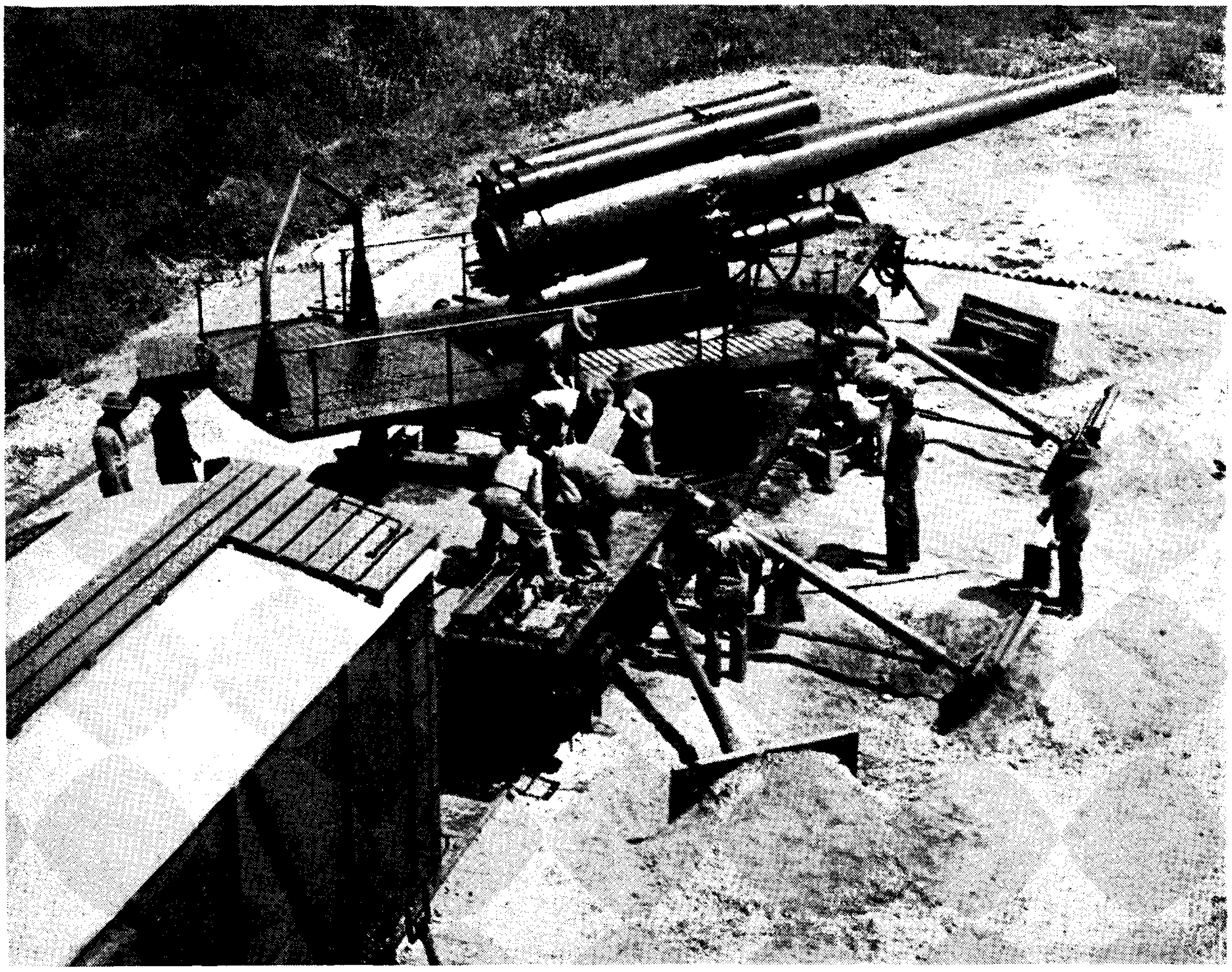
In testimony before the House Naval Affairs Committee, our Lord Nelson-thinking admirals talked vaguely of coast lines, of zones of defense, of relative sea power, and muttered much about preventing one nation from attacking another.

The ratio, the admirals said, had been arrived at in the Washington conference of 1922. This was uttered in an air of finality, as though it were Holy Writ. It appeared that supermathematicians, nobody seems to know who, evolved the theory that for every five tons of battlecraft Great Britain and the United States built, Japan would be permitted to build three.

But, said the admirals, Japan had scrapped the treaty and was building beyond the ratio. Admiral Leahy frankly said that the Navy's *only* authority for such statements was an article from an Italian newspaper.

So we, the United States, should splurge in an orgy of wild building, to keep up with the alleged superactivity of the Japs!

Finally, after several days of five-five-threeing in solemn tones, it occurred to Congressman Brewster, a Republican, to ask what the 5-5-3 was all about. Admiral Leahy replied: "I believe that a very reasonable provision of naval defense for this country is to insure that the ratio will not go beyond the 5-5-3 ratio." But Brewster pounded



Emplacing an eight-inch railway gun. There are two sizes of railway-carriage guns in general use. The eight-inch has a maximum range of 33,000 yards and the fourteen-inch of 44,000 yards on. He wanted to know. . . . Admiral Leahy said, sternly: "That has been accepted as the correct ratio."

That was supposed to be the final answer; the supermathematicians had figured it and the admirals said it was correct. Enough, enough. But Mr. Brewster finally asked about the reason for the ratio in reference to Japan, and why.

The committee waited for the final answer. The news reporters got their pencils poised. Admiral Leahy looked with some impatience on his audience.

"I do not know," he answered.

Then day after day, for four and a half weeks, the committee took page on page of testimony—three ponderous volumes of it!—as witness after witness knelt at the mystic altar of 5-5-3; but the abracadabra and rigmarole still went unexplained. Then the House solemnly talked of 5-5-3 for nearly ten days, the Senate for weeks—but it is still as much an unsolved mystery as it was the day Admiral Leahy said, "I do not know."

So why the ratio?

Well, it is all international-power politics, European and Oriental. It is getting into world grudges and world power barrels with a vim. Our 5-5 ally, England, must keep two or three ships in European waters, to watch Hitler and Mussolini, and the others in Oriental waters to ride herd on British Imperial interests. With our policy of keeping the whole Navy in the Pacific and the East coast unprotected, the British Empire, with our gratuitous aid, is at least safe in the Orient. But, from a sensible viewpoint of American national defense, it is an outrage on the intelligence of the American people.

What Good Are Battleships?

Battleships are as English as vodka is Russian. More, we think English when we think of battleships—even though by area, territory, we are altogether different from England. I have a high opinion of the English people, but a low opinion of battleships. However, I have assumed all along that the battleship is necessary, but that the naval expansion is wrong because it is just too much, and out of joint.

In this, I have good English authority. For the famous Inskip Report, two years ago, which suggested the Empire needed more battleships, admitted they were vulnerable and could be sunk by airplanes. But, the report added, the *Empire* had vast sea-distances not suitable to planes; more, Empire shipping and sea lanes must be protected. Somewhat later, England backed out of the Mediterranean with her hands up—because Mussolini had a mosquito fleet, plenty of airplanes to bomb British battleships, submarine mines, fire control, and submarines.

Since then, England has been building airplanes, sending her "missions" here to purchase more American planes because they cannot manufacture them fast enough for the Empire. But, in the United States, we get the honor of building battleships—and lag behind in the building of Army defense planes, and the provision of proper national defense.

Admitting the battleship has its function, it must nevertheless have its admitted limitations. Battleships do not attack well-defended coasts of strong nations; no battleships successfully attacked any of the belligerents' coasts during the World War. All naval authorities agree on this. So battleships are used by maritime nations against *colonies,* and poorly defended or barbaric countries—and that is the lifeblood of the British Empire.

Go look at the globe.

The United States is a composite, single piece of real estate. And then look at the British Empire, scattered everywhere, right and left, all over the world, in every one of the Seven Seas.

Why, then, in the name of all that is sensible, must we match England's billions for sea power when, as I said before and will detail to you in later paragraphs, we can do the job for millions in our own back yard?

The Price of Egoism

The consequences of the United States playing the imperialistic game of battleships in every port are twofold, and have given many of my colleagues and myself deep concern.

First: to put it in plain Texas ranch English, if you keep your cow hands out of other people's pastures, and out of trouble-making saloons, you keep them out of shooting scrapes. In other words, if we play this game too long, we are going to get ourselves into a war.

Second: We are letting our already woefully weak military defenses on our own shores lapse into obsolescence and decay to pay for our naval follies and egoisms.

Would you believe, in view of all these billions hurled, and to be hurled, into the seas for overseas display, that we have altogether, in this entire nation, the grand total of only 56 antiaircraft guns?

To me a most astounding thing is that a vital area, containing our most populous centers and our most strategic industrial production, is wholly without protection from the fleet, and otherwise inadequately defended. There are five principal points in this area, and they lack the most vital necessities of national defense. They are Boston, Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound (considered together), New York City, Delaware Bay and Chesapeake Bay.

All five of these points—and they should protect twenty million American people behind them—are deficient in long-range guns. Each and every one of them need antiaircraft guns, submarine mine equipment, and fire control (communications systems necessary for hitting the enemy), and above all else, airplanes.

Now, Boston and New York have some long-range guns—but Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound have none. So I am going to describe the Narragansett-Long Island situation.

Our Vulnerable Seacoast

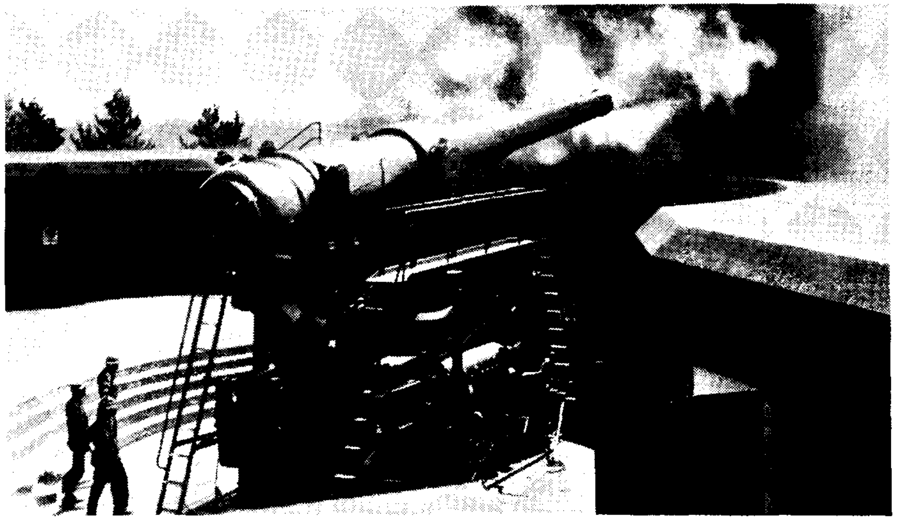
These points have a few 12-inch guns of very limited range. A battleship could get up in front of Fort Adams, which is at Newport, Rhode Island, and shell it without itself being in the range of the fort. Now mind you, *not a gun in all this area has sufficient range*—and like all others of the points, I must repeat for necessary emphasis, it is without necessary submarine equipment, fire control, and antiaircraft to be used against air or sea attack. This area needs to correct all the deficiencies I have mentioned, and further, to install sixteen-inch guns to out-range battleships of all types.

I think a full discussion of this particular area should be made, remembering the fact that these outer points are supposed to protect Buzzard's Bay, Narragansett Bay and all of Long Island and its background of 10,000,000 lives in metropolitan New York. This is the front door to Hudson River Valley and the back door to New York City. An

(Continued on page 54)

A twelve-inch coast-defense gun with disappearing carriage. This gun has a range of 17,000 yards; the same size stationary-carriage gun ranges 30,000 yards. Below: Interior of a seacoast battery. Here speed of the enemy ship and its course are calculated to provide data for accurate firing

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY



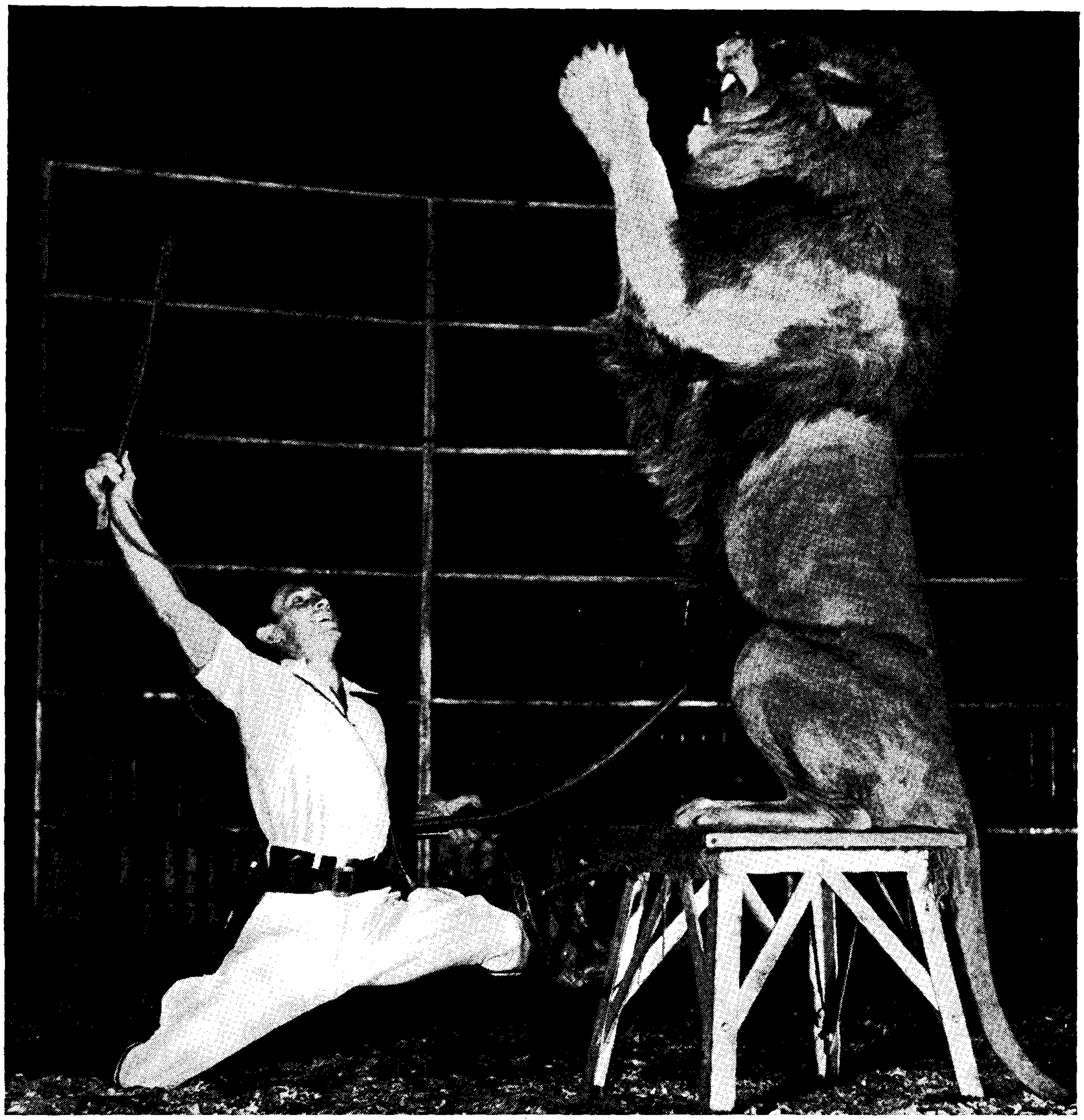
PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

A sixteen-inch coast-defense gun on a stationary carriage. This gun, outranging the same size gun on a battleship by more than five miles, provides safeguard from the attack of any present-day warship. (Jane's Fighting Ships gives the range of the sixteen-inch battleship gun as 35,000 yards)

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

BARS AND STRIPES

By Clyde Beatty with Edward Anthony



Clyde Beatty and his big lion, Menelik, who has been taught to sit up on his hind legs and beg

IT WAS during my 1934 swing around the country that I decided to go into business with Jess Adkins and Zack Terrell, able and experienced circus men. They proposed to buy the name and attendant good will of a show that had played sucessfully for years in many parts of the country—the Cole Bros. Circus—and to start a new show to be known as the Cole Bros.-Clyde Beatty Circus.

In 1934 I was twenty-nine years old. This meant that I had perhaps nine or ten years to make enough money to support myself and family for the rest of my life. The arrangement suggested by my business associates, involving a percentage of the gross "take" for the season, would make this possible.

The lions and tigers in the act I had perfected over a period of years reverted to my ex-employers, the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, who owned them. I had to start all over again with a brand-new act. It was the toughest problem of my career, a problem not fully solved until the opening of the 1937 season.

Zack Terrell was the owner of eighteen lions and these he turned over to me. The animals had been in an animal-training exhibit in the recent world's fair at Chicago. I would have preferred "green" lions, fresh from Africa. This is no reflection on the trainers who educated these lions as performers. They knew their business and taught the beasts to do the things they wanted them to do. But methods of training vary. What I accomplish by an arm cue might be accomplished by another trainer by a voice cue, and vice versa.

One of my most difficult tricks is accomplished by whistle-cueing. I am the only trainer in the business who cues an animal in this manner. This does not suggest superiority but it does show the individuality of my methods.

After three weeks of steady plugging, I had my eighteen lions responding fairly well to my different cues. But one of them—a big lion we called Toughy—became fed up with the unlearning process. He had been cued exclusively as a "left-sider," meaning that when he entered the arena he always took up a position to the left of the tunnel by means of which the animals enter the big cage. I never know when I want to shift an animal's pedestal from one side of the arena to the other, and therefore I teach them all to know the difference between right and left. Toughy had no use for the right side. The left was good enough for him. One day when I was working him all by himself in the arena he decided he had had enough of this left-right business. Three times in a row he went left when I cued him right and then he leaped up on a pedestal.

When I gave him the sign to come down, he complied, but decided it would be more fun to land on me than on the floor of the arena. An experienced trainer can tell at a glance the difference between an animal that is going to leap lightly off a pedestal and one that is poising himself for a "heavy" spring, so I backed away fast. If I hadn't, Toughy would have come crashing against my chest. Having failed to do any damage, the animal calmed down and I signaled the chute boy to let him out of the arena.

From Lions to Tigers

Now I started thinking of tigers. For years I had been billed as "the man who battles forty lions and tigers." The principal reason for whatever success I had scored was that I mixed lions and tigers on a big scale. As these species are natural enemies, there is conflict at the outset.

Eight striped cats arrived at my training quarters and I went to work on them. Multiply by fifty what happens when an "unbroken" bronco is turned loose in a corral for the first time and you have a good idea of what takes place when a two-year-old tiger, fresh from the wilds, is sent into the training arena. The public would be willing to pay almost anything per seat if it could see some of the things that happen in training quarters. I recall one "green" tiger that specialized in rushing into the arena and flinging himself at the bars opposite the tunnel entrance in a wild leap that was a sort of running broad jump and high jump combined. He would land high up on the steelwork, and after gripping the bars with his paws, proceed to shake away frantically as though hopeful of rattling my arena to pieces.

The trainer's job is to face these young "punks" and eventually teach them to perform, so I watch these early reactions with great care.

Sullenness is often the best proof of real ferocity. That is why I am most cautious of all with the young "punk"—lion or tiger—that enters the arena very slowly and then lies down and stays put. The seeming ferocity of the animal that acts as if he's trying to tear the arena apart sometimes proves to be mere youthful exuberance. These spirited youngsters can be handled if the trainer does not burden them with too much schooling in any one session.

By the second or third of January, 1935, I had my eight tigers "seat-broken" —in other words, trained to mount specific pedestals—and ten days later I was mixing them fairly successfully with my eighteen lions. This gave me the crude beginnings of a twenty-six-animal act.

About the tenth of January, a brand-new situation developed. We were offered a series of pre-season engagements, beginning February first, that would net us enough money to pay for wintering the whole show. As we were operating on a shoestring, this offer meant a great deal to us. But there was a catch in it. It was stipulated that my act would be acceptable, even in its undeveloped form, provided I could guarantee to deliver one major trick for center-arena spotting.

It was decided finally by the bookers that the best stunt for this purpose would be my roll-over trick in which I cue a tiger off a "high seat" to a "floor seat" and then get the animal to come toward me in a slow jungle stalk. At a cue from me the tiger rolls over and plays dead. Another cue starts the beast rolling over and over on its side until I give the hand cue to stop, followed by a gun cue that sends my striped performer back to a high seat in a series of spectacular leaps.

The trick is sure-fire. Audiences love it. But in all my career I had been able to teach only two animals to do it—Rosie and Venus.

To this day I think the wildest promise I ever made was agreeing to deliver the roll-over trick on such short notice. There was no precedent for it. It had taken me a year to get Rosie functioning smoothly as a roll-over tiger and two years before Venus was performing the stunt to my satisfaction.

You will recall I had eight tigers at this time. Of these I at once eliminated

(Continued on page 34)

So They Had Dinner

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The singular adventure of Mr. Fletcher, who went to a dinner of the Gourmets Society—and came from it with a girl who was very hungry indeed

THE smiling young man in the navy-blue suit paced to and fro on the thick rugs of Romance Row, which is an ordinary corridor on the ground floor of the Hotel Five. They give it this name because in the late afternoon young ladies perch primly upon the hotel's chairs, their ankles neatly crossed, waiting pensively. It is a popular retreat, where swains meet their young ladies, a convenient downtown rendezvous and much more refined than a drugstore.

The smiling young man surveyed the sitting damsels, who were obviously waiting for their evening escorts, and seeing no encouraging glint in female eyes, he began idly to read the hotel announcements, printed in movable white letters and mounted on an easel. He was there informed that the International Gourmets Society was holding its annual meeting in Suite 609. At once he headed for the elevators and went up to the sixth floor, he being a young man interested in both ladies and food.

Upstairs he discovered brisk activity and Suite 609, where the gourmets of all nations were having their reunion and annual dinner party. Between him and the gourmets were closed doors and a pleasant-mannered gentleman in a tuxedo, who took tickets from qualified gourmets as they arrived. Our young man dawdled and wondered what gourmets do at annual gatherings and, more especially, what do they eat?

His name was Harold Fletcher, a resident of the Bronx, and he stared at the closed doors of 609 with squirrel-eyed curiosity. Finally he approached, pushed the bell, as the gourmets did, and when the smiling tuxedo greeted him, Mr. Fletcher smiled, too.

"I," he said briskly, "am a reporter from the Daily Times-News, and would like to collect a few facts."

With never a sign of hesitation, the guardian admitted him, for gourmets like to read about themselves in the morning paper, the same as actors. He was turned over to a bouncing young man who looked like a secretary, and was escorted hither and yon. Mr. Fletcher had a pencil and took notes, as any reporter might. They did not invite him to sit down and partake, as the dinner was almost ended.

He saw before him perhaps a hundred persons of both sexes, pensively discussing the rare viands concomitant to such an occasion, and the blithe little secretary reeled off the names of some of the more renowned dishes and told Harold how to spell them for the morning paper. He sampled a couple and nodded approval. After a while, the function of eating was over and the gourmets arose, spoke of the dinner in terms of praise, and moved into an adjoining chamber to look at some special motion pictures, brought from abroad.

MR. FLETCHER'S curiosity was satisfied. Thanking the gourmets who had assisted him, he walked out into the hall and threw away his notes. The elevator door banged open and there emerged and came toward him a young woman of pleasing demeanor and lovely figure.

She was perhaps twenty—the healthy, vivid type of young female depicted by artists and lovingly displayed on billboards advertising nonskid tires. Her hair was black and fascinating. She was a bona fide pip, dressed smartly but not expensively, and as she came along the rug she fumbled in her handbag. Mr. Fletcher stared at her with hearty approval.

"Pardon me," she said in a low and pleasingly husky voice, "but could you tell me where the gourmets are dining tonight?"

"I can tell you where they dined," he returned, looking at the ticket she had fished from her carryall. "I am sorry to say you are late. Dinner is over."

"How annoying," she murmured. "I was told to come here at eight."

"Dinner," he said, "began at six tonight, as there is a program of unusual length to follow. They are now looking at motion pictures showing the mating customs of the Madagascar clam. If you are interested in that and your ticket is good—"

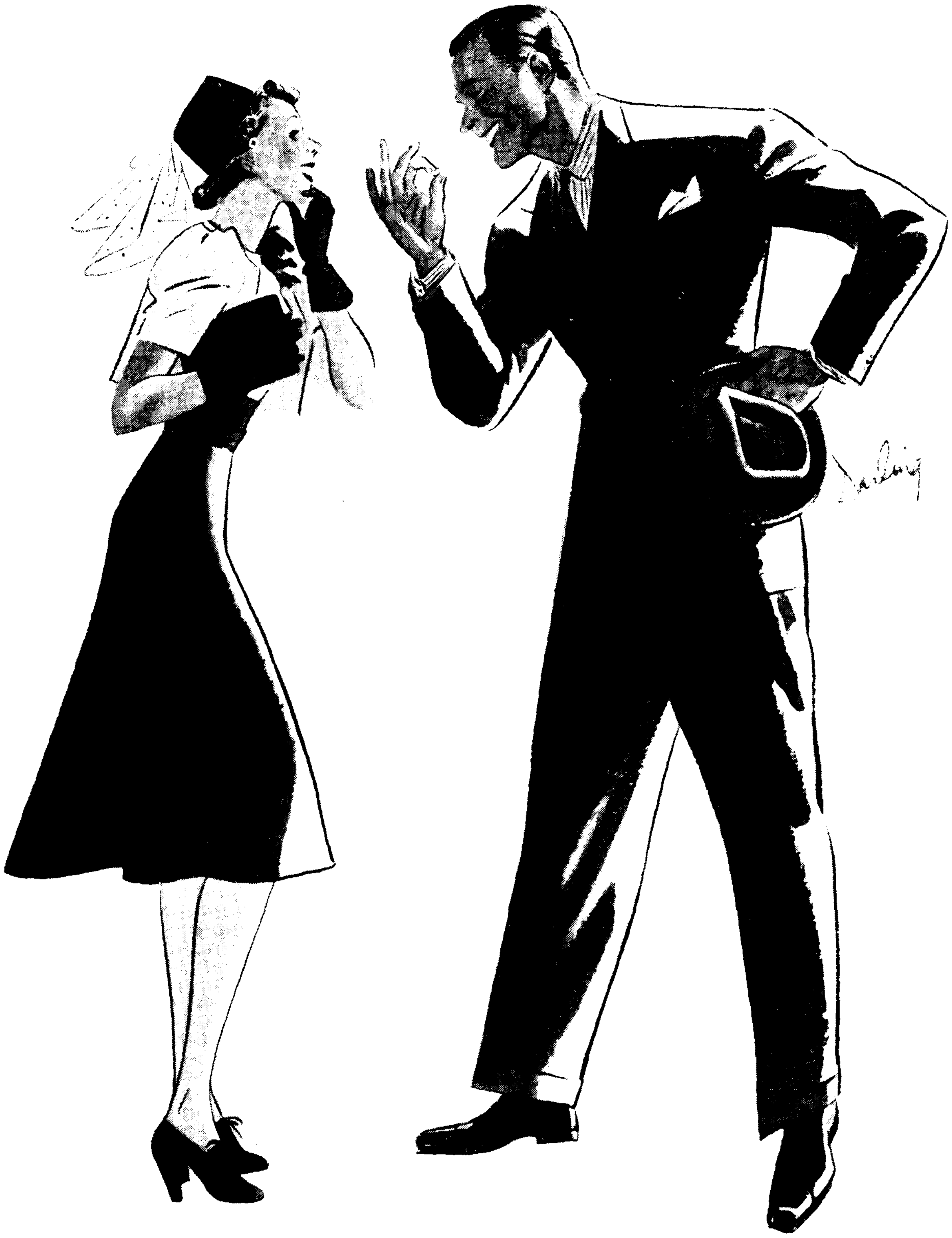
"I am not interested," she laughed. "But I did look forward to the dinner. Was it good?"

She seemed to consider Harold a gourmet and he saw no reason to disturb such a belief.

"The dinner," he assured her, "was rather better than usual. The *pièce de résistance*," he continued, "was a very beautiful rack of wild zebra, garnished with chives and honey."

As he went on speaking, her eyes sparkled with the zest of the true gourmet, a person who takes a refined and critical or merely theoretical pleasure

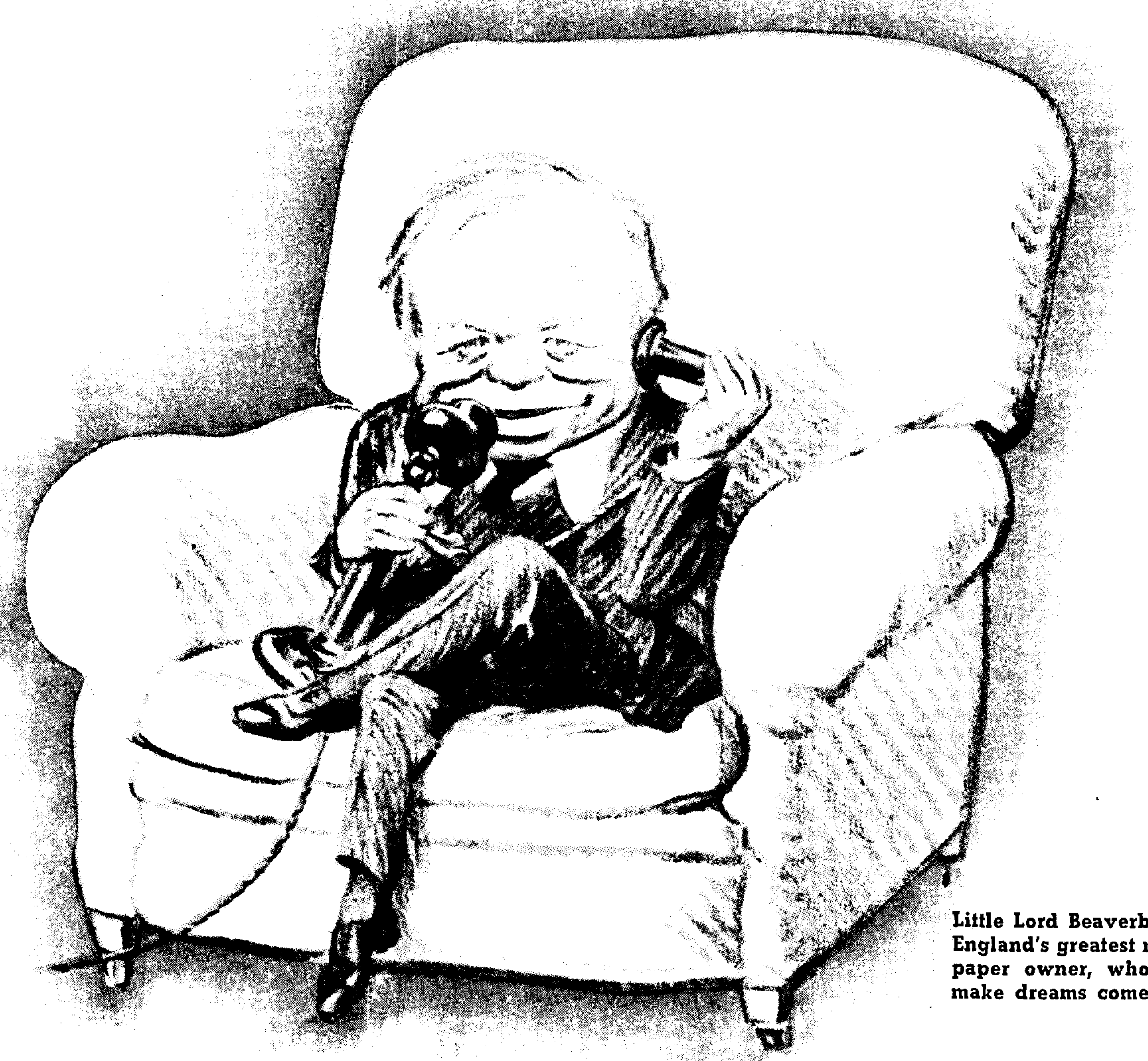
(*Continued on page* 52)



"The pièce de résistance," he continued, "was a very beautiful rack of wild zebra, garnished with chives and honey"

Dreams for Sale

By Quentin Reynolds



© LOW

Little Lord Beaverbrook, England's greatest newspaper owner, who can make dreams come true

IT WAS all very annoying to the society editors. Here at last they had an honest-to-goodness English lord in Miami. In addition to that, he was, in his own right, a tremendously important world figure. They sharpened their pencils and put new ribbons in their typewriters. They preened themselves prettily, added just the right dash of broad A to their accents and set out to interview Lord Beaverbrook—but they couldn't locate him. They phoned the society leaders of the winter colony, but they, too, had to admit unhappily that they hadn't met his lordship. The eager young society reporters haunted the most fashionable night clubs of Miami and Palm Beach looking for him, but, alas, they never caught up with him.

Lord Beaverbrook was not attending any social functions. Lord Beaverbrook was not going to the better night clubs. Lord Beaverbrook was, unfortunately, spending his time in lunch wagons, in the lower- and middle-class bistros of the city, in the less pretentious gambling establishments of Miami. His companions were not the wealthy winter residents of Florida. His companions were gamblers and taxicab drivers and aviators and writers, and Lord Beaverbrook was asking them questions. Beaverbrook has been asking people questions ever since he was old enough to ask questions. He also has the rather rare faculty of listening to the answers.

Today, Lord Beaverbrook, England's greatest newspaper publisher, knows more about America and Americans than many American publishers do. Talk with Beaverbrook for an hour and you will be convinced of this. Talk to him for two hours and you'll be convinced that he knows as much about American newspapers as most American publishers. He has studied America as a research doctor studies microbes. He has learned about our labor problems not from the head of the C. I. O. or the A. F. of L. but from taxicab drivers and steel workers and machinists. He has learned about newspapers not only from publishers, but from reporters and columnists and make-up men and linotypers.

"Back in 1922," he says, "I came to America to study the Hearst methods. I spent a lot of time with Mr. Hearst but I got nothing at all from him. So I left him and studied his newspapers. They showed me how he operated. From them I learned many things. I learned many things from the New York Times, too, and from the Kansas City Star. When I am in Miami I naturally study the Miami Herald. My job is selling papers. I would be a bad salesman if I didn't study the methods used by those who have been successful in the business."

He sells papers? That's what he says, but actually he sells dreams; dreams that almost invariably come true. He dreamed of an empire that should be splendidly isolated and in commerce entirely self-sufficient. He dreamed of a time when Englishmen would buy, so far as was humanly possible, only English goods. He met a young man named Bonar Law thirty years ago and he dreamed of the time when he would make Bonar Law Prime Minister of England. All of these dreams came true. Through his papers, through speeches, through magnificently shrewd political tactics, he sold these dreams to England.

Today Lord Beaverbrook is one of the world's wealthiest men. Today his London Express has a daily circulation of 2,500,000—the largest in the world. He also owns the London Sunday Express and the Evening Standard, a paper that he himself doesn't like much, so he lets his subordinates run it. In some ways Beaverbrook is one of the world's most dangerous men. He could, perhaps, whip the British public into a war-minded hysteria within a month. His Express has perhaps more power than any other newspaper written in English. Let's meet him and talk to him and, if possible, take him apart to see what he's like.

We know that he was born in extreme poverty sixty years ago in Newcastle, New Brunswick, Canada. We know what he is today. Let's find out what happened in between.

I went to Miami to see Lord Beaverbrook. He had just bought a new plane and had left for Nassau. I followed him to Nassau. I met him in the pool at the British Colonial Hotel and he was in the midst of a terrific battle that he eventually lost.

Beaverbrook is small; his reporters call him The Little Man. He is clean-shaven and a week in the sun colors him to a rich golden brown. He was sitting at the edge of the pool dressed only in bathing trunks and he was in the midst of this verbal battle with, I regret to say, a very beautiful girl. The beautiful girl was aged five.

"Don't call me Sally," she said angrily; "my name is Betsy."

"Now, Sally, I like you," Beaverbrook said earnestly. "Why can't we be friends?"

She stamped her foot and said, "My name isn't Sally. We can't be friends if you call me Sally."

"But you look as if you should be named Sally," Beaverbrook wailed. Then he introduced me to his friend. "She should be called Sally, shouldn't she?"

"It is not my name," the little lady said with that wonderful dignity only the very young or very old can command. "We can't be friends unless you call me Betsy. So there!"

The Inquiring Publisher

She turned her back disdainfully upon the Right Honorable William Maxwell Aitken, Baron Beaverbrook. She had won. She walked over to a sand pile to enjoy her victory. Then Beaverbrook and I sat down and he interviewed me. Beaverbrook would rather ask questions than answer them, not that he is reluctant to answer questions, but he is cursed with an inquiring mind. Then finally he began to talk of his early life. He wasn't Lord Beaverbrook now; he was a poverty-stricken kid in Canada, selling papers to help out the family exchequer.

"It's rather amazing," he said thoughtfully. "Sounds too pat, too dramatic to be true, but it is true. I was selling papers when I was six and now at sixty I'm still selling them."

He was Max Aitken then, one of twelve children fathered by a Presbyterian minister. He grew up in that sturdy faith and never lost it. From his father he learned that loyalty was a great virtue. Beaverbrook never forgot that.

He never had much formal schooling and so he reached early manhood with a mind almost entirely uncluttered with useless learning. He didn't have much but an engaging smile and a conviction that a man could have much more fun if he had a lot of money than if he didn't have a lot of money. So he went out to make a lot of money. He sold bonds. In addition to selling them he learned a great deal about them. He studied finance thoroughly and learned about monopolies and trusts. When he had, in his own mind, mastered finance he looked around for some practical method of turning this knowledge into a great deal of money. It wasn't long before he saw his chance. He became what, for want of a better name, is termed a promoter. He would help organize companies and sell their bond issues, and his knowledge of finance increased. Finally he saw a chance for a big coup. There were thirteen cement companies operating in Canada. They were cutting one another's throats, underselling, and all of them slowly strangling in the ropes of their own competition.

He worked out a scheme of amalgamation. He brought them all together under one head with interlocking directorates. He made, in fact, one huge trust out of thirteen independent companies. He created a monopoly and everybody made a lot of money except, perhaps builders and contractors who had to pay a few cents more for their cement. He had handled the stock issue of the new trust cleverly, and one day he woke up

(Continued on page 56)

The Runaway

By Kathleen Norris

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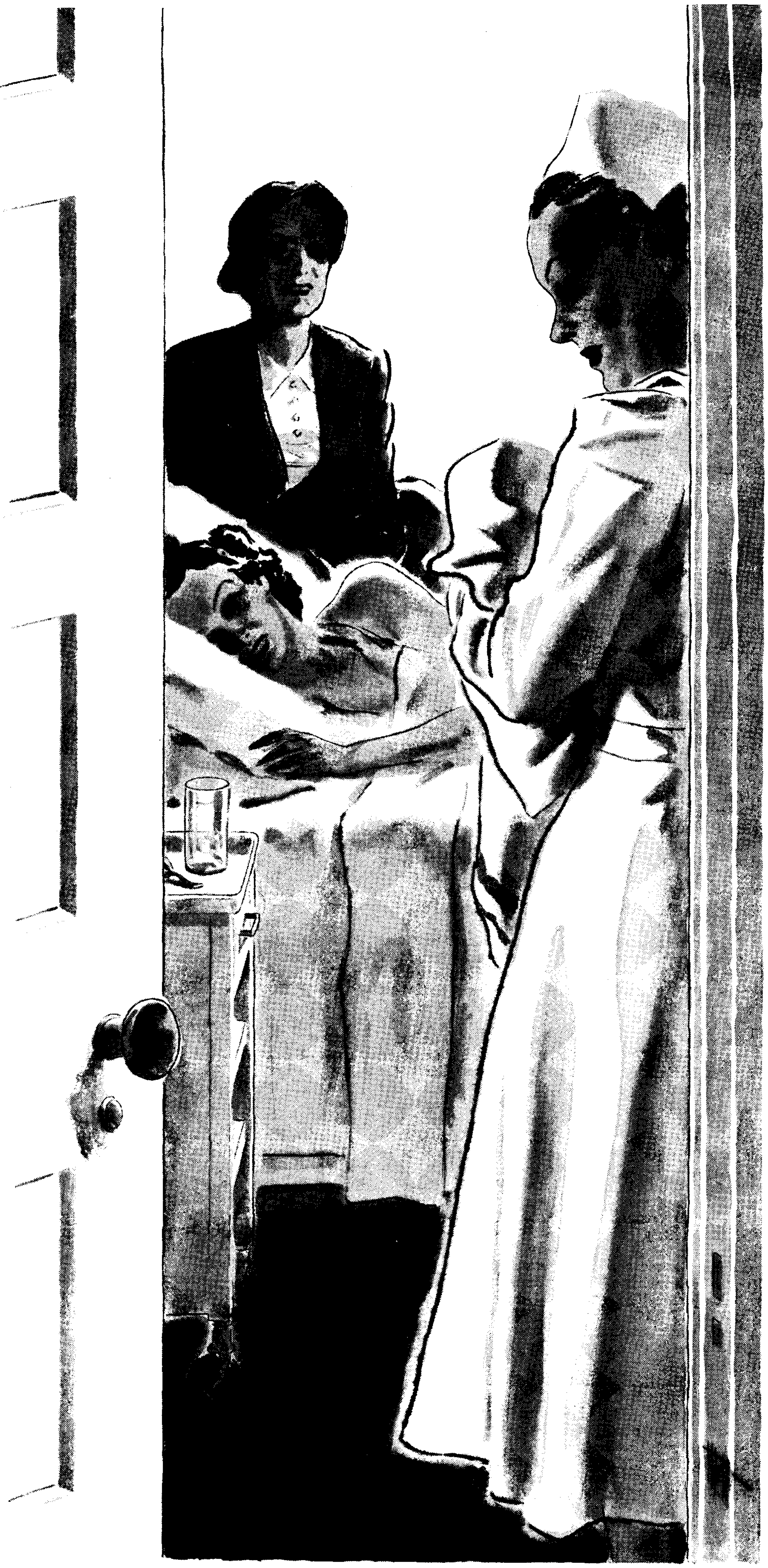
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



"Is he really handsome? Oh, Mother, I'm so happy!" Becky said

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE verge of marrying Joe Feratta, a young lawyer in the little California town of Salletts, Becky Gibson meets thirty-one-year-old Gavin Flood. Flood is thoroughly sophisticated, very attractive, very daring. When he and Becky are introduced, it is a case of love at first sight. When he goes away (he is a chance visitor in Salletts), he tells Becky that he wants to marry her as soon as he is in a position to support her. And Becky promises to wait for him.

Learning of what has happened, Sarah Gibson, whom Becky has always regarded as her mother, tells her an astounding secret: Becky is an adopted daughter. A few days after her birth, in Chicago, her mother, a "Mrs. William Davis," had died—after giving a young couple twenty thousand dollars to take charge of her child and care for her. In accordance with Mrs. Davis' wishes, the young couple—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith—had become Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Gibson. And, further, in accordance with the mother's wishes, they had come to California. There they had adopted Becky.

A short time after hearing this remarkable story, Becky learns that Gavin Flood is desperately ill in San Francisco. Taking with her the money she has saved while teaching a kindergarten class in Salletts, she rushes to Flood. She finds him in a wretched room in a poverty-stricken neighborhood. She marries him, nurses him back to health.

Then, when Gavin is strong enough, they take a tiny two-room apartment—and Becky's disillusionment begins. They are in the heart of one of San Francisco's least attractive areas. They have very little money. Gavin is unable to secure a "good position"; he picks up odd jobs here and there—jobs that are far from lucrative. Nevertheless, with bills accumulating daily, he makes no effort to economize; on the contrary, he throws his money away, spends lavishly—to have a "good time." And presently Becky learns that he is gambling and betting on the races.

Becky makes a desperate effort to help. She earns a few dollars doing this and that. Then she goes to work, as a stock girl, in a woman's dress shop. Her hours are long; her work is hard and distasteful.

The months drag by. And at last the moment comes when Becky tells her husband a secret, the mere thought of which brings her happiness: She is going to have a baby. Far from being delighted, Gavin is thunderstruck. Glumly he discusses the announcement. Then—"Listen, Becky," he bursts forth, "what d'you suppose your mother'd say if you went home in January?"

V

AN ODD hesitancy, a certain fear flickered across Rebecca's face.

"I've treated them so badly."

"Oh, shucks," Gavin said, "they'd forget all that. Hospital there?"

"A fine one. The Pennoyer Memorial." But still she was doubtful, a fine line drawn across her forehead.

"Your mother'd be crazy with joy."

Rebecca felt tears sting at the back of her eyes. She herself, given rein to think what it might mean, would be the one that was crazy with joy! Home voices again, the bare side yard again, under the oaks, the coolness of her own room, up among the pear-tree leaves, the look of the hills toward the east, gauze blue against a paler blue sky! Even Main Street, with the women marketing and the little cars nosing in and out of the angled parking spaces, would be heaven after this!

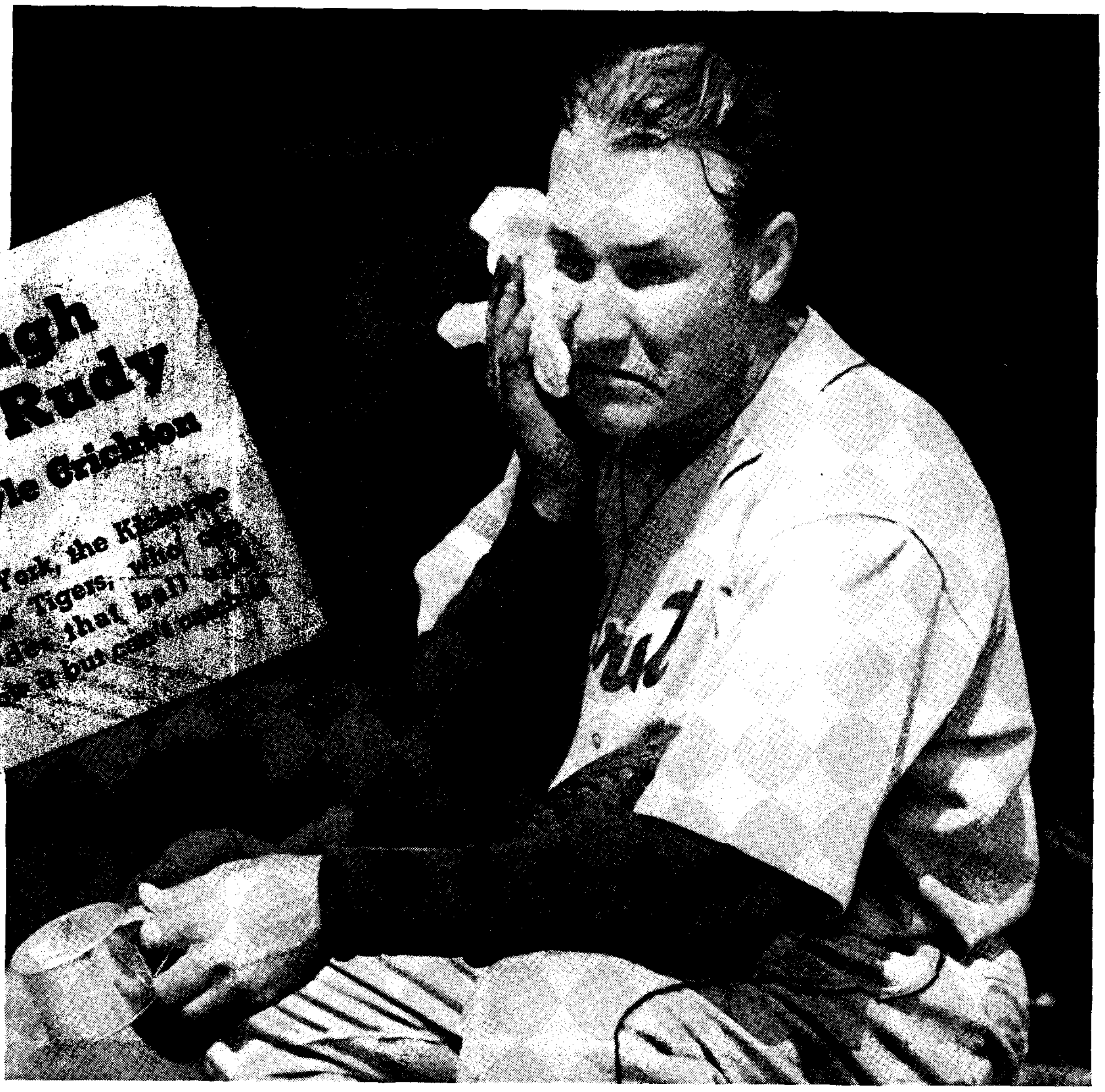
But how take it? How reconcile her pride to going back, wearing the very suit in which she ran away: how put a bold face on disillusionment and fear and failure? In a moment of chill premonition she wondered if Gavin would come for her, would be there when the baby was born, would send the necessary money. The duty—but he knew no such word!—that lay close to Gavin he did not see; how much less would he see a duty that was out of sight, a responsibility that would be carried on by others if he neglected it.

To go to her mother would mean a constant apology for Gavin. Among friends she could perhaps put a bold face on the matter. But at home, at home where everyone knew what letters came, what money one had. *(Continued on page 57)*

Rough and Rudy

By Kyle Crichton

Rudy York, the Kickapoo of the Tigers, who can powder that ball [illegible] throw it but can't catch it



ACME

THE chance that Mr. Rudolph York of Cartersville, Ga., will ever win the Nobel Prize is extremely remote. On the cultural front, Mr. York is no mastodon. He reads no Shakespeare; he contemplates no distant planets. And yet, in his peculiar way, he is both an artist and a specialist.

"The Kickapoo?" says Mr. Gordon Cochrane, manager of the Detroit Tigers. "The Kickapoo is all right."

This is a mild form of humor, this practiced by Mr. Cochrane. In any event, it does not matter. During a historic period beginning August 2, 1937, and ending August 31, 1937, Mr. York did, with malicious intent and forethought, belabor an enlarged agate with such ferocity as to cause it to flee over the left-field wall in panic. This procedure was repeated eighteen times, thus creating a world's record not exceeded even by the legendary figure known as Babe Ruth.

The most extraordinary feature of the episode (if eighteen home runs may be termed an episode) is that the triumph was achieved while Mr. York was suffering mental tortures of no small proportions. The point is that Mr. York had no chance to hit unless he was in the line-up and getting him in the line-up was a task to daunt any but the most courageous. As a last desperate effort, Mr. York, at this juncture, was working as a catcher—a position that was only faintly known to him and one that occasioned him much burning of the heart.

However, if Mr. York was distracted by his difficulties, he selected a most engaging way of showing it. There might be snickers from the bleachers at his catching but nobody laughed when the gentleman stood up at the plate and played beautiful tunes on the horsehide. He sloughed everything thrown at him with such brutality that sensitive spectators averted their eyes in horror, fearing for the lives of the visiting contestants.

The history of our hero begins in 1932 when he had a trial with Nashville and was shipped back home after a month, labeled with the reverse of Mike Gonzales' famous report: "Good hit, no field."

From the start, there has never been any doubt about Rudy's hitting. He has the shoulders of a wrestler, the wrists of a blacksmith and the same sort of native shrewdness that characterizes Dizzy Dean. He may not be able to analyze his style but he is instinctively and baseballically right.

"Up at Nashville?" he replies in answer to questions. "They didn't tell me nothing—just let me hit. I hit all right but I wasn't getting anything into it. I kept watchin' them fellers and found I was hittin' off the front foot, so I changed. That's when I started sockin' 'em long."

The big boy went back home, signed with an independent team at Albany, Ga., and started massacring everything thrown at him. The news spread, the scouts rushed in and it was only a matter of hours till Rudy was signed by the fabulous gentleman answering to the name of Ernie Goosetree, scout for Detroit and the discoverer of Lynwood (Schoolboy) Rowe. The ink was barely dry on the contract when four other big-league scouts appeared on the horizon. Close behind came officials of the Nashville club insisting that York still belonged to them.

"I just dug down in my suitcase and showed them that paper they gave me in Nashville sayin' they didn't want me no more," he explains. The release was plain to see and Rudy was soon on a train for Beaumont, which is a Detroit farm. He lingered there only long enough to get transportation to Shreveport, where he hit .354. Beaumont promptly recalled him and then went into the discussion that is raging to this day: Where can we play this guy?

Certainly Not on the Mound

He had played third base and the outfield around Cartersville and occasionally had caught and pitched. Beaumont kept him as general utility man and Rudy was sitting disconsolately on the bench one day when Jake Wade of the same club gave ten bases on balls in four innings. At this juncture, Rudy was rushed into the breach, cold. He proceeded to walk eight of the next ten batters. Nobody could deny that he had stuff but everybody could and did deny that he was a pitcher. Toward the end of the season, Beaumont lent him to Fort Worth.

Over at Fort Worth he got started. He caught 31 games, played 57 in the outfield and got in a few at first base. In September, Detroit called him up to help with the pennant drive. The help wasn't monumental and next spring Rudy was back in Beaumont again. He tried third base, he tried the outfield, he tried everything. He got his first real chance when the first baseman was hurt. They stuck Rudy in there and he was never ousted again. He was killing the ball at the plate and getting by on the bag.

In his last season with Beaumont, Rudy was voted the most valuable player in the Texas League. The following spring he was up again with Detroit but was sent out to Milwaukee as part of the trade that brought Chet Laabs to Detroit. He burned up the American Association also and was again selected as the most valuable player in the league. Detroit yanked him back. This time it was a question of using him or losing him.

Since Hank Greenberg was busy knocking over infielders in his own right, there was no chance for Rudy at first base. His attempts at outfielding were not propitious. Then they stuck him in at third base.

"Go out there and fight for your life," they said.

This was along about June of last year and there are people who will long remember Rudolph York, the third baseman. Bunts didn't worry him because he had a strong arm, and balls hit straight at him were all right because of a strong chest. But he couldn't go to the right for a ball and he couldn't go to the left. What he could do was throw the ball like a bullet and stand up at the plate and murder all pitching.

The heartburnings in the official Detroit family were poignant. At one point in the harrowing discussion, it was decided to make Rudy a pitcher, but it was finally settled that he would be a catcher.

So Rudy York was roped, tied, wrapped in shin guards, mask and chest protector and hurled into the arena. His record for passed balls is said to be a national mark, but they insist in Detroit that a lot of the trouble arose from mixed signals. They recall the day in Chicago when George Gill and Rudy had worked out a plan to thwart the White Sox, who were stealing the Tigers' signs.

"They either forgot the signs or they forgot how to count," the report has it, "because when George threw one high and outside, Rudy was looking for a hook, and only stopped it by leaping. The next one hit him on the leg. The next one bounced in front of the plate and smacked him on the mask. One got by him entirely."

Regardless of that, Rudy York hit thirty-five home runs for the season in which he failed to play a full number of games. Furthermore, he is Detroit's first-string catcher, passed balls or not. Still furthermore, there are a lot of people who feel he will lead the leagues in home runs this year.

Curves Don't Worry Him

The truth is that York is a great student of baseball and will probably end up as a fine catcher. He has picked up practically all he knows about the game from observation. He is a good-ball hitter in contrast with Greenberg and Joe Medwick, who will take a whack at them anywhere. He learned years ago not to be fooled by outside curves, but a curve as a curve worries him not at all.

"If it's over," he says, "I can hit it—quick or hook."

What he fears most in the world is another change. He made himself into a first-rate first baseman and then had to give it up. He was yanked away from third base in a move calculated to save his life.

Catching doesn't bother him. "All you got to look out for," he says, "is a fast one or a curve, outside. You have your meat hand out there and are liable to get nicked with a foul tip. I haven't had any bumps yet. I hope I don't get any."

Cochrane joins him in his hopes. Next to getting back in the game himself, he wants York there.

"Quite a boy, the Kickapoo," says Mr. Cochrane. "He can really lay on that thing, can't he?"

P. S. This year, Mr. Cochrane, despairing of Mr. York as a catcher, had him playing left field in a game at Boston.

P. P. S. Two days later, Mr. Gordon Cochrane, despairing of Mr. York as a left fielder, had Mr. York behind the plate again.

N. B. At last reports, Mr. Gordon Cochrane was going nuts. ★★★

End of the Rainbow

By Bob Considine

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

BARRING a sudden appearance in color films of Clark Gable, wearing bright yellow pants, a purple coat, a green Alpine hat and maroon-and-white sports shoes, the current era of race-track colors, in men's sports clothes, is dead. Only Gable, who sold untold thousands of pinch-back coats, roll-neck sweaters and lumber jackets, because he wore them around his virile hide in the movies, could lead the timid male another step around the spectrum.

From this day forward, according to some of our leading unpaid tailors, sports clothes will veer away from color, and edge over toward the original purpose of the damned things—comfort. Last year's plum-colored slacks and big-checkered sports coat were the ensemble that broke the dromedary's back. The color boom has struck a nasty bleach.

It's all bound up with the recession. A depression, even a minor-league one like the last, helps sports but hurts sports clothes. It gives men leisure to engage in sports, particularly the men whose idea of an active afternoon is to slouch through a double-header. But sports clothes conversely become a little less noticeable in volume and visibility. No golfer, for instance, is going to come out of the locker room of his bankrupt club in a new and dazzling ensemble when the Stock Exchange is looking around for the nearest 77-B form. He knows he wouldn't get to the second tee before the rest of the foursome propositioned him on a business loan.

Hard times wring the color juices out of sports clothes, and sometimes complete the job and wring the clothes out of existence. But the last swoon of the market wasn't enough to do more than make some badly needed revisions in the industry. A man this summer will be able to slip into something sporty that subtly satisfies his subconscious yen for color but which also permits him to appear in public without experiencing the searing mortification of a gent who suddenly finds himself at 42d and Broadway without his pants.

Unless you want to bring pain to the tailor blokes, and a wince to the frozen-smile boys behind the better department-store counters, your sports outfit this summer should include:

A jacket, loose, free of padding, in some soft check—the pattern rather than the color suggesting its informality. As light in weight as possible.

A pair of plain trousers, of lightweight material, which carry out the basic color of the coat.

Several loose-fitting linen shirts, plain colors with, if you're young enough, a louder shirt or two, like a sarong pattern.

White shoes, or a combination with white.

An assortment of discreetly colorful accessories, including handkerchiefs, neckerchiefs, socks, cuff links, ties, tie clasps and such things.

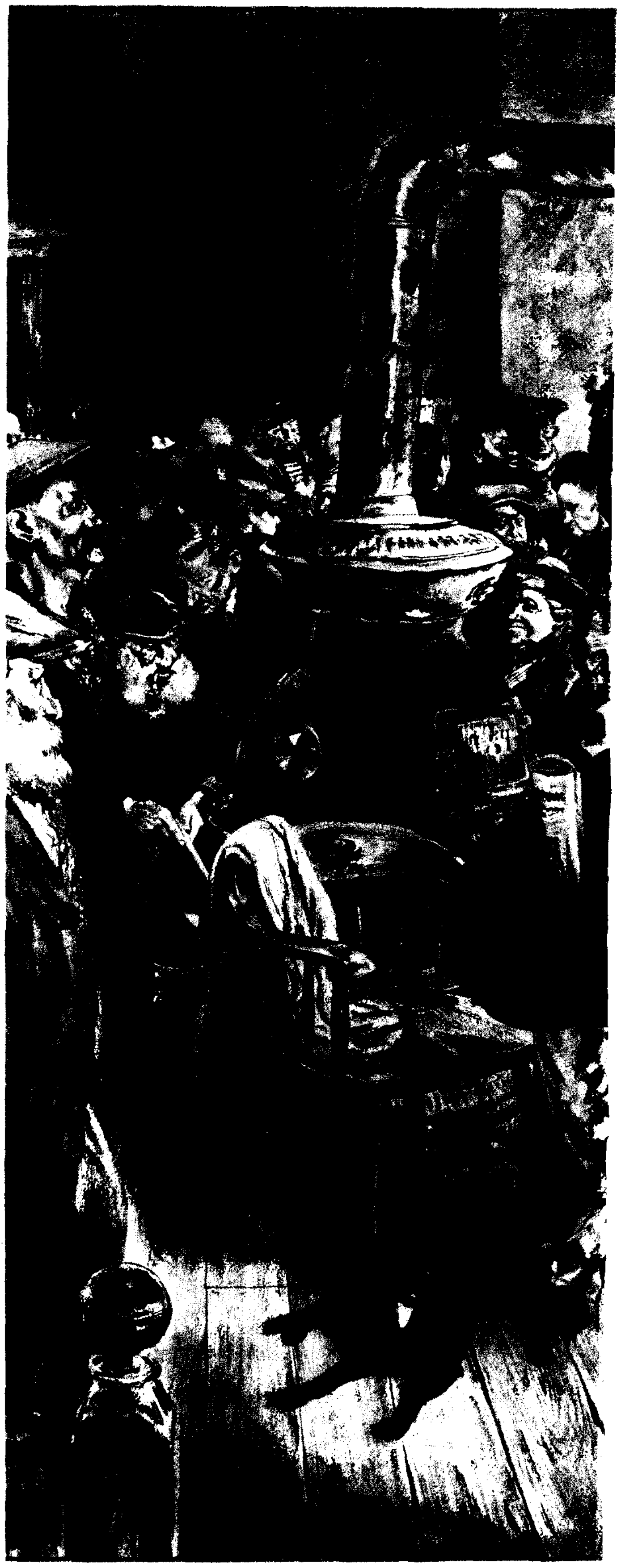
The bull American began wrapping his hide in the fancy sports accouterments shortly after the war, borrowing the idea from Scots who wore their identifying plaids in their intersectional golf matches. The first popular era of color—and a pretty frightening one it was—ended when the bottom plopped out of things in 1929. The present era, which has gone beyond its crest and is serenely subsiding, began along about 1933 when some rebel male threw away the old gray pants he had been missing his putts in, and bought himself an ensemble that defied the gloomy gods of despond and startled the cud *(Continued on page 36)*

The more casual young man may wear the same sports ensemble from the golf game to the cocktail party to the night club. But with the new lightweight fabrics and correct drapes, he might better be conventional—and a lot more comfortable too

Wild Onions

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Who killed Ross Murphy Murdock? Bushwhacker, where they don't do things by halves, enjoys a murder mystery that's more fun than the Lincoln County Fair



OLD Bushwhacker never does anything by halves. When it rains in Bushwhacker, medium-sized Indian Runner ducks perish in the gully washes; and when Bushwhacker gets a big dry, shorthorn steers are lost for weeks in the dust clouds. Hence I knew that when Doc Fraser, unterrified Pike County Democrat and Bushwhacker's historian, announced there had been a murder mystery in Bushwhacker it must have been a humdinger.

"Humdinger? 'Twas, dern you!" said Doc. "My back hair still won't lay right to the comb—an' when I go to the root cellar these nights I allus carry *two* lanterns. A mouse squeak can start me a-shiverin' and a-shakin—"

"That scary, Doc?"

SHET up, son, said Doc, severely, taking a three-breath swig of sorghum beer to steady his nerves, an' be glad you wasn't along with me the night I left old man Cunningham Yackey's place. I'd been a-doctorin' three colicky heifers till nigh onter one in the morning. Them heifers all taken a notion to die on me. They didn't pass on peaceable like a good veter'nary doctor like me has a right to expect—but with a powerful groaning and sighing.

Thet started the rats in the walls of Cunningham's old barn to scuffling and squealing. And on top of thet the wind stirred up drafts in the barn—I dassn't turn my head but whut a draft would go "Pooooh" agin the back of my neck. Like a ghost a-whisperin', son.

All of a sudden I remembered how Missus Otily Yackey had hanged herself up in the loft. And on top of thet a rusty hinge started a-screeching. I should have stopped long enough to snap shet the locks on my medicine satchel, but I knowed I wasn't man enough.

I went away f'm thet barn, son, and clumb inter my car. An' dern' if I didn't see two eyes looking at me in the rear-vision mirror. Whut say? Nope, 'twasn't nothing but a hoot owl thet had flew inter the back seat, but it give me right smart of a turn. I chased the hoot owl and whilst I was doin' it I taken a look at the moon. Then I knowed.

Some human body was dead. Thet moon, son, looked like a big round platter of blood. Ongodliest moon you ever seed. I turned on my lights full-power an' prayed she'd start. She started—on three cylinders. But I didn't have no heart fer tinkerin'; I left Cunningham Yackey's barnyard right then and there.

We-ell, I crossed Cuivre Crick at Dead Slaves' Holler without hearin' nothin' but a few moans; and I made it over the ridge past the White Caps' buryin' ground without seeing nothing I could *swear* was a hant. But thet moon was a-riding on my left shoulder and when I turned inter the Louisville road I could feel a kind of bloody light acrosst my cheek. Yep. Fact.

Down in a deep, dark gully betwixt Bose Jenkins' an' Johnny Durvupp's places, my headlights turned up this cross. It was a-stickin' in a ditch alongside the road. Yep. A cross. Made outer fresh persimmon saplings. Whut say, son? Did I stop? Why, son, I didn't have no choice exactly. My motor, she went plumb dead on me—jest sighed like one of Cunningham Yackey's heifers, and quit. Fact.

Bein' a releegious man, I taken comfort in The Sign. It give me courage to see whut I knowed I was a-going to see. Stretched out behind the cross was a long something covered with a piece of tarpaulin. My headlights still was a-burnin' bright; and when I lifted up thet tarpaulin I was mighty grateful fer *human* light.

Speak well of the dead, but Ross Murphy Murdock wasn't no *good* sight when he was alive, bein' the meanest, oneriest cuss in the hull of Bushwhacker. Layin' there dead hadn't improved him none.

Yep. Thet's whut I seed. Ross Murphy Murdock a-layin' straight and respectful on his back. He had a mattress-ticking piller under his head and his hands was clasped undertaker-fashion with a big bunch of black-eyed Susans under 'em. His eyes had been shet with a couple of binder-bolt taps. There was a big Baptist hymnbook a-leanin' agin the cross. A sight to caution this hell-bent, gone-gosling generation, son.

Whut say? Kilt? Sartainly he'd been kilt. The hull middle part of the pore feller had been wrapped in kitchen towels over his everyday clothes; but even in my sweating conniption I could see he'd been shot plumb in the back with a load of buckshot.

We-ell, arter the fust shock passed off, I found I could still holler. And arter I got out one good holler I found I could walk. And arter I walked a piece along the road I found I could run. But I didn't feel real good until I had got Bose Jenkins and his hull family outer bed and the oil lamps in Bose's parlor lighted up.

Bose and his missus wasn't in no hurry to visit the scene; they allowed they was satisfied jest to hear me tell it. And thet give me time to reellize whut old Bushwhacker had on its hands—a fust-class murder meestery, son!

WHUT say? Clues? Hold on—whut sane man is a-goin' to start pokin' around fer clues on the loneliest stretch of Louisville road at one-thutty in the mornin'? Be reasonable, son.

I could tell thet Bose was in favor of callin' the Pike County sheriff; but I had presence of mind enough to recollect thet Mitch Gullen, the Lincoln County sheriff, laid claim to G-man expeerience. In fact, the feller had got hisself elected on the strength of it. So I up and telephones to Mitch Gullen.

Mitch, he come right over with two deputies an' one of these here sub-machine guns. Right there I seed I'd made a big mistake. Mitch was a wild-eyed feller with a nervous Adam's apple an' jest too plumb quick on the trigger to solve a big murder meestery in Bushwhacker. His methods was all right fer them city folks around Troy; but Bushwhacker folks is peculiar.

I mind the fust thing Mitch Gullen said when he looked at Ross Murphy Murdock was: "Some woman who loved him done it. She was sorry she done it and laid him out with loving-kindness. That's plain as daylight!"

Well, sir, I jest looked at Mitch like he was plumb daft.

"Sheriff," says I, "no woman never loved Ross Murphy Murdock exceptin' maybe his old mother, who's been dead twenty year. Ross Murphy Murdock was the meanest, oneriest, no-count cuss thet ever lived in Bushwhacker. Why, Sheriff," says I, "anyone will tell you thet Ross Murphy's own hound dogs never follered him inter town. They allus hung back in the bushes, bein' ashamed to own to him afore them tother dogs."

Mitch Gullen, he'd had G-man expeerience.

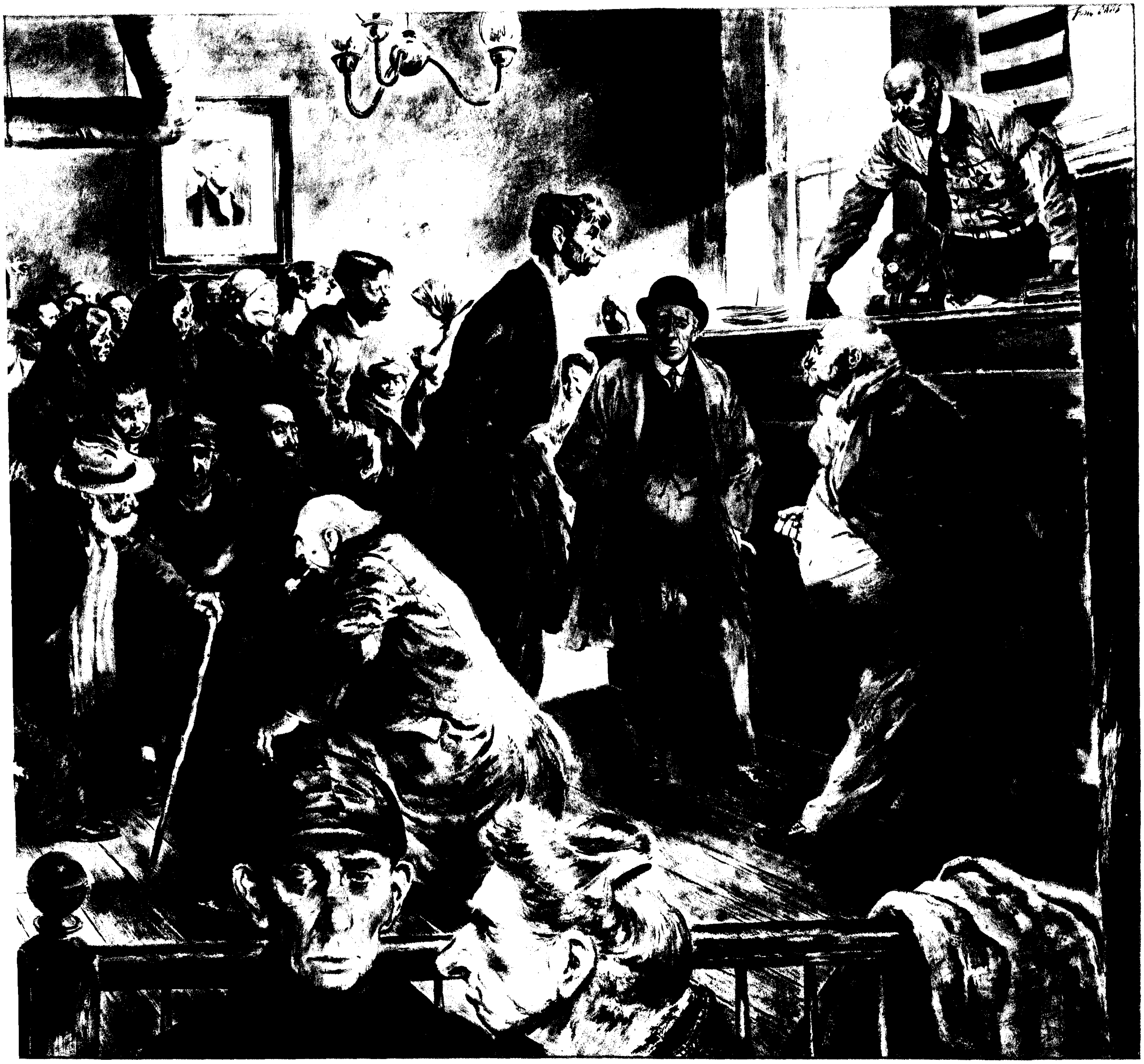
"Who's handling this case, you or me?" he says smark-aleck.

Jest then a Bushwhacker red-hog gave a snort in a fence corner an 'one of them fool deputies cut loose with thet machine gun. Well, sir, I laughed right smart.

Disregardin' my advice was only the fust big mistake Mitch made. His secont blunder come when he insisted on movin' the body afore half the folks in Bushwhacker could get to the scene. It created a lot of hard feeling among the folks thet lived in Skunk Crick community 'way back in the hills. Arter all, this was the biggest murder case Bushwhacker had ever seed; 'twouldn't've done no harm to give everybody a good look at Ross Murphy Murdock.

Howsomever, Mitch, he was the sheriff, an' he wouldn't listen to reason. He gathered up thet cross an' hymnbook an' piller an' tarpaulin—the best clues—and allowed he'd send 'em down to Saint Looey fer G-men to examine fer fingerprints. Son, have you ever handled a Bushwhacker Baptist hymnbook thet's been used hard? It ain't nothin' *but* fingerprints. Let alone thet old piece of tarpaulin.

We-ell, Mitch sent his best clues off to Saint



"Mister Bowcock," says Mitch, "did you ever threaten to kill Ross Murphy Murdock?" "Yep," says Sim Sime, afore I can stop him, "I 'pinely did. I threatened the no-good feller eight or nine times—might've been ten"

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

Looey an' then he went to work on his love theory. It taken him two hard days to find out thet back in '16 Ross Murphy Murdock had cuffed Missus Cowdray allowin' she owed him four bits fer sassage meat; an thet summer before last Murdock had been give a pistol-whupping fer trying to cheat the Widder Spencer on a red-hog swap. Thet was the sum an' substance of Ross Murphy Murdock's love relations with women.

Even Mitch Gullen could finally see thet he was off on the wrong foot. So he up an' allows thet some man-enemy of Ross Murphy Murdock shot him in the back an' then laid him out to make it look like a woman done it. Mitch an his deputies rounds up thutty-odd near an' far neighbors of Ross Murphy Murdock an' hauls them over to Troy fer questioning. Word got out thet Mitch was aimin' fer to third-degree the boys; all their womenfolks went along to see it, an' Troy looked like the old Lincoln County Fair days.

Mitch questioned Sim Sime Bowcock as his fust suspect. Sim Sime retained me as his attunney.

"Mr. Bowcock," says Mitch, "did you ever threaten to kill Ross Murphy Murdock?"

"Yep," says Sim Sime, afore I can stop him, "I 'pinely did. I threatened the no-good feller eight or nine times—might've been ten."

"Why did you threaten him?"

"Don't answer," says I, doing my legal duty.

"Shucks, Sheriff," says Sim Sime, "any man thet's a man in Bushwhacker has threatened to kill Ross Murphy Murdock. He was pizen mean—he kicked dogs."

"Did you shoot Mr. Murdock?"

Sim Sime hangs his head, ashamed.

"Nope," says he, "I aimed to but I jest never got around to it. I reckon I'm kind of shiffless."

The secont suspect was Joe Tuck. I acted as Joe's pussonal attunney likewise. But the dern' fool went right ahead an' incriminated hisself.

"Yep, Sheriff," says Joe Tuck, "I shorely did tell Mister Murdock I'd kill him. He ruint my best patch of possum-timber, a-settin' bee-traps in it on the sly."

"Where was you the night of the murder?"

"Don't answer thet," says I, sharp.

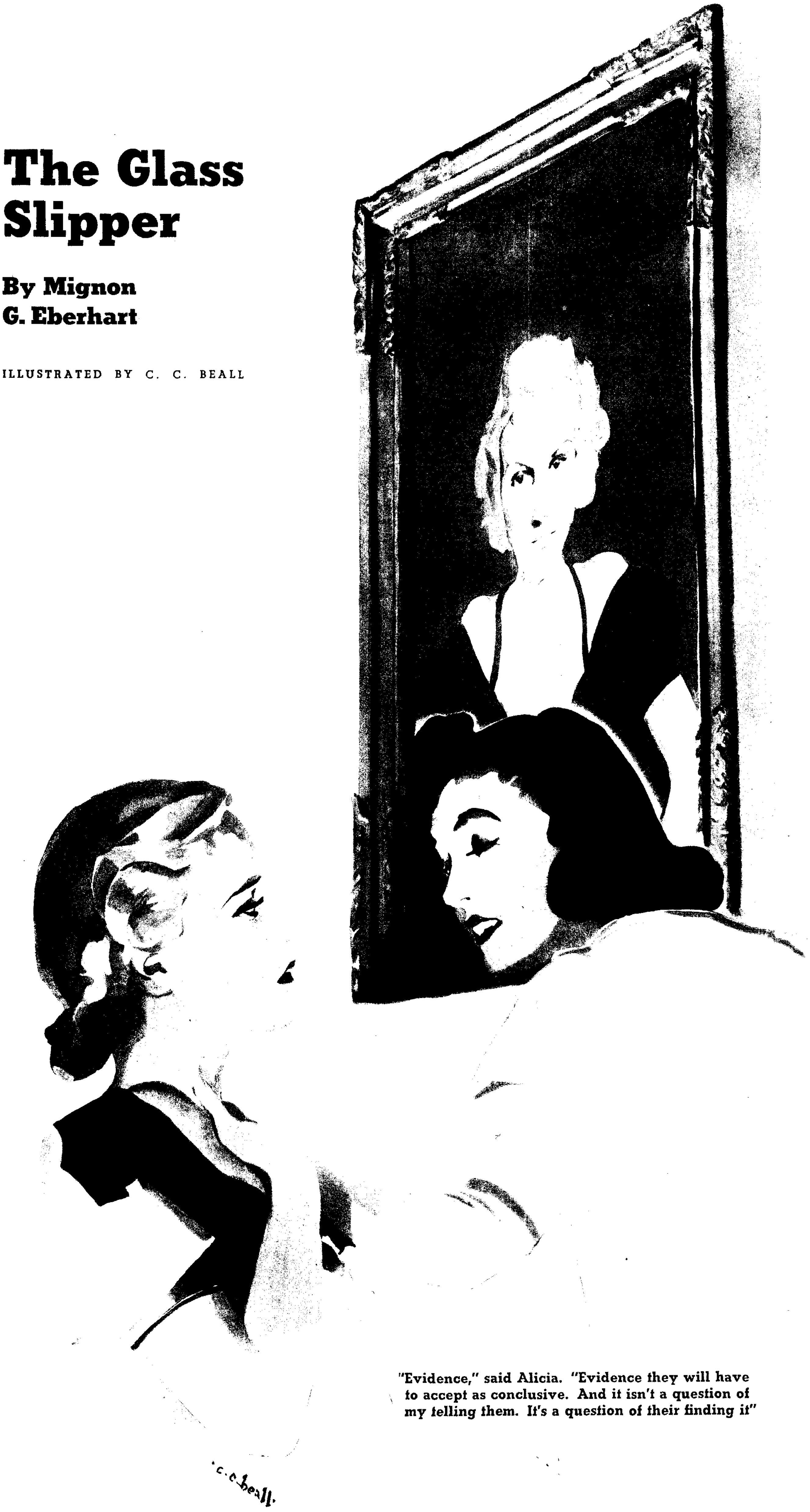
Joe Tuck shuffled his feet.

"I was whur no married man ought to've been," says Joe Tuck, "an' on (Continued on page 37)

The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



"Evidence," said Alicia. "Evidence they will have to accept as conclusive. And it isn't a question of my telling them. It's a question of their finding it"

The Story Thus Far:

ATTENDED by young Dr. Andrew Crittenden, Crystal Hatterick, wife of Dr. Brule Hatterick, a well-known Chicago surgeon, is well on the way to recovery from a trivial illness when, to the surprise of everyone, she suddenly dies.

Ten months later, Hatterick marries one of the two nurses who had served his first wife. The second Mrs. Hatterick, Rue, is happy for a short time. Then she receives a terrible shock: Acting on the suggestion that Crystal had been poisoned, the police decide to investigate; they interrogate Rue, and—after establishing the fact that Crystal had been poisoned—make it quite obvious that they regard Rue as a suspect.

Two other murders follow—both in the Hattericks' beautiful home. Juliet Garder, the nurse who had helped Rue care for Crystal, is killed by someone who succeeds in administering poison to her; and Rachel, a maid, is stabbed to death!

Much of the evidence points toward Rue as the murderer. But "Andy" Crittenden (who is in love with her) feels sure that she is innocent. He does not actually accuse Brule of doing away with the two women, but he does inform Rue that, for a long time, her husband has been having an affair with Alicia Pelham, who is engaged to one of his patients, Steven Hendrie. Andy makes it plain that, in his opinion, Dr. Brule Hatterick is the murderer. Realizing, however, that Rue is in peril, he implores her to run away to Canada with him. In Canada she will be safe, he hopes.

Rue does not run away. She remains in Chicago, answers every question the police put to her. And, although she is closely guarded, she is not arrested.

Living with the Hattericks are Madge, Brule's daughter by Crystal, and Steven Hendrie. Madge, jealous of Rue, makes no effort to conceal her hatred of her stepmother. Nor does Alicia Pelham, who had been Crystal's closest friend. But, conscious of the hostility of Alicia and Madge toward her, Rue is loath to regard them as suspects. Although she hesitates to admit it, even to herself, she finds it difficult to believe in the innocence of her husband. The evidence against him—which she has seen—is extremely damning!

Still, almost any one of half a dozen persons might have been involved—even Steven Hendrie, who has learned of the relationship existing between the girl he loves and Brule Hatterick! . . . One afternoon Rue encounters Madge in the hallway of her home. Madge appears to be on the verge of being rather more friendly than usual, when she hears Alicia's voice in the library. Instantly, Madge freezes, walks away. And Rue can find no explanation of the girl's strange conduct.

IX

ALICIA was in the library; Guy was there, too, and was just leaving, he told Rue. Guy was hurried, avoiding her eyes, jumbling instructions together. Clearly Guy felt that they were imposing upon his powers of legal defense.

"Rachel murdered," he said complainingly. "*What next?* Well, I'll run along now."

After he'd gone, Alicia went coolly to the library door, looked briefly into the hall and closed the door. She turned to Rue then, deliberately and purposefully.

"I'm glad you've come down," she said, looking straight into Rue's eyes with her own bright, jewel-like gaze. "I want to talk to you. I think we'd better have a clear understanding. You and I."

She gave Rue no chance to reply. She walked directly toward her, so close that the faint scent of gardenias drifted to Rue, and she could see the quick pulse beating in Alicia's creamy, soft throat—only faintly lined. She said:

"There's something you ought to know. However this thing turns out, Brule loves me and I love him and it will take more than you to come between us. Do you understand that?"

Rue looked back at her, noting that strongly beating pulse with a kind of detached interest. How it betrayed Alicia's real feelings when Alicia's voice was quite cool and controlled!

"What about Steven?" said Rue with honest curiosity.

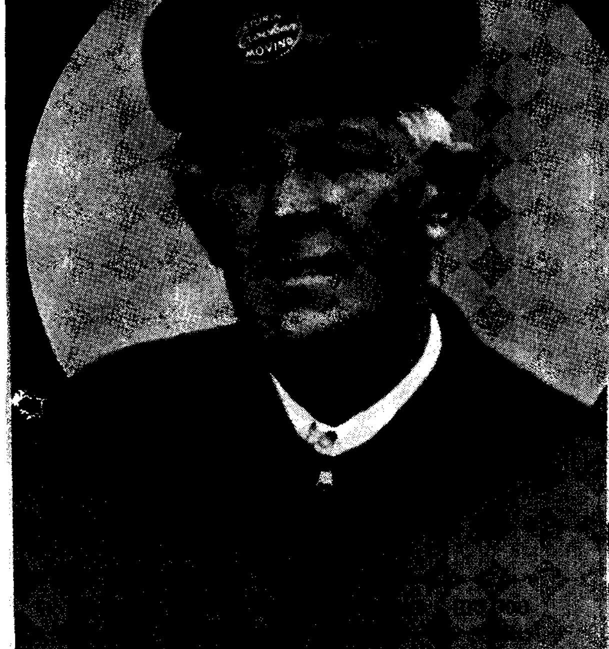
The jet-black line of Alicia's beautiful eyelids flickered.

"Steven?" she said. "Steven isn't important. He's been only a pretext, a—blind, if you want to call it that. So Crystal wouldn't guess the truth. It was easy

(Continued on page 47)

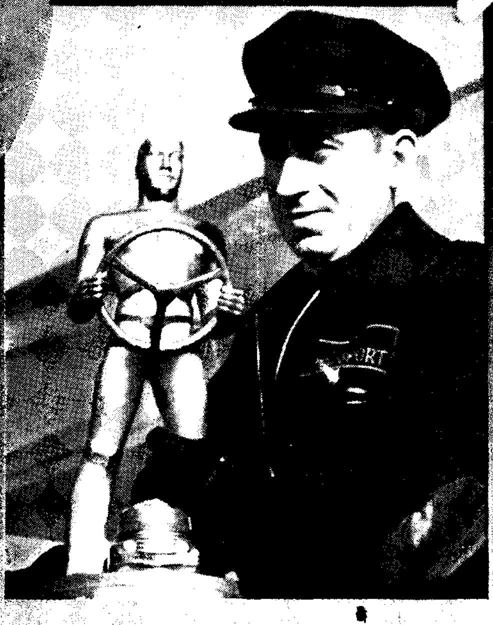
AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS HONOR

"WORLD'S *Safest* TRUCK DRIVER" AND "NATION'S *Best* TRUCK DRIVER"



[illegible] up a [illegible] sixth, [illegible] career at the [illegible] Internationals.

The title, "World's Safest Truck Driver," awarded to Mr. Hill by the American Trucking Associations at last winter's convention, climaxed the 1937 safety-promotion work of the nation's trucking industry.



Doff the hats again to WILLIAM J. FREDERICK who topped the other experts in a demonstration of skill in putting a truck and trailer through a set of difficult maneuvers, winning the title, "Nation's Best Truck Driver."

In this competition Mr. Frederick and the winners of second, third, and fourth places drove International Trucks with 24-ft. semi-trailers at the convention. Frederick is an operator for the Kentucky Transport Corp. fleet, Louisville, Ky. He has been driving trucks for thirteen years without accident.

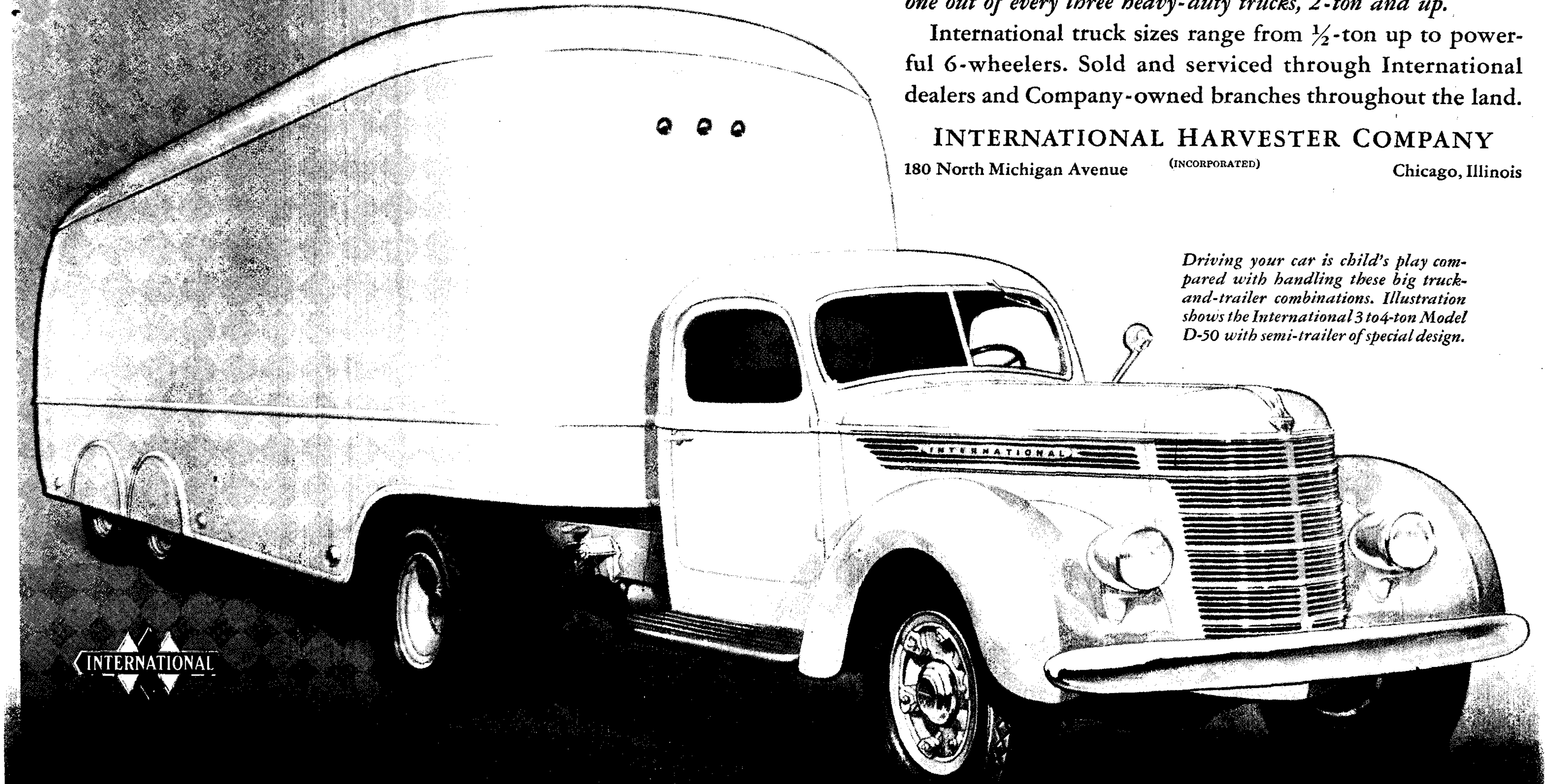
Manpower is the heart of the coordinated network of highway transport. There is no finer group of men to be found than the army of drivers who pilot the nation's trucks.

These two—Allen Hill and Bill Frederick—find the spotlight on them suddenly, but during the years that built their records they have been just like hundreds of thousands of others—keen and capable men doing a man's job day by day and doing it well. All of them together are custodians of a safe-sane driving standard that would do wonders for the nation if it could only be lived up to by the public.

Hill and Frederick, like so many other star drivers, do their stuff with International Trucks. Although there are forty manufacturers in the field, *International Harvester sells one out of every three heavy-duty trucks, 2-ton and up.*

International truck sizes range from ½-ton up to powerful 6-wheelers. Sold and serviced through International dealers and Company-owned branches throughout the land.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois



Driving your car is child's play compared with handling these big truck-and-trailer combinations. Illustration shows the International 3 to 4-ton Model D-50 with semi-trailer of special design.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Take Mr. Boston to

MR BOSTON
Sloe Gin
100

SLOE GIN FIZZ ▶

If you like the wine-like tang of rare Burgundy, try this delicious thirst-drencher!

3 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin
Juice of ½ lemon
1 heaping teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill 12-oz. glass with seltzer
Decorate with slice of lemon

MINT TOM COLLINS: If you're tired of the usual collins, may I suggest a cool Mint Tom Collins! Make it the regular way, except use Old Mr. Boston Mint Flavored Gin.

◀ MINT JULEP

When your guests call for something different, serve them a glorious Mint Julep!

Muddle 4 sprigs of mint with
1 teaspoon powdered sugar and
1 teaspoon water
Fill glass with chipped ice
Add 2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
Decorate with sprig of mint

ROCKING CHAIR BLEND: A famous blend that reveals a forgotten *taste* and *smoothness*.

the Party!

Name your drink, Gentlemen—

Old Mr. Boston is versatile enough to please you!

"GENTLEMEN, I'm going to break all the cardinal rules of etiquette—*I'm going to ask you to take me to your party.*

"And if you don't believe I am a versatile person to have along—just look at the superb collection of liquors I offer you! Made in the New England tradition...each bottle is brimming with mellow flavor that will revive bored tastes and jaded palates in the twinkling of an eye.

"**For a perfect Tom Collins**, let me recommend my famous Dry Gin. Your first taste will tell you that this gin is different...*and it is.* From all over the world come my 17 rare ingredients — coriander, cardamom, anise and orange flowers—to name a few. These are blended into such a delicate bouquet, you can sip my gin *straight*—it's that delightfully s-m-o-o-t-h!

"**But if you're a clever host**, you'll serve your guests a Sloe Gin Fizz made with my famous Sloe Gin. Prepared only from hand-picked *imported* sloe berries, Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin rivals the flavor of rare Burgundy in its wine-like richness, its ruby-red color and its satisfying taste.

"**Ah-h, but my whiskeys**—they're truly superb! Few wine makers of France put more patience and skill into making an old-world wine than I do in my ryes and bourbons. For instance, if you want to get full measure of enjoyment from my excellent bourbon—try that king of Southern drinks, *a delicious Mint Julep.* Each sip, gentlemen...reveals the unseen touch of perfect skill, perfect care.

"**Let me help** make your party a success, for I'm a delightful guest, you know. My coat and hat, please, and I'll be right with you, gentlemen—*to your party!*"

* * *

WHISKEYS: Rocking Chair Blend—90 Proof, contains 75% grain neutral spirits; Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof. **GINS:** Dry Gin—90 Proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits; Mint Flavored Gin—80 Proof; Sloe Gin—70 Proof.

OLD
MR. BOSTON
Fine Liquors

Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.

OLD
MR. BOSTON
Distilled
Dry Gin
QUART

TOM COLLINS

In the shade of the veranda or under a canopy of stars, Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin makes a Tom Collins with *brilliant flavor.*

Use 12-oz. glass
2 oz. Old Mr. Boston
 Dry Gin
Juice of ½ lemon
Teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill with seltzer
Decorate with slice of
 orange, lemon and
 cherry.

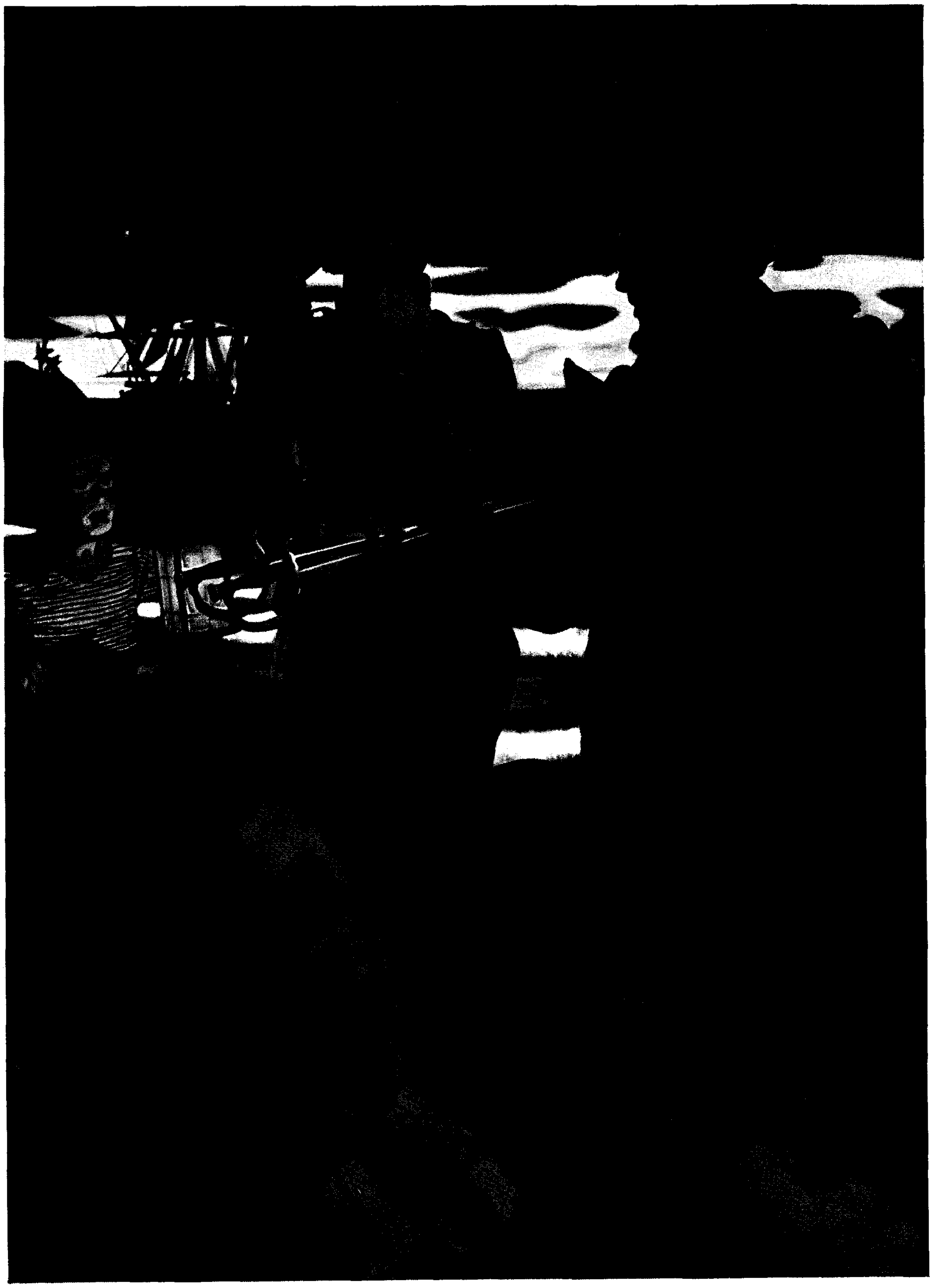
And for the smoothest-tasting Martini you ever had the pleasure to sip—use Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin.

Choice of Weapons

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

The captain was a man of peace. Not too proud to fight—just too formidable



"The choice of weapons is mine?" asked Captain Coffin. "Certainly!" " Then I have brought my own"

THE first affront was from ship to ship, not from man to man. It occurred on a morning in October, off the Chilean coast. The Lucy, 160 tons, some eighteen months out of Nantucket, needed one big whale or two small ones to fill her last casks; but Captain Barnabas Coffin had about decided to start for home. Since the Leopard fired on the Chesapeake, five years before, there had been the smell of war in the air, and no insurance to be had on American ships unless you paid fifteen or twenty per cent.

Captain Barnabas was too thrifty to pay through the nose, so he had preferred to take the risk without insurance, but he had more and more of late an uneasy mind. He had heard his father tell how Nantucket suffered during the Revolution; and another war would be as bad as that had been. The British cruisers would seize or burn every ship they found.

Yet it was almost certain, Captain Barnabas acknowledged to himself, that war would come. Even a young nation, at whatever risk, must some day fight back against the bullying truculence of the English captains. He was a good Quaker; but he had felt sometimes his calm blood quicken when other whalers told him tales of British insolences.

Home was best. He made the decision; and, as though to mock him, the masthead man, far aloft, saw a bushy tuft of pale vapor, white against the blue of the sea, that showed for an instant and faded and was gone; and his call came down to the deck like a muted trumpet through the sunny hush of noon.

"Blo-o-o-ows! Ah-h-h, blo-o-o-o-ows!" he droned. Then, looking down to be sure he was heard: "Five or six miles broad on the larboard bow, Cap'n Barnabas. Sperm. Six-seven of them."

"Thank'ee, Thomas," the captain assented. "How shall we steer?"

"As we are, sir."

Captain Coffin considered sea and sky. The Lucy was jogging along under topsails and little else. He spoke to the mate, young Dan Folger. "Shake out the courses, Dan'l. There's weather making, and we'll have to hurry."

Dan Folger briskly put the men to this task, and Captain Barnabas himself climbed a little up the fore rigging to watch the course of the whales. He saw then a distant sail that the masthead man had neglected to report. She appeared to be a topsail schooner; and he watched her for a while and suspected she was a British cruiser. It was months since he had last had news; and war might already be declared. But whales were his present concern, and an hour or so later he was satisfied they were near enough.

"We'll do as we are, Dan'l," he said, descending to the deck again. "Best haul up the courses before we lower. Clew up the maintopsail and back the cro'jack yard." There was a look of wind in the western sky. While the men attended the sails, he studied the distant schooner. "She'll be British, Dan'l," he told the mate. "If war's begun, she'll

• • To have and to hold • •

When you have a life insurance policy you hold the certainty that your loved ones will be protected. You have membership in an institution which has survived depressions, wars and plagues. You have the security that comes from a multitude of people combining their resources. In insurance on a permanent plan, you have a value which increases the longer you hold it.

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. What chance has your child of becoming fatherless before reaching 17?

A. A child at birth has about one chance in ten, on the average, of becoming fatherless before the age of seventeen. Life insurance can guarantee funds for *your* child's education, regardless of chances.

• • •

Q. Which country leads in ownership of life insurance?

A. The United States. With only 7% of the world's population, people here have 70% of the life insurance.

• • •

Q. Why does the United States lead?

A. Largely because of the work here of life insurance agents. These thousands of men and women, by their patient activity, have helped make life more secure.

• • •

Q. What is a mutual life insurance company such as The Equitable?

A. It is a great human-welfare organization, in which people are banded together for mutual protection. It is based on the truth that a financial burden which might crush the individual may be borne with ease by a multitude of individuals.

• • •

Q. How much life insurance should you have?

A. It depends on many personal factors, such as the number and ages of your children, your own age, the amount of your savings, etc. Ask an Equitable agent to work out the answer.

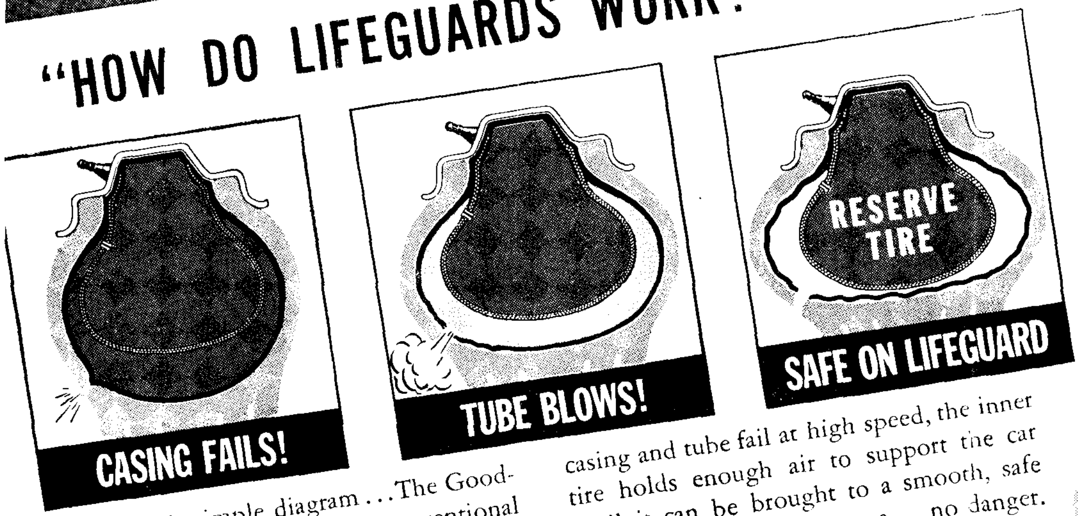
The Equitable welcomes questions concerning life insurance. Your note to "The Equitable Counselor" at 393 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y., will receive prompt attention by mail.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

Questions MILLIONS ARE ASKING . . .

GOODYEAR

"HOW DO LIFEGUARDS WORK?"

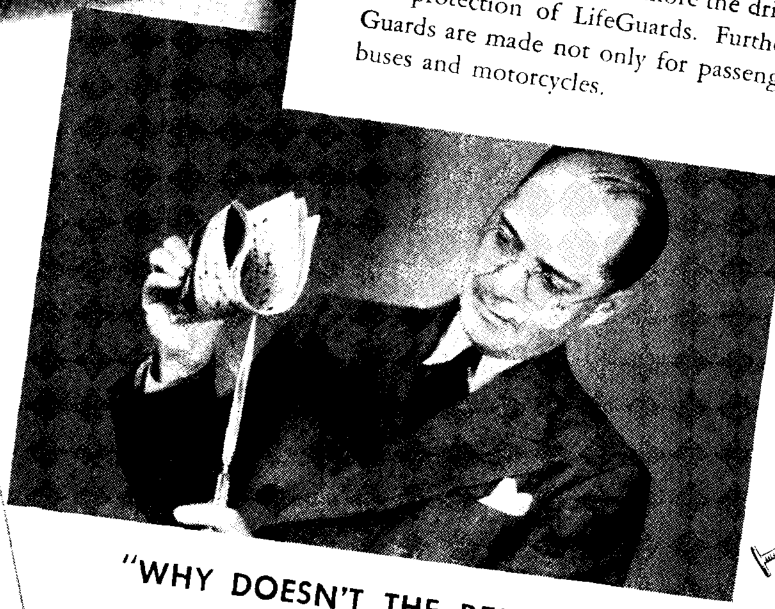


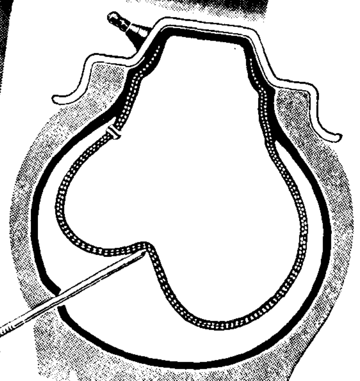
● Study this simple diagram . . . The Goodyear LifeGuard replaces the conventional tube. It is a 2-ply reserve tire inside the tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail at high speed, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. No lurch . . . no swerve . . . no danger.

"CAN YOU USE LIFEGUARDS IN ANY MAKE OF TIRE? DOES IT HAVE TO BE A NEW ONE?"

● Goodyear LifeGuards fit any make of tire and function with equal efficiency. They fit any tire of any age; in fact, the older the casing the more the driver and passengers need the protection of LifeGuards. Furthermore, Goodyear LifeGuards are made not only for passenger cars, but for trucks, buses and motorcycles.

"HOW MANY ACCIDENTS DO BLOWOUTS CAUSE? I NEVER HAD ONE!" It is estimated that in the past 15 years blowouts have caused 15,000 fatalities, 5,000 cripples, 120,000 injuries, more than a billion dollars' worth of property damage, loss of income, etc. You may never have had a blowout; but you have had, or have seen, sudden tire failures. The hazard of a blowout may be yours any day.





"WHY DOESN'T THE RESERVE TIRE PUNCTURE?"

● Because of equal air pressure on both sides the reserve tire floats freely. It is just as flexible as though there was no air within the casing. Consequently, the reserve tire offers no resistance to any sharp object which might penetrate the casing. It yields and is pushed upward by the thrust. Hold a piece of paper folded in the shape of the reserve tire. Try to jab a sharp instrument through it. You can't penetrate it. For the paper yields. That is just what happens to the LifeGuard reserve tire.

Answered BY GOODYEAR ENGINEERS

LIFEGUARDS*

"IS LIFEGUARD A PUNCTURE-PROOF TUBE?"

● Definitely not! The two are built to serve different purposes. For years Goodyear has been building one of the best puncture-seal tubes intended to do away with the need of immediate tire repair when an ordinary puncture occurs. But this type of tube, like conventional tubes, is liable to blowout and is no protection against the dangers of sudden tire failure. The principle of LifeGuards is quite different.

"IS THERE ANY OTHER TIRE DEVELOPMENT THAT DOES THE SAME THING?"

● No. LifeGuards are the only proven way to eliminate the dangers of blowouts and other sudden tire failure.

In the past, various means of providing this protection have been tried. Goodyear tested many of these.

Sponge rubber tubes, balls within tubes, cellular tubes, compartment tubes, safety rings, and many other ideas were studied.

But none of these has ever proved to be more than partially successful in achieving this purpose.

LifeGuards are the first and only tire improvement that makes tires completely safe without sacrificing riding comfort, tire efficiency and economy.

Would you want to drive today without 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body and safety glass? Of course not! More and more, motorists feel the same way about driving without Goodyear LifeGuards.

Only Goodyear can offer you this fourth great achievement to make your motoring completely safe . . . for *Goodyear alone* makes LifeGuards.

"HAVE LIFEGUARDS BEEN THOROUGHLY PROVED?"

● Yes! In tens of thousands of tests . . . by Goodyear . . . by automobile engineers . . . by thousands of motorists all over the world. *No single LifeGuard has ever failed to provide complete tire safety.*

". . . BUT AREN'T LIFEGUARDS EXPENSIVE?"

● No, indeed! In actual fact they are an economy feature. Of course, LifeGuards cost more than a simple inner tube; but as LifeGuards make every mile safe against blowout dangers until a casing is completely worn out they add as much as 25% to safe tire mileage. Also, a LifeGuard is actually good for the life of several casings.

You demand 4-wheel brakes, all-steel body, safety glass for your car . . . Now you'll want Goodyear LifeGuards for your tires!

***LIFEGUARD,** a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, is fully protected by patents.

take us; but we'll kill our whale first, war or no."

They did, in fact, kill a whale—a lusty bull that gave them a brisk run before they could come alongside for a moment's sharp work with the lance. Till the whale turned fin out, they were too busy to look around; but then, at a sharp cry of alarm from Joe Gardner at the tub oar, they saw the Britisher close at hand. She had come up fast; she was almost upon them, faces peering down at them from her foredeck; and Joe yelled in hoarse dismay:

"She'll run us under!"

She was close enough so that he was heard; and a bluejacket in the schooner's bow bawled gleefully: "Tip 'em the stem!" The men in the whaleboat caught up their oars to try to dodge; but at the last minute the schooner hauled her wind enough to clear them. She passed to weather so close that they had to trail oars to keep her from hitting the blades. They looked up into grinning faces; and they were tossed aside and wet by the spray she threw. A shout of mirth from her decks mocked them as, once past, she paid off to run toward the Lucy yonder. Mat Plaskett swore, and Joe Gardner's teeth chattered with the excitement of their narrow escape; but Captain Barnabas watched the schooner and he was not surprised as she ran close past the Lucy to see a puff of smoke blossom at one of her ports. He saw the Lucy's fore-topmast break in the middle and her topgallant mast come slapping down even before the boom of the gun reached their ears. Mat Plaskett swore again, with a comforting competence; and Captain Coffin spoke quietly:

"I made her name. The Lars. Fore and aft topsail schooner, with a little royal on her main-topm'st. We'll know her by that rig. I presume likely we will meet her some day again."

There was a cold anger in him, stiff in his slow tones; but for the moment the schooner was gone, and they plunged into the hours of backbreaking toil, towing the dead whale back to the ship, cutting them in, tending the tryworks. When the trying out was done, their last cask was full; but they must put into Talcahuano to replace that topmast, and to provision for the journey home.

They made into the bay through Boca Grande. Just before they let the anchor go, the mate pointed to a topsail schooner with a familiar look about it already anchored here. He asked:

"Cap'n, isn't that the Englishman?"

"Aye," Captain Coffin assented. "I told thee, Dan'l, we would meet that craft again."

CAPTAIN BARNABAS was a Quaker and a man of peace, so, though there might be anger in his thoughts and in the glance with which he regarded the British schooner, he had no intention of pushing his complaint there. But he was not one to avoid any encounter. It was quite possible that he might meet the commander of the Lars in the town. Nevertheless he prepared at once to go ashore and arrange for the spars and canvas he would need, and to negotiate for sea biscuit and freshly salted beef.

He took Dan Folger with him. The mate was a stocky young man just past his twenty-first birthday, rather short than tall, but with broad shoulders and crisp tight hips Captain Coffin liked.

They left the boat in charge of Walter Starbuck, the harpooner, and walked up through the town, and Captain Coffin looked neither right nor left; but Dan surveyed with a lively interest the houses of sun-dried brick, thatched with palm that overhung the eaves, the dark-skinned men, the women whose hair hung in long thick braids and whose faces were half concealed.

At noon the beef merchant with whom Captain Coffin was at the moment dickering proposed that they taste the viands of the country, and he led them to what seemed to be a tavern: a low-ceiled room with sanded floor, and a long table down the middle with benches at either side. One end of the room was a sort of booth where a man thumped a drum with his fingers, and other men plucked at harmonious strings. They all sang as they played; and three girls were dancing in a lively fashion which Dan Folger found a pleasant thing to see.

When the captain and Dan and their host entered, Dan saw two men, clearly naval officers, doubtless off the Lars, already sitting at the long table, near one end. Dan thought ill of one of them at sight. He was a young man with downy side whiskers and a soft mustache that made you want to pluck it; and he seemed to look down at his own nose with disapproval.

HIS companion, in a blue coat with a fall-down collar, the lapels and pockets and cuffs pierced and threaded with gold lace, was an older man, rotund, with ruby cheeks like two apples; he had a merry eye, and he swayed a little where he sat, in a certain rhythm. You felt that he wished to pound on the table and to sing. Dan grinned. This Englishman, captain of the Lars though he might be, looked like an amiable man; though for the lieutenant beside him, clearly, so much could not be said.

Dan, when he and Captain Barnabas and their host were seated, noted that the two officers were watching them. Then someone set before him a heaping dish of boiled beef piled over with vegetables and half smothered with large peas of a curious yellow color. He was hungry, so he took a mouthful, and his eyes filled with tears while he choked and coughed helplessly. The pepper burned like live coals; and he stumbled to his feet and ran toward the door.

So he missed the beginning of things. When he came back, the English captain was standing across the narrow table from where Captain Barnabas sat modestly with lowered eyes; and as Dan approached, the Englishman said in a jovially truculent tone:

"Slabsides, I don't like Yankees, and I never will. Hup!" The hiccup seemed to amuse him. He chuckled and—like a boy speaking a piece learned by rote—went on: "I don't like rebels and never will. I don't like Quakers, and I never will. And—Hup!—by the Eternal, I don't like men who keep their hats on at my table. Take yours off!"

Dan Folger was half angry, half amused; but Captain Coffin did not even raise his eyes. The Englishman swore with a cheerful violence. "Zounds!" he cried. "D'ye hear me, Shadbelly?" He leaned across the table, swept his hand in a round buffet, knocked Captain Coffin's broad beaver to the sanded floor, recovered his balance with some difficulty and hiccuped again.

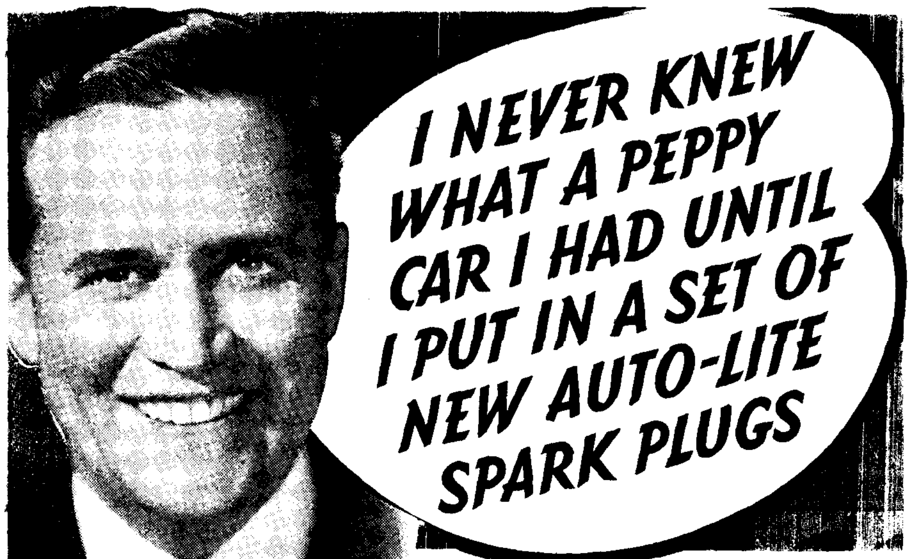
Dan retrieved the hat. Captain Barnabas accepted it. "Thank'ee, Dan'l," he said. Then, without rising, he spoke gravely to the Englishman. "Thee is doubtless drunk," he said. "If thee is not, then thee is certainly a man of low degree."

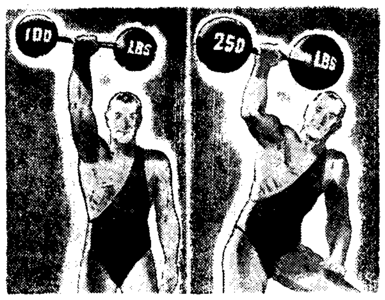
The lieutenant down the table rose and glided swiftly near. The English captain cried: "Degree? Damme, sir, don't talk to me of your degrees! I told you, keep your hat off! Eh?"

This last word was a question, addressed to the lieutenant. "Eh? What say, Mr. Forbush?"

The lieutenant murmured a word. The captain cried: "Insulted me? Did he so?"

The lieutenant said something about "gentlemen" and "satisfaction." There was malice in his eye. The English captain scratched his head, and then his





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face purpled. "Damme, Mr. Forbush, you're right!" he agreed. He bowed unsteadily to Captain Coffin. "Sirrah!" he said elaborately. "My friend will call on your friend."

"If he be better mannered than thee, he will be welcome," Captain Coffin assured him, in the gentlest tones. He stood up quietly; and he was suddenly taller than the Englishman and, despite his sober garb, strangely formidable. "But as for thee, if thee comes alongside my ship, thee'll get a dousing of fat-lean well rotted in the cask, which will sweeten the smell of such a drunken, stinking swine as thee."

Dan thought for a moment there would be violence here. The English captain made an unsteady effort to climb over the table between him and Captain Barnabas. It was the lieutenant who restrained him. "Be easy, sir," he urged. "Come away. You can deal with him presently." He led his superior away.

When they were gone, Captain Coffin sat calmly down again and said mildly:

"It was his lieutenant whipped him up to the fighting pitch, Dan'l. We'll hear no more from the man."

BUT Captain Coffin was wrong in this prediction. Late that afternoon, a boat put off from the schooner and came alongside the Lucy. Captain Barnabas was below; but Dan Folger leaned on the rail above the boat, and the lieutenant in her stern sheets said crisply:

"Lieutenant Forbush, of His Majesty's schooner Lars, with a communication for your captain."

The mate nodded, leaning indolently. "I'm Dan Folger, mate," he said. "Come aboard, if you're a mind."

The lieutenant said crisply: "Drop an ascending ladder, if you please."

"Don't carry one," Dan told him. "Here's a rope's end."

He let the rope dangle, and the lieutenant came up it smartly. Dan said briefly, turning aft to lead the way:

"Cap'n's in the cabin. I'll take you below."

He did so; but he himself returned on deck, leaving them together. It was some time before they reappeared. At the gangway where the boat lay waiting, the lieutenant said crisply: "At sunrise, then! Captain, my compliments. Good day."

When he was gone, Dan Folger looked at Captain Coffin in a flat astonishment. Walter Starbuck and half the crew came clustering around; and Dan said blankly:

"You let on as if you'd fight him, Cap'n Barnabas?"

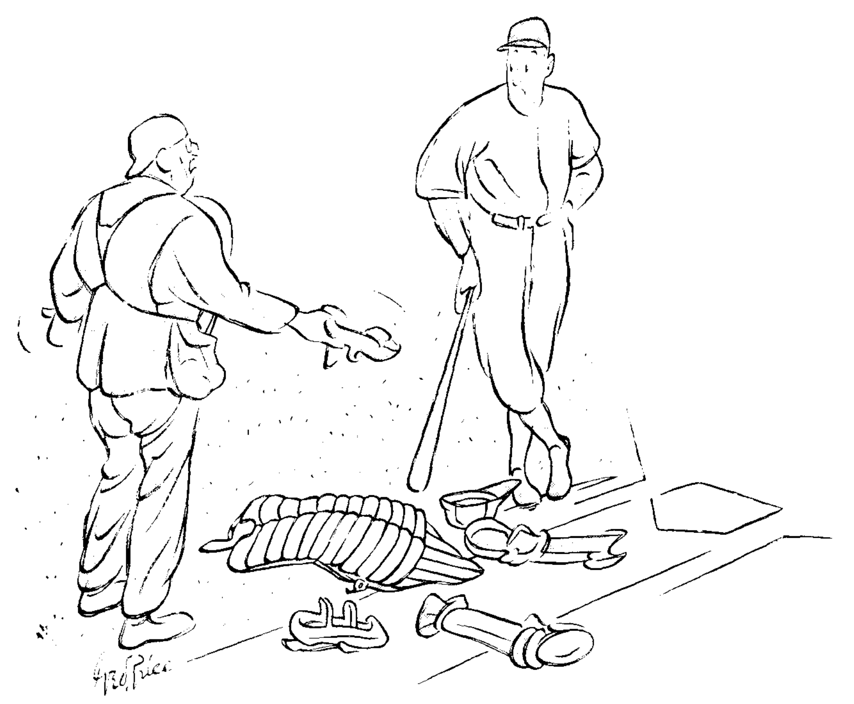
The older man explained: "It's better to meet him on my terms here ashore than on his terms after we put to sea."

Walter Starbuck said shrewdly: "You don't seem bothered any, Cap'n. What do you aim to do?"

"Why, Walter," the captain told him, "I think I can play another man's game, and by another man's rules, if he will do the same. The lieutenant explained the rules of this game to me. They're plain enough. I insulted the captain; so he had the right to challenge me to mortal combat. But now I have a right to say how we'll fight, what weapons we will use." He looked at the mate, with a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. "Yet 'tis a hard pew! Thee knows, Dan'l, I have not handled cutlass or pistol or any warlike tool. . . . But we'll see."

TWENTY minutes before sunrise next morning, the starboard boat was lowered and they pulled away from the Lucy. Captain Coffin and Dan Folger sat aft. Walter Starbuck and four others handled the oars. The spot appointed was a strip of flat on the low boggy shore east of town; and their course took them at an angle past the Lars, clear of her by half a mile or so. Dan, when they had passed, saw her boat lowered to come after them.

When they touched the beach, the men sprang out to steady her, and Captain Coffin stepped ashore. Dan and Walter followed him; and the three stood together, the other men in a group by the whaleboat's bow, as the boat from the Lars came near. When it touched, Lieutenant Forbush and Captain Deckry stepped out; and the lieutenant, a case of pistols under his arm, approached Captain Coffin. Behind him Captain Deckry in a curiously embarrassed fashion stripped off his blue cloth coat and folded it and laid it across the bow of his boat.



"Probably out chasing a foul some place"

GEORGE PRICE

THE lieutenant opened the case he carried. "Here are pistols, Captain Coffin," he said. "I have loaded them. They are exactly alike. If they suit, select one."

"Thank'ee, friend," Captain Coffin said gently. "But I may fight with what weapons I choose, I think thee said."

"Yes, sir."

"A strange code, Lieutenant. If I insult thy captain, his only recourse is to let me kill him in the way I prefer."

Lieutenant Forbush colored fretfully; but before he could speak, Captain Coffin went on. In the calm of early morning his clear tones carried far. "Friend," he said, "we Quakers are not fighting men, but when we are made to fight, we do not jest about the matter. The choice of weapons is mine?"

"Certainly!"

"Then I have brought my own," said Captain Coffin.

At his word there was a sudden attentive stir in the British boat; and Captain Deckry, ten paces off, turned in sharp surprise. Captain Coffin stepped toward the whaleboat. It was equipped for the chase, with two irons ready for use, two spare irons carried along the thwarts and secured there by light lashings. The barbed harpoons were set in stout hickory shafts, their points razor-sharp to slice as easily through bone as through flesh. Captain Coffin leaned down and took the spare irons from their place; he turned, one heavy weapon in either hand. He said gently:

"If I must fight, friend, my hand is more used to the shaft of a harpoon than to a pistol butt. I'll fight with these."

There was a moment's silence on that sunny strand. Then Mat Plaskett whooped with mirth. "Ho, Cap'n!" he cried. "Sock it into him to the hitches! How many barrels will he make? We're slopping full a'ready; but we'll try him out for you, and cure his hide besides."

Captain Coffin said: "Easy, Mat." Captain Deckry came curiously nearer. Dan thought Lieutenant Forbush had a lively satisfaction in his eye; but the lieutenant said:

"Sir, this is most irregular. It is not customary for the principals . . ."

But Captain Coffin spoke firmly. "Friend, we Quakers do our own talking—and our own fighting, when we must. So if Captain Deckry is ready . . ."

Then Captain Deckry brushed the lieutenant aside. "Never mind, Mr. Forbush," he said amiably. "The captain and I speak the same language." He spoke to Captain Barnabas. "You'll not try a pistol, Shadbelly, nor a cutlass either?"

Captain Coffin shook his head patiently. "Thee asks me to fight. I have a right under your own rule to make the choice, with a weapon I know. Come, since thee's in such haste, let us begin."

Captain Deckry laughed briefly; he said to Lieutenant Forbush: "Damme, sir, the man's serious!"

The young officer's tone was smug with righteous sorrow. "Sir, I fear he is within his right. I recall one meeting where boarding pikes were in fact the weapons. You cannot refuse him."

"Ho!" Captain Deckry chuckled. He turned to Captain Coffin, took one of the harpoons from the other's hands and tried the feel of it. He held it awkwardly, level with his hip, the point raised.

"It's heavier than a pike," he said.

CAPTAIN COFFIN suggested helpfully: "Thee will have a better balance if thee holds it so!" To illustrate, he retreated a step or two, poised the heavy harpoon over his right shoulder, his left hand forward, his right hand far back on the heavy shaft. "Thus," he explained, "it may be used to thrust at close range or to cast at some distance. I have pitchpoled an iron deep into a whale at better than a boat's length." He said politely: "Now if thee is ready, if these others will stand clear, we can begin."

Dan Folger heard his heart pound. Captain Deckry shifted the harpoon in his hand, he hefted it, he weighed it. He chuckled to himself. "Gad, it would make a tale to tell!" he exclaimed, and looked at Captain Coffin. "You and me prodding at each other with these pretties, Shadbelly! I've handled a pike in my time. I started serving the King as a powder boy and worked up; so I'd give you a go."

Dan Folger suddenly began to like this Englishman. He thought Captain Coffin had the same feeling. Lieutenant Forbush moved forward to protest at this fraternizing, but Captain Deckry spoke to him. "Quiet, Mr. Forbush." He looked at the lieutenant with a speculative eye; but then he spoke again to Captain Barnabas.

"I thought fighting was against your Quaker doctrine?"

"Aye, thee's right," Captain Coffin assented. His eyes had a slow twinkle in them now. "But—I have not yet fought thee."

"Didn't you expect to?"

"I thought," Captain Coffin confessed, "thee would not fight—with my weapons."

"Ho!" Captain Deckry laughed aloud. "You thought I'd be afraid, eh?" His eye was suddenly level and firm. "D'ye still think I'm afraid to try these stickpins with you, Shadbelly?"

Captain Coffin shook his head. "No. I think thee'd give me a hard purchase of it, too."

The Englishman nodded. "Like enough," he agreed. "But Quaker—why did you ever think I'd be afraid?"

CAPTAIN COFFIN'S countenance, which had been mild enough before, grew stern with memory. "Thee all but ran my small boat down with thy schooner, Captain, and thee shot away my fore-topm'st for sport. Any man who calls that the pattern of a jest is knave and coward!"

Captain Deckry stared in deep surprise; but before he could speak, the lieutenant thrust forward. "Sir," he warned his superior, "you'll be laughed at by every brave man if you let this whale butcher frighten you."

Captain Deckry looked at him briefly. "None but a coward needs prove he's not one, Mr. Forbush. And by the by, sir, I seem to remember that this whole quarrel was your making. Now I think you'd like to see me spitted—so you might take over my command." The lieutenant was pale, he wet his lips. "Also, about this matter of which my friend complains, the business of the boat, his topmast shot away. I think you had the deck that day?"

The lieutenant cried: "The Quaker lies!" He whirled to Captain Barnabas. "And if you wish satisfaction for the word, I'm one will not refuse you!"

Captain Coffin eyed him wisely. "Nay, I think in the pinch thee'd be afraid."

"Afraid! Zounds, sirrah, you call me a coward?"

"Why, if thee's not, if thee wishes—satisfaction for the word, we've time, and the harpoons are here and"—he chuckled, quoted the lieutenant's own phrase—"I'm one will not refuse you!"

There was a moment's silence then upon that sunny strand. The lieutenant looked from Captain Coffin to the keen blade of the harpoon; and, like a pierced sack that spills its contents, he seemed to shrink and grow small before their eyes.

Then Captain Deckry, as though he were sorry for the lieutenant, dismissed him. "You had no order to fire on any peaceful whaler, Mr. Forbush," he said. "Hold yourself under arrest."

And he turned to Captain Barnabas. "I regret the injury done your ship, Captain," he said. "As for our encounter yesterday, I was drunk, sir. I apologize."

He extended his hand, and Captain Coffin took it, and the Englishman chuckled deeply. "Sir, I bade you take your hat off in my presence! But I say now you're fit to wear it in the presence of the King."

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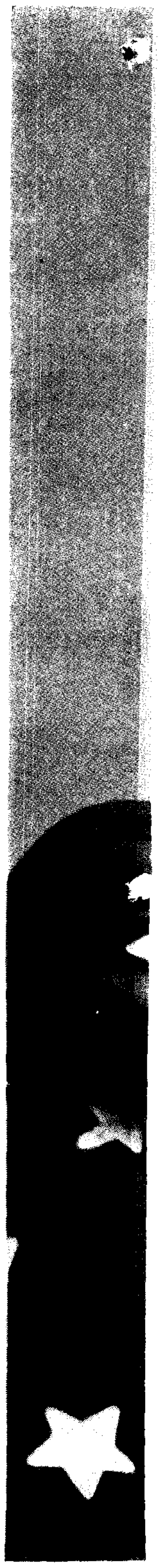

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Bars and Stripes

Continued from page 14

as roll-over possibilities Duchess and Baroness, small Sumatrans. The Sumatran is the smallest of all tigers and not big and showy enough for a center-cage solo stunt.

Next I eliminated two big Bengal tigers, Babe and Ross. Fine big animals—in fact, almost as large as Siberians, the biggest of all tigers—they did not qualify for a quick training job because of the combination of low intelligence and extreme viciousness. This left me with Rajah, a handsome animal who was a cross between a Bengal and a Siberian, and rather erratic; Queenie, a big Bengal tiger who was willing but took a lot of cueing; Empress, a big Siberian that got into too many fights to suit me; and Seleika, the largest Sumatran tigress I had ever seen and an animal that picked up cues rapidly.

I selected Seleika after a whole day devoted to running her, Rajah, Empress and Queenie into the arena and putting them through what amounted to a combined intelligence and viciousness test. Seleika seemed the brightest and the least ornery.

Armed with my familiar kitchen chair, which makes an excellent shield, and a soft-pine pole twelve feet long, I started working on Seleika. I would get her to face me by holding out the pole. She would grab it and start chewing on it. I would then start gently pushing the pole downward to see if I could get the animal to lie down on its stomach, which is the chief fundamental in this particular stunt. The method described is a tried and tested means of getting an animal to do this "belly squat," as we call it, assuming it is one that is naturally responsive.

Seleika Was a Problem

After two days I got Seleika to respond fairly regularly to this pole-cueing. After each successful effort I would disengage the pole and stroke the animal's head with it, a sure way of conveying to a lion or tiger that it has done what is expected of it. The animal starts developing confidence when its head has been stroked often enough.

When Seleika had the "belly squat" idea firmly fixed in her mind as the first item of her routine, I added a light buggy whip mounted on a bamboo pole to my equipment. This device enabled me to touch her at a distance of ten to twelve feet, the closest one can come to a tiger that is being trained for a difficult solo stunt. When I had her down on her stomach, I would touch her gently on her hindquarters in such a manner that in looking around she would find herself swinging over on one side; then I would tickle her hindquarters again in a manner designed to get her to look around and swing over on the other side.

One day while "side-breaking" Seleika—and we were making rapid progress—she failed to respond to a turn-over cue. Instead of completely looking around, she turned her head only part of the distance, leaped to her feet and came tearing straight at me, before I had a chance to grab my chair, which I had placed on the floor beside me. I was saved by a steel girder in the center of the arena. I put that girder between me and the aroused animal in no seconds flat.

I was saved by leather-lunged attendants outside the arena who yelled at the animal to get its mind off me. Their shouts momentarily made her forget me and she dashed over to where they stood and tried to get at them through the bars.

Well-placed lung power of arena attendants has saved more animal trainers who found themselves in tough spots while training lion and tiger "punks" than could possibly be saved by all the bullets that the public often thinks of as the trainer's protection. A well-timed shout is much safer. I have never permitted an attendant of mine to carry a loaded gun. Blank cartridges maybe, but no bullets; for bullets might hit the trainer or an animal, and both are essential to the act. Needless to say, shouting doesn't always do the trick; but it's fairly dependable where green animals are concerned.

I was pretty tired by the time we arrived in Detroit for an opening. I knew I would be able to put on a good show but I was far from satisfied.

Seleika was a constant problem. A truly wonderful animal, I recognized in her a great performer in a year or two. Even as a crude center-arena soloist she was a grand show, for she fought me every inch of the way and responded only after I had given her cue after cue.

"He's resting up. His vacation starts Monday" RICHARD DECKER

The lions were her chief worry. Seated on their pedestals, they were in position to spring down on an animal soloing on the floor of the arena. The first time I worked her with my eighteen lions in the big cage she paid so much attention to them that it was difficult for her to pick up her cues and she performed erratically, especially when any of the lions started roaring. In later performances, however, she overcame this nervousness.

"Won't You—er—Sit Down?"

One of my toughest jobs was finding the right animal to "rush the door" at the end of my act. Every now and then I am asked whether the animal (usually a lioness) that tears at me as I leave the arena is trained to shut the partly closed door that leads to the safety cage by hurling herself at it. The answer is Yes. The justification is showmanship. It is a spectacular finish that people love. They thrill to the sight of the animal draped against the steel bars of the door a fraction of a second after I have reached safety.

It is all a trick but it is real. The timing has to be perfect. If the animal started her leap too soon, she'd land on me before I could make my exit. The trick is therefore dangerous and can only be attempted when the right animal has been trained for it—an animal that never misses a cue.

My door rusher—a lioness I called Ma'am—got into a fight with a tiger that slowed her up considerably. I still had her rush the door—in fact, it seemed her principal fun in life, and I hated to retire her—but some day her now less dependable timing would become even worse and get me into trouble and it was necessary to replace her. When the season was about two months old, I started breaking in her successor. Months would elapse before I finished the trying job.

By the end of July, when we had passed the midway point of our 1935 season, I had twenty-eight animals in the act. I had now retired six animals and had worked eight new ones into the act. This meant constantly rehearsing between shows. My normal weight is 149. The strain of going without a vacation between seasons, added to the worries connected with launching a brand-new act, doing two shows a day and breaking in new performers (in morning sessions before the matinee and afternoon sessions between the matinee and night performances) had pulled me down to 140 pounds. But I was hard as nails and my footwork was never faster.

I returned to winter quarters with my animals, and, after a week's rest, started light work. I was eager to get started on a new trick I had in mind for 1936, a trick I knew would go over big if I could find the right animal to do it. The idea for the new stunt had been given me by a boy—perhaps twelve years old—who had come to my dressing wagon for an autograph. Timber, my police dog, was in the wagon when the boy entered. "Can you make him sit up?" the youngster asked. "Sure," I replied, commanding Timber to sit up.

Timber complied and the boy smiled. "Can you make a lion sit up? And a tiger? And a leopard?" There was an endless flow of questions on the subject. I didn't realize then that the youngster had given me an idea. Why not break a lion or a tiger to get up on a pedestal in the center of the arena and sit up on his hind legs and beg?

I was very much taken with one of my new lions, an enormous handsome animal, named Menelik. Menelik was seat-broken, so I ran him into the arena one day and started working on him. First I got a big elephant tub on which the lion could sit comfortably on all fours. This I placed smack against the bars of the arena. Then I took the twelve-foot pole I carried into the arena with me and held it out in front of Menelik until I got him to grab for it with his mouth.

I would withdraw the pole and then start moving it over his head to get him to look upward. After two or three days I had him raising himself up in his effort to get at the pole. Of course he was braced by the bars of the arena but it was a beginning. In a week I had Menelik doing a full-length sit-up. His hind legs and hindquarters on the elephant tub, his tremendous body stretching straight upward and his fore paws hanging down like those of a begging dog, he was a magnificent sight. If I could move him into the center of the arena and get him to perform there, I would have another real novelty.

Now He Can Sleep Nights

Lions are poor balancers and I knew it would be quite a task to get Menelik to do the sit-up stunt without the support of the arena bars. Inch by inch I moved the tub away from the bars and got Menelik used to less and less bracing. Finally I moved the tub to a point where the bars provided no support. I got the animal straight up on his hind legs but he could not hold the pose and, after two or three efforts to balance himself, he fell backward.

I decided to give him a rest, but an hour later I was working him again. Not many days later, Menelik was doing an acceptable sit-up, although he could not hold the pose for more than a second. My ultimate aim was to get him to hold it for at least five seconds. Menelik was doing this a week later. I hastened the process by discovering that the animal was trying to brace himself by stiffening his heavy tail and planting it on the floor. The tub was just too low to permit him to plant his tail with sufficient firmness on the floor. By increasing the tub's height, we enabled Menelik to do the tail-bracing he instinctively thought of when he caught himself floundering in his balancing act.

I came within four animals of achieving my ambition to open the 1936 season with forty lions and tigers. But before the season was over, I had forty in the act a number of times. During one performance toward the end of the season, I put forty-three through their paces, but the arena was too crowded for safety. Forty is a comfortable maximum, and that's the number I usually work.

Throughout 1936 and 1937 our business held up nicely—in fact, they were good years for most circuses—and I felt myself getting closer and closer to my goal of independence and retirement by 1942 or 1943.

I am now in the thick of the 1938 season and for the first time in years I find myself with no work to do mornings or between shows. I have finished the job of building a brand-new act and I can relax at last. When illness incapacitates an animal, which happens occasionally, I have plenty of trained "spares" to call upon. As a result, I am beginning to sleep nights.

TIME TO RE-TIRE
"GET A FISK"
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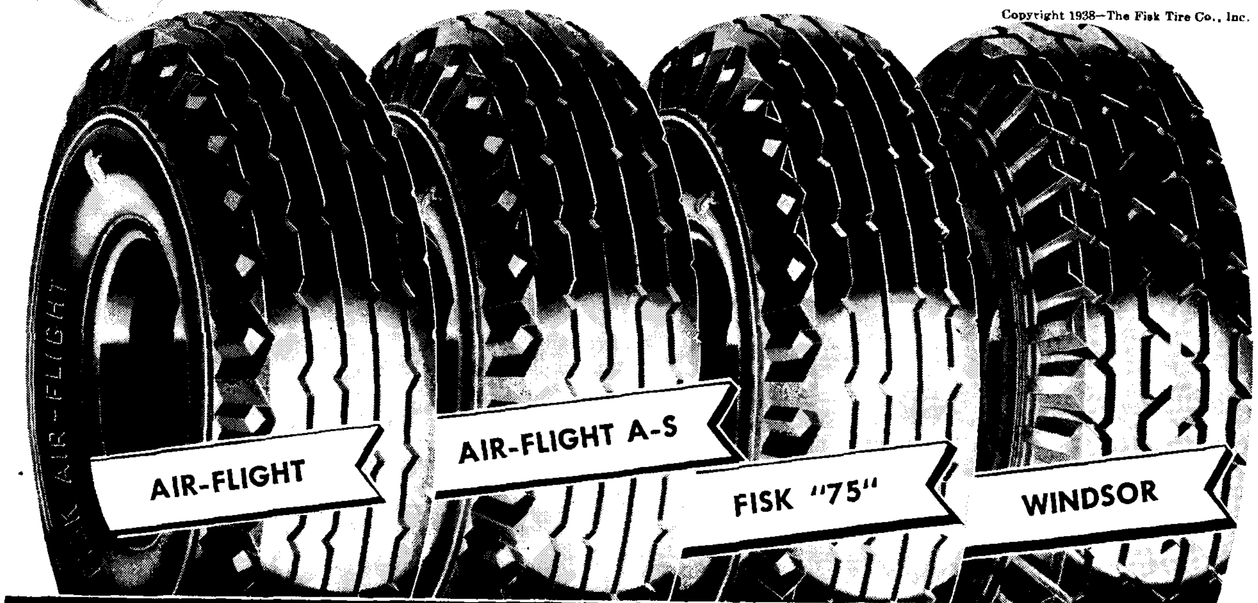

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SAVES YOU WORK

Now it's easier than ever to keep your car looking its best. For your old friend, No. **7** Polish, is now made even better! It's speedier. Loosens dirt and Traffic Film faster than ever. And what a shine this No. **7** leaves! Try it on your car today.

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- Use Du Pont's new liquid Speedy Wax. It cleans as it waxes. Does the job in half the time. Try it!

DU PONT
Always ask for
DU PONT POLISH

End of the Rainbow

Continued from page 19

out of the mouth of more than one contented cow. The use of color, or misuse, is a kind of binge a man embarks upon when, of a sudden, he is sick of his drab sackcloth. After the binge comes a hang-over, regret and reform.

Now the second big color boom since the war is over. The new passion is for comfort, and if you ask us it's been a long time coming. Some of the comfort is mental. The first fear any normal male has when he tries on a sports coat or a colored pair of pants is that he will stand out in a crowd. The distinction that women fight for with savage passion is the very thing the male dresser flees from. Being distinctive, most men feel, is another way of being eccentric, and such an exhibitionist is not to be trusted in any business deal worthy of the name.

The garden variety of American male has come to trust his tailor, or his store, not to double-cross him by selling him a business suit that will cause the boys to wave to him on the street. But he has never quite trusted his sports-clothes salesman, or even his own tastes in sports clothes. The new decrease in dazzling color, and the blending of ensembles, will be good for his state of mind. How can a man think about earning a living, or curing a slice, if dank and sodden in the back of his mind lies the fear that his pants make him look like a harem eunuch?

So much for mental comfort. Physically, the sports jacket and sports trousers are only now beginning to be something less than sweatboxes, and the trend is to make them even lighter in weight and much less heat-absorbing. Padding, and an unholy effort to adapt a Scotch tweed to the exigencies of a blistering American summer, long made the average sports ensemble a soggy mockery and an instrument of torture.

The use of colored linen trousers, with a light wool jacket, is sure to gain favor. The outfit is inexpensive, cool, formal enough to wear to the average job and at the same time can be used in almost any kind of endeavor that doesn't depend on a horse or a diving board.

Shiny Pants Started It

It is perhaps significant, in view of the casual comfort of 1938 sports clothes, that the hub of the industry is still the mixed outfit, a coat of some design and trousers of a related color. The mode was fundamentally utilitarian. The college boys started it back in the dawning '20's, when every boy had to have a blue serge suit and a light gray one before he could take the entrance exams.

In time the pants of one, usually the serge, would develop a mirror finish. So they would be retired—and the boy would come out with blue coat and gray pants. Now a man wears an *ensemble*, rather than a chance mixture.

The college boy still has a lot to say about the kind of sportswear you dunk yourself into. He pulls some kind of sports ensemble on himself when he gets up in the morning and he doesn't peel it off until he goes to bed the next morning. In it he might have gone to classes, to his meals, to the theater, even to a night club or just to Ben's Corner Store. The chances are, then, that he is in something that isn't too brash, and which is comfortable without being a sack: the specifications of modern sportswear.

Some pressure will be put upon the prospective buyer of a sports ensemble this year to make him buy two—one for the beach and the other for country wear. The beach outfit is lighter in weight and color, and stresses linens, Congos, Palm Beaches, loud neckerchiefs, light wools, Panamas, and white shoes. The country and part-time city sportswear is heavier, deeper in shade, more formal, and calls for brown reverse-calf shoes, or brown and white combinations. Your problem is to find the happy medium, perhaps by buying two jackets—one for Coney Island and the other for the Gowanus horse show.

The sports-clothes business is a risky one, as filled with headaches for the seller as for the buyer. This is because the styles that do not happen to come across the ocean from Oxford or the Riviera come from Palm Beach, Miami and Hollywood. Manufacturers, in blindly following the lead of these American villages, forget to discount the native ham in the colonists at those places. The ham in a man will lead him into strange tricks and odd war paint, and it is a little regrettable that the whims of a few theatrical ringleaders should color and cramp the buying range of saner sections of the country. Men have an incorrigible liking for plumes, else they wouldn't join the lodges and wear the admiral hats, but it doesn't ease their conscience at all to suspect that they are following the riotous color dictates of false prophets.

Dub Clothes

The great popular increase in sports during the '20's had much to do with bringing sports clothes to the sedentary layman. It was inevitable that the mode should get out of hand. For instance, a prize and a very handsome one used to be offered to the "best-dressed" golfer participating in the National Open. The clothes contest would get almost as much publicity as the actual outcome of the tournament. Johnny Farrell won it most of the time—his system being nothing more complicated than appearing in ensembles that made him visible at 500 yards. And the dubs from coast to coast, finding it impossible to follow the golfing lead of Bobby Jones, decided on the next best thing, to follow the dressing lead of Johnny Farrell—and improve on the script where they thought best.

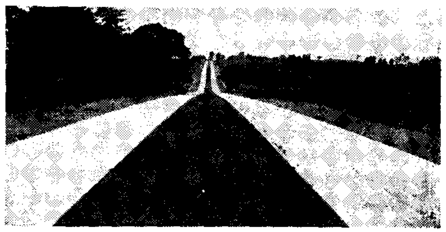
Of course an actor's influence on style rarely extends to the so-called upper or conservative sports-clothes districts. But those districts are not prone to changes anyway. The soft checks, grays and flannels that marked these men a generation ago mark them today. They buy their clothes for the most part from Brooks, Abercrombie and Fitch, and leading tailors, and the changes from year to year are as slight as the changes in the faces of the old gaffers who sit in the windows at the Union League Club.

But a Gable can create a panic in every other stratum that wears sports clothes, and so to a lesser extent can a Taylor. Taylor's influence is largely secondhand, however. Girls, seeing him in some colorful jacket, coerce their lumpy husbands or friends into buying the same sort of thing. It was only vaguely reassuring recently when Adolphe Menjou promised a trade journal that while color films would demand a stripe or a pattern of some kind in all business suits, they would also demand a general toning down in sports clothes, in tailoring and color—with plain patterns taking the place of wilder plaids.

But the boys who have to gamble by buying large lots of sports clothes, or materials, are still afraid that Mr. Gable might not have been listening when his more conservative confrere indicated that the end of the rainbow was near.

Sun and swim in sparkling lakes

SAMPLE THE SUMMERTIME JOYS OF
Pennsylvania



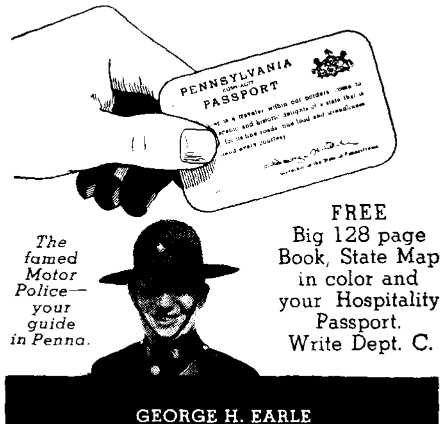
Grand scenic highways

Ride the trails

Water joys

A galaxy of vacations are yours in Penn's Woodlands. Forest and mountain, lake and stream and countryside invite you to spend glorious days and nights . . . to swim and fish and golf to your heart's content. *30,000 miles* of fine modern highways are yours to roam upon, with grand scenic panoramas at every bend in the trail, and historic shrines galore. ● You'll *like* Pennsylvania, and you'll like its friendly people. *Let's get together this summer!*

Birthplace of Daniel Boone, near Reading



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Wild Onions

Continued from page 21

account of it I plumb missed the sight of Ross Murphy Murdock in thet gully."

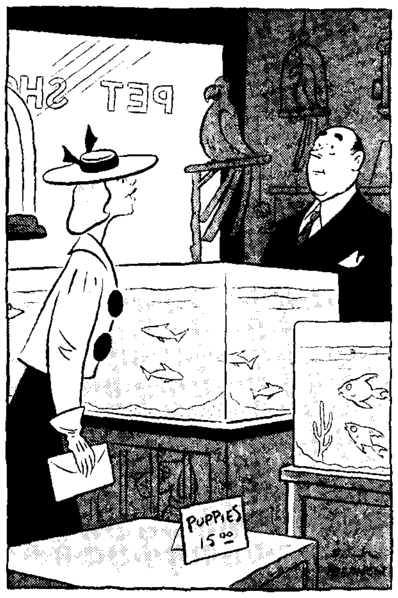
The upshot of the questioning come to the fact thet out of some thutty men all but three allowed they'd threatened to kill Ross Murphy Murdock. Their reasons was manifold an' various, but their regret fer not makin' good their threats was unanimous. Old man Stump Wheelock was one of the three thet allowed they'd never *threatened* to kill Ross Murphy.

"I was aimin' to shoot the feller some day soon, Sheriff," says old man Stump Wheelock, "but I don't believe in threatenin' a man aforehand. 'Tain't Christian to cause a man to worry under sech sarcumstances."

Mitch Gullen got hot under the collar. "You trying to make fun of me?" he yells.

"Don't answer on advice of counsel," says I.

Old man Stump Wheelock taken my advice. It got Mitch Gullen so riled up he refused to question Johnny Durvupp. Pore Johnny taken it right hard; he lived near neighbor to Ross Murphy Murdock an' he thought he deserved some consideration. I reckon Mitch was within his rights, though. Johnny Durvupp never was right bright an' had the repertation for bein' the laziest white man in Bushwhacker.



"I want a parrot that will insult some week-end guests!"

FRANK BEAVEN

"I'm a taxpayer an' I voted fer Mister Mitch Gullen," Johnny complained. "He's got no call to slight me thisaway." Some of the boys boughten him a sorghum-beer ice-cream sody an' hushed him up.

Whut say? Wasn't they any arrests made? Yep. Sartainly.

A PASSEL of gossipy Pike County women told Mitch thet Bijah Yackey, third youngest son of Cunningham Yackey, had good reason to kill Ross Murphy Murdock. It appeared like Bijah was sweet on Pearlina Murdock, who was Ross Murphy's secont cousin. Pearlina's folks an' Ross Murphy hadn't spoke fer eight year, but jest the same Ross Murphy taken upon hisself to warn Pearlina agin Bijah. Pearlina sassed Ross Murphy Murdock at a basket dinner an' then Ross Murphy and Bijah tangled. The women said Bijah swore 'pinely he'd kill Ross Murphy fer tryin' to turn Pearlina agin him.

Whut say? Why did Ross Murphy object to Bijah? We-ell, Bijah Yackey was a harmonica player an' a dancer an' a gal-sparker. It did make a fairly reasonable motive fer the quarrel. Anyway, Mitch Gullen arrested Bijah Yackey an' th'owed his pants inter jail charged with fust-degree murder.

Pearlina Murdock come to my justice-of-the-peace office in Eolia a-cryin' her purty eyes out.

"The sheriff put Bijah in jail, Jedge," she says, "an' Mister Cunningham Yackey won't lift a finger to help him. You're the finest legal mind in Pike County," she says, "an' you're Bijah's only hope. Will you take the case?"

We-ell, son, I knowed my fee would be might dubious if old man Cunningham had turned agin his own boy. Pearlina Murdock had all her worldly goods an' chattels on her own back, an' her folks had owed me a veter'nary bill since the good days durin' the war. But true love has allus made a plumb fool of me an' a purty gal's tears weakens an old man's sensible resolutions. I taken the case.

I an' Pearlina druv down to Troy in my car. On the way I asked Pearlina if Bijah reelly had kilt Ross Murphy Murdock. Knowin' your client is guilty allus helps an attunney plan a good defense.

Pearlina busted out a-cryin' again.

"Bijah allows he never done it," she told me, "but Mister Cunningham Yackey thinks he did. Mister Cunningham Yackey is plumb out of patience with Bijah for shootin' Cousin Ross in the back. He says Bijah should rest a spell in jail on general principles."

"Do *you* think the boy is guilty?"

"I'm powerful a-feared he is, Jedge," she sobs.

WHEN I an' the gal reached the Lincoln County jail, the hull Yackey family was a-settin' in the yard. Bijah's six brothers was a-chawin' grass, and old man Cunningham Yackey was rared back a-talkin' to Sheriff Mitch Gullen.

"By Joe," yells old man Cunningham, "us Yackeys has allus kilt our men fair an' fit fair on all tother occasions. It shore saddens my heart to think thet a son of mine would shoot a yaller-bellied skunk like Ross Murphy Murdock in the back, let alone desecrating a Baptist hymnbook like he done arterwards!"

"He ain't confessed yet," says Mitch.

"He ain't a-goin' to confess neither," says I, formal. "As his attunney I aim to prove him innercent."

Sheriff Mitch Gullen couldn't think of a word to say. But old man Cunningham Yackey rared back and let fly:

"Ye'll have to be a dern' sight better shyster than ye are a cow doctor, Jedge!" yells old man Cunningham Yackey. "My pore boy is guilty an' I don't no-ways approve of you bein' his lawyer an' encouragin' him in sinful ways." Then, he taken a look at Pearlina Murdock. "Cain't say as I approve of this gal fer Bijah, by Joe. Murdock blood will out in the next generation, by Joe!"

Pearlina sasses the old man.

"Leastways," says Pearlina, "I ain't turned agin Bijah like his paw—even if he is guilty!"

I left them to argue it out an' went inter the jail to talk to my client.

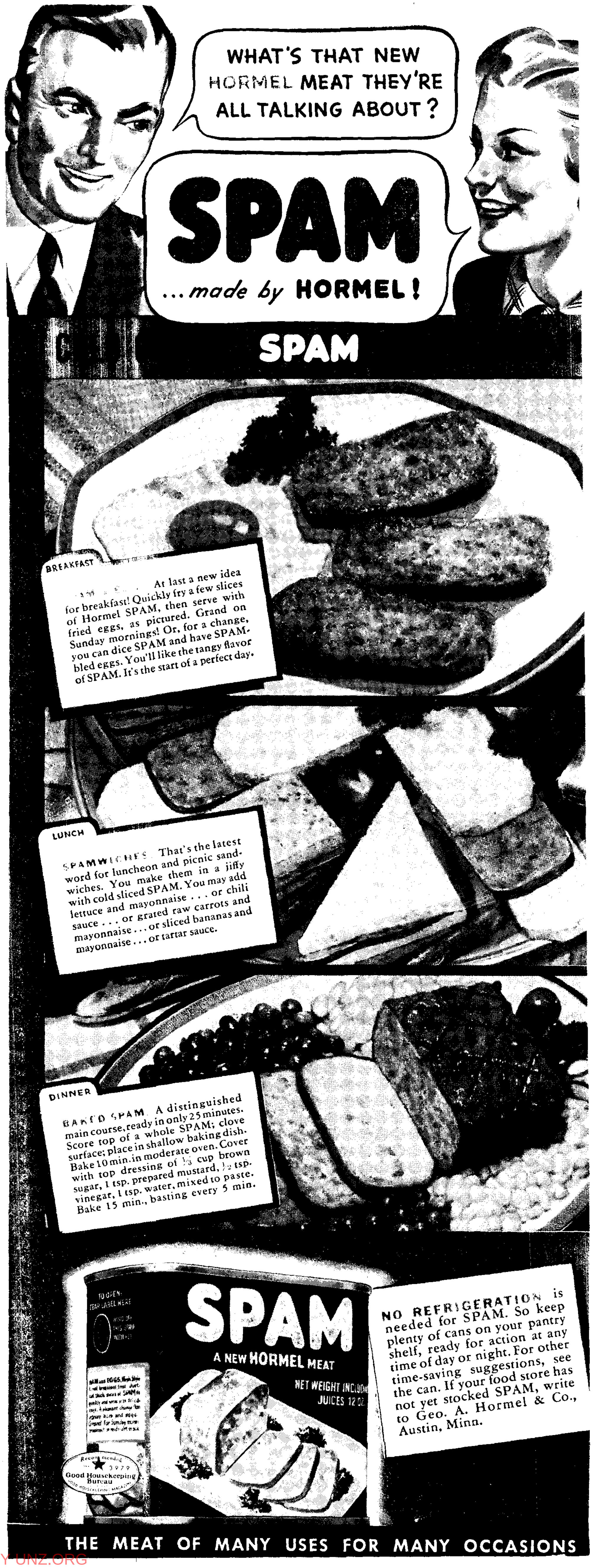
Pore Bijah Yackey was hunched up in thet leetle cell like a bull calf in a chicken crate. He looked a caution.

"Howdy, Jedge," he says.

"Howdy, Bijah," says I. "I'm your attunney."

Bijah shaken his head.

"Don't reckon you can do much good,



BREAKFAST

[illegible] At last a new idea for breakfast! Quickly fry a few slices of Hormel SPAM, then serve with fried eggs, as pictured. Grand on Sunday mornings! Or, for a change, you can dice SPAM and have SPAM-bled eggs. You'll like the tangy flavor of SPAM. It's the start of a perfect day.

LUNCH

SPAMWICHES. That's the latest word for luncheon and picnic sandwiches. You make them in a jiffy with cold sliced SPAM. You may add lettuce and mayonnaise . . . or chili sauce . . . or grated raw carrots and mayonnaise . . . or sliced bananas and mayonnaise . . . or tartar sauce.

DINNER

BAKED SPAM. A distinguished main course, ready in only 25 minutes. Score top of a whole SPAM; clove surface; place in shallow baking dish. Bake 10 min. in moderate oven. Cover with top dressing of ⅓ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, ½ tsp. vinegar, 1 tsp. water, mixed to paste. Bake 15 min., basting every 5 min.

NO REFRIGERATION is needed for SPAM. So keep plenty of cans on your pantry shelf, ready for action at any time of day or night. For other time-saving suggestions, see the can. If your food store has not yet stocked SPAM, write to Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

THE MEAT OF MANY USES FOR MANY OCCASIONS

Jedge," says he. "Paw's turned plumb agin me. I reckon I'll swing."

I could see thet Bijah taken it hard.

"Guilty, son?" I asks.

"Nope, I ain't," says Bijah. "I aimed fer to kill Ross Murphy Murdock, but I aimed to ketch him in the woods with his squirrel gun an' *shoot it out fair*."

"Whut's your alibi, son?" says I. "Where was you the night Murdock got kilt?"

Bijah cheered up an' lit into a long rigmarole. Fust he finished milking. Then he et supper. Then he rode over to spark Pearlina Murdock. Her maw put him off'n the porch at ten-thutty sharp. Then, Bijah rode home, but didn't go to the house. His setter she-dog, Peggy, had gnawed her rope an' had run off to the woods. Bijah knowed she was expectin', so he went off to look fer Peggy an' save her f'm droppin' pups in the woods. Bijah didn't get back to the house with Peggy an' the pups until long arter midnight.

I shaken my head.

"A plumb bad alibi, son," I told him.

"Yep. Reckon I'll swing," said Bijah.

Just then there was a big commotion in the sheriff's office. I went out thetaway to see how come.

We-ell, sir, Mitch Gullen had jest got back his clues f'm Saint Looey. He was a-settin' at his desk lookin' at a tarnation lot of pictures them G-men had sent him by the mornin' bus. The pictures was full of fingerprints.

"Quite a passel of fingerprints, Sheriff," I says, casual.

"A hundred an' sixty-one different prints," grunts Mitch Gullen. "Most of 'em from that pesky hymnbook!"

I TAKEN a look at the clues a-layin' on a chair. Suddenlike I caught a sniff of wild onion smell f'm the piller thet had been under Ross Murphy Murdock's head.

"Mighty queer, thet smell," I said, jest thinking aloud. "No wild onions a-growin' this time of year."

"That ain't neither here nor there," says Mitch Gullen, a-swingin' his big magnifying glass so's all the folks peeking in could see thet he was a feller with G-man expeerience.

"Mebbe not, mebbe not, Sheriff," I says, meek.

Sheriff Mitch Gullen p'ints to a picture of Bijah Yackey's fingerprints.

"If these prints tally with any of the hundred an' sixty-one, *the* case is solved," says he.

"*If'n* they do—still mebbe!" says I.

I went along outside, leavin' Mitch to his magnifying glass'n.

The very fust pusson I run inter on the courthouse square was Johnny Durvupp.

"Howdy, Johnny," says I.

"Howdy, Jedge," says Johnny. "I hear tell they put Mister Bijah Yackey in the calaboose."

"Temporary," says I.

I started to walk on. An' son, it'd take a smarter man than you be to guess whut came over me.

Whut say? We-ell—yep, thet's right. I got a powerful whiff *of wild onions*.

Well, sir, I turned back to Johnny sort of casual.

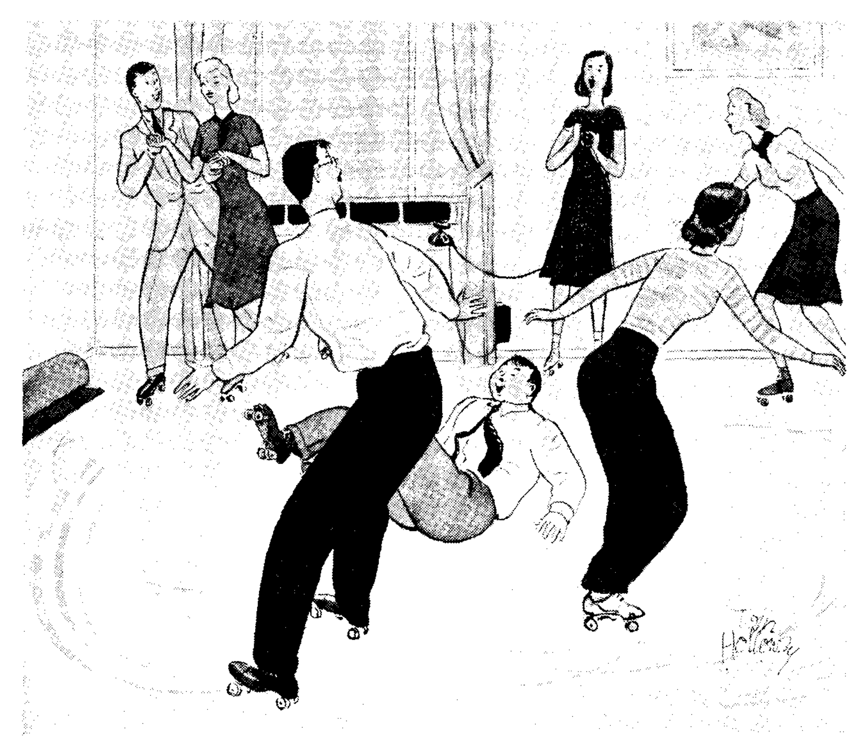
"Whur'd you be gettin' wild onions this time of year, Johnny?" says I.

Johnny grins, right well pleased. It tickled him to think a prominent citizen would bother to notice anything particklar about a shiftless, lazy white trash like him. Even a smell of wild onions.

"My missus cans 'em, Jedge," says Johnny. "I shore like wild onion flavor on my sidemeat. Ever tried it?"

"Can't say as I have," I says, "but it must give sidemeat a right gamey flavor."

"It shore does, Jedge," says Johnny, tickled pink.



"Will you turn down the radio, John? That old crank below us is complaining again"

TOM HOLLOWAY

"Mighty glad to have met up with you, Johnny," I says. "Goin' ter be in town long?"

Johnny shaken his head.

"Dunno, Jedge," says he. "My mules busted the whiffletree. I could fix it, if'n I could borrer a hammer an' pick up a couple of ten-penny nails. Don't happen to have some wire about ye, Jedge?"

I told him to inquire at the blacksmith shop an' walked on casual-like. But in two shakes of a lamb's tail I was hotfooting it out to Johnny Durvupp's farm.

MISSUS DURVUPP an' them nine Durvupp children couldn't make out why I would bother to call on 'em. I told a white lie about lookin' over the buildings fer insurance. Missus Durvupp made me light down a spell in the parlor. Whilst she went to get me some buttermilk, I taken a look at the double bed.

Whut say? Who's tellin' this, son? Sartainly, sartainly. There was only one mattress-ticking piller on thet bed. The tother piller was a corn-shuck an' wheat-sack affair.

When Missus Durvupp came back with the buttermilk, I says, casual: "By the way, do y'all folks happen to have a Baptist hymnbook in the house? *There's a hymn been a-runnin'* through my head an' I can't place it."

Missus Durvupp colors up an' looks scairt plumb witless.

"I—I dunno, Jedge," she says. "I'll look. We usedter have—no, come to think of it I don't believe we ever did have no Baptist hymnbook."

I walks over an' picks up Johnny's gun whur it was proppin' open a winder. One look at the stock told me all I wanted ter know. Thet gun stock had been screwed an' wired recent. "Mighty nice gun Johnny's got," says I. "But he's split the stock by putting it in a weasel-trap."

Missus Durvupp looks more scairt.

"It was them skunks, Jedge," says Missus Durvupp. "They been thicker'n bedbugs in our hen house." She looks ashamed. "I told Johnny thet it's a mighty *lazy* man who won't set up to shoot his own skunks outer the hen house. But y'all knows Johnny. He allowed a gun trap fer skunks was jest as handy."

I nods careless an' sashays out to the hen house. A body had spilled white lye over a patch jest outside the hen-house door. They wasn't no nests inside—jest boxes setting on the ground an' filled with straw. I seen then why Johnny Durvupp desarved his repertation. A man who won't knock together some reg'lar high nests fer his settin' hens is mighty piddlin', mighty piddlin'.

Well, sir, I druv purty fast back to Troy.

Johnny Durvupp had borrered hisself a hammer whilst I was gone, but he was still lookin' fer some nails. I walks straight up to the feller an' looks him in the eye.

"Ain't it about time fer you to tell the sheriff how Ross Murphy Murdock got hisself kilt?" says I.

I'll give Johnny credit, son. The cuss batted nary eye. He jest grins, lazy-like.

"I aimed fer to tell the sheriff, Jedge," says he. "Thet fust mornin'. But Mister Mitch Gullen wouldn't give me no consideration."

"You come along an' tell him now," says I.

Sheriff Mitch Gullen was a mighty sick-lookin' feller when I walked in with Johnny Durvupp. He was sicker-lookin' when Johnny admitted right out thet Ross Murphy Murdock had been kilt accidental in thet skunk trap. But bein' *natchelly hardheaded*, Mitch tried to get around it.

"You mean to tell me," says he, "thet you went to all that trouble to cover up an accident, Mister Durvupp?"

Johnny nods his head.

"SEEMED like the easiest way out at the time, Sheriff," drawls Johnny. "My health ain't good no-ways an' I had all my winter pertaters to dig an' it seemed like I jest wouldn't have no time to come down h'yere to Troy an' explain how it happened." Then, he thinks a minute an' brightens up. "Furthermore, Sheriff, thet doubletree was cracked an' the whiffletree plumb broke through. I jest wasn't in no condition to make a long trip thetaway."

Still, Mitch Gullen wouldn't give in.

"Why did you lay the body out with a cross an' a hymnbook an' a pillow an' a tarpaulin?"

Johnny Durvupp sinks plumb exhausted inter a chair. He's got somethin' stickin' between his teeth but he's too dern' lazy to lift a arm to pick at it.

"We-ell, Sheriff," says Johnny Durvupp, sleepy, "I shore didn't aim to do nothin' fer Ross Murphy Murdock. I figgered he desarved whut he got fer tryin' to rob a pore man's hen roost. But my missus is a good Christian 'ooman. She allowed it was plumb sinful to leave a corpse in a ditch without respectful attention."

Says I: "Knowed it. Missus Durvupp done all thet trimmin' of the corpse."

Johnny looks plumb hurt.

"Thet's mighty hard on a feller, Jedge," he says. "I found them binder-bolts fer her. Had ter hunt mighty near a hour fer them bolt-taps, too."

Sheriff Mitch Gullen hits the ceilin', an' I can't say I blamed the feller. He'd mighty near wore his eyes out a-lookin' at them fingerprint pictures. I knowed he hadn't found a one thet tallied with Bijah Yackey's neither.

"By rights the county ought to make you pay for the expense of this investigation," yells Sheriff Mitch Gullen, "an' serve out the bill at a dollar a day."

Johnny Durvupp is a meek, amiable feller.

"That's all right, Sheriff," he says, "I aim to do whut's fair. If'n you'll kindly have somebody fix thet whiffletree fer me, I'll start serving my time right now."

Whut say? Nope. Mitch didn't. He jest made Johnny sign an affidavit to whut happened an' told him to stay outer Troy f'm now on.

WHILST all this was goin' on, Bijah Yackey had been turned loose. Him an' Pearlina made some purty nice comments on my legal ability—not thet it brung me any more business, because folks in Bushwhacker takes thet fer granted. Solving the biggest murder case ever happened in Bushwhacker—an' don't get the idee I'm braggin'—didn't begin to test my legal mind.

Whut say? It wasn't a murder, arter *all?* Why, son, be you daft? Sartainly it was a murder case. Sartainly.

Y'see, son, I follered Johnny Durvupp over to whur he'd hired a nigger to mend thet whiffletree. Johnny was a-settin' in the shade right well pleased with hisself.

"I shore do thank 'ee kindly, Jedge," says Johnny Durvupp, "fer pintin' out my duty ter tell the sheriff the gospel truth—"

"Gospel truth, eh?" says I. "Why didn't yer tell Mitch thet all them nests was flat on the dirt floor of thet hen house, whilst thet shotgun was aimed high enough to hit a six-foot man in the middle of his back?"

Johnny Durvupp hangs his head sheepish.

"Jest didn't get around to thet, I reckon, Jedge," says he, "but I'm scot-free now, ain't I?"

"Yep," says I, "you be—jest as long as Sheriff Mitch Gullen don't find out thet you ain't kept no chickens in thet hen house fer at least six months. Reckon I know old chicken droppin's when I see 'em. An' I reckon a nose thet's sharp enough at seventy-one ter whiff wild onions can still smell moonshine licker—even if same is hid under the hen-house floor!"

What say? Did Johnny claim like Ross Murphy Murdock had come to steal his moonshine? Why, son, a feller don't ask questions like thet around Bushwhacker. Murder? Motive? Why, son, who'd believe Johnny Durvupp could plan a sure enough murder? He never was right bright. An' besides, sech matters ain't the consarn of an old man who never had G-man expeerience. Sech matters should be allowed to rest under the all-concealin' veil of Christian charity. Y'see, son, when it comes to thet—I was one of the fellers who threatened to kill Ross Murphy Murdock!

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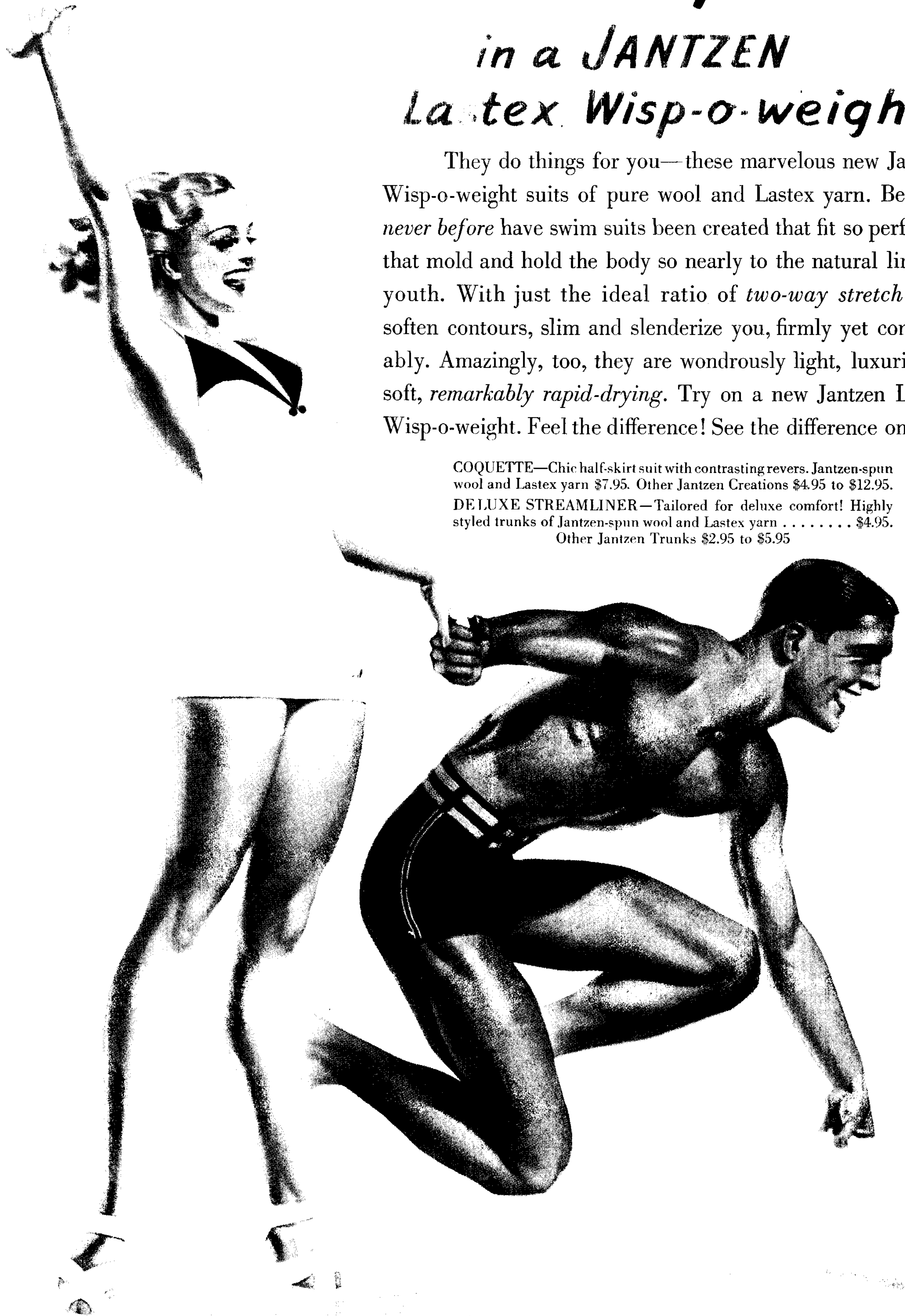

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This Woman and This Man

Continued from page 10

"Foreign correspondent for a newspaper syndicate."

Interest sweetened her face; it lighted her deep brown eyes. "Do you know Duranty and Webb Miller? I have wondered why their books show so much bitterness and sadness. I even feel it in you."

He watched the play of light across her cheeks. "Most of us go over to the old world with a lot of illusions. America is one of the few countries of the world that permit their people that luxury. Pretty soon something happens to us. Either we get into intrigue up to our ears and develop swelled heads or else we are soured by all the misery and crookedness we see, and come to believe in nothing."

"Isn't it something to know you are in the heart of things that happen? To know personally the men who look out of the front pages at us?"

The land beyond the car window was changing slowly; it was becoming familiar. He found himself looking into the gray mists northward, seeking old landmarks. He shook his head. "The headliners, the statesmen and generals, are just men on the make, looking for personal power and glory. I've seen those fellows a hundred times in the Chicago city hall, or in the police courts. That's what a foreign correspondent really is—a police reporter."

She looked at him with a distant glint of humor, as if she were seeing him from an unguarded side. "Were you a good police reporter?"

When he smiled she observed the flare of a quick and aggressive self-confidence. This was what he had been like as a younger man; it was a part of his core, though the added years were softening him. "Yes," he said. "I was."

THE train's whistle undulated along the cars. The speed fell off and the straggling edges of a town overtook them. Marryat said, with a slower voice: "I was born and raised here. My people lived in the house next to that church. The girl I went with was one block farther out. The day I left this town she came to the train to see me away."

She had a woman's instant interest in personalities. "What then?"

The train had slackened speed only for a moment. The depot faded by and the town faded by. Marryat said: "Maybe both of us were thinking of the wrong things. I am meeting her between trains in St. Louis. She's married now."

She murmured: "I think you'll regret it."

The woman in green and the redheaded man came to the observation door and looked out, shoulder to shoulder, laughing; and turned back. Marryat watched the eyes of the gray-sweatered woman follow them, and drop to him. They were cool and shadowed, and shared an old knowledge with him. He said:

"How soon are you to be married?"

"In June."

"What does he do?"

"He's in the export-lumber business." She watched him, as though to judge the quality of his interest. "We've known each other for a good many years. It is a little like your story, perhaps, except that the ending is better."

He said: "What's he like?"

The question made her smile. "He's quite a big man. He used to play football. He loves Chinese food and he has gray eyes and when he gets angry his voice just drops down until you hardly hear it." She suddenly stopped and looked at her hands. She murmured, "How strange," and her glance lifted to him. "Why," she said in a lower voice, "did you ask me that?"

He said: "I wanted to know."

She said: "I take it pretty calmly, don't I?" and rose. He watched the quick, self-certain way she walked, the swing of her shoulders.

Presently he returned to his car and sat before his typewriter, writing lead paragraphs and throwing them away. He ate lunch and came back to his seat to watch the low, black flatlands of Illinois unroll. This was the heart of the continent—this rich, sticky mud where Lincoln once had walked, head down and lost in dreams. Marryat closed his eyes and slept, and woke with a feeling of something lost to him. His watch showed two hours out of St. Louis. He sat there thinking of that until restlessness pulled him back to the lounge.

Gardner Rea

"And then what happens to the coal distillate after the ferruginous content is centrifugally removed, Mr. Feinbeck?"

GARDNER REA

She sat at the end of the car, one arm propped against her chin. Her eyes were cool again, and very thoughtful.

He said: "Would you like a drink?"

She shook her head. "But go ahead—I'll enjoy watching you."

HE WAITED for the drink to come, and lifted the glass against the day's low light. She observed his looseness in the chair, the pleased change of his lips at the taste of the highball. The grayness of his eyes was sharp and distinct, and faintly skeptical. It was that shadow of disbelief that troubled her—as though it were a flaw in him. The tall girl came into the club car with a young man with a pleasant, eager face.

She said: "I am always curious about people. The tall girl is quite sweet—and the boy is very serious about it."

"What about the woman in the green dress?"

She looked at him carefully. "People are pretty much alike. I feel sorry for her. You can tell she's missed a lot of things in her life, and this is all she had left, this chance to make up. Is she to blame? I could be like that."

"No," he said. "You couldn't ever be like that."

The suddenness of his answer told her something. She looked down at her hands, speaking quite softly. "You aren't as disillusioned as you like to believe. You still put women on a pedestal."

"Not all women." He bent forward, nearer to her. The gesture brought her glance back to him. She had touched some quite deep feeling in him. "Only a few women. You are one of them."

"How can you be sure of that?"

He watched her lips smooth out. When she was fully interested or aroused a light came into her eyes, gently eager, gently excited. Her hands lay still and long-fingered on her lap. He said: "Maybe it could happen to you. But if it did you'd change it into something you weren't ashamed or afraid of."

Her voice was very low. It held a note of insistence. "What could happen to me?"

The train slackened speed around a curve. Forward, through the windows of the lounge lay the smoky, ragged blur of St. Louis. He came to his feet when she rose. He said: "I'll be taking the California train out of Kansas City in the morning. Will I see you again?"

The long soberness of her eyes changed into a sweet, half-pleased expression. "Yes," she said, and went from the lounge. Marryat stood by the observation door a moment longer, listening to the heavy groaning of the train on the long steel bridge. Then he turned back to his own car and put his luggage together and waited in the vestibule. When he stepped down to the platform he waited for her and walked with her down the long runway into the muddy shadows of the threadbare old station. She said: "I hope it won't hurt too much," and turned away. She had her hands in the pockets of a polo overcoat and she walked with a quick, swinging step, her square small shoulders keeping rhythm. Afterward he took a cab to the hotel.

HALF an hour after the train pulled away from the Kansas City station the following morning, Marryat found her in the club car. She was faced away from him, looking out into the brown Kansas plain, a hand supporting her chin; and for some reason she looked small and lonely as she sat there. He came beside her and her face quickly lifted. She smiled at once and her eyes showed how pleased she was. She said: "I've been thinking about you."

He said: "What shall I call you? My name's Steve."

"Tam will do, won't it?"

"How far do you go?"

"Los Angeles."

He watched the calm, strong planes of her face, again strongly affected by her presence. The curves of her neck, the firm line of her jaw, the soft swirl of hair above her ears—these were things that seemed important to him now. She was a supple-bodied woman; she suggested strength to him, and vitality and strong tempers and dreams well hidden. It was there, in the stillness of her hands, in the even placement of her lips, in her long silences.

"Did you see her in St. Louis, Steve?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I should have stayed away, and remembered her as she was. Or as I thought she was, when I was just a youngster."

SHE touched his arm and he knew that she understood the things that moved through him and couldn't be said. She said: "I went to a show. But I really didn't see much of it or hear much of it. I was thinking of you. You see, I know you now. You're a man who needs to have illusions, Steve. When they're gone you are quite lonely. I was afraid you'd lose this one."

He sat back in the chair. His brown coat hung loose and rumpled to his shoulders; and watching him, she understood that this man's imagination was too restless to let him be happy. She spoke slowly, as if she wanted him to be sure of what she said: "I think you're building up another illusion. About me."

The woman in green came to the club car and took a seat in a corner and watched the flowing landscape with a narrow, discontented expression. The redheaded man was gone. The tall girl and the young man with the eager face sat over a table, head to head, talking, unaware of anyone else. A few men, and two children, and an elderly couple completed the group in the club car. The Kansas flatlands ran onward beneath a gray sky, and dust rolled with a mild wind, laying a haze against the distant shapes of farmhouses and barns and skeleton-bodied windmills. Near noon the train made a long stop. When the conductor came through the car Marryat asked the reason.

The conductor said: "We'll be here four or five hours. A freight engine went off the track."

Tam rose. "Wait here, Steve." When she returned she had a small paper bag under her arm and she was smiling like a little girl pleased by something new. They left the train, following a rutted

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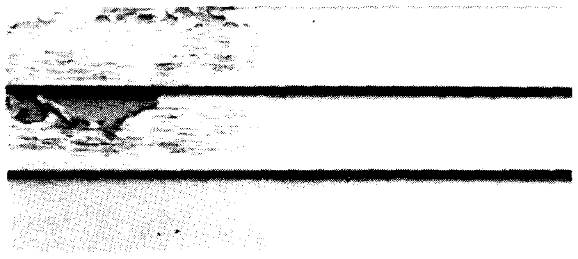

White-Lead is an American tradition. The men who fought at Lexington and Yorktown hung up their long rifles in sturdy white houses protected by white-lead paint. And as hardy pioneers opened up the western territories, the custom of using white-lead spread over the continent.

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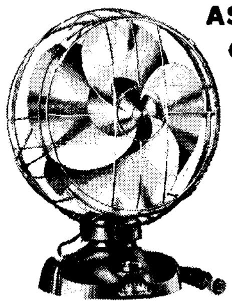

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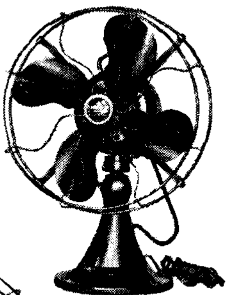

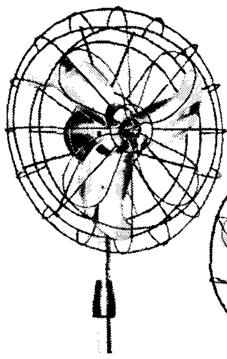

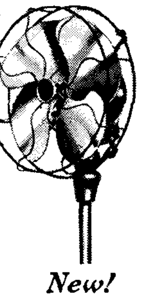

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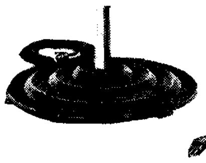

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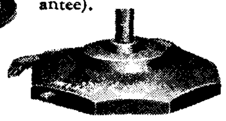

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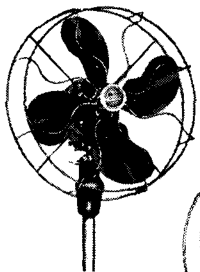

***New!* 12-inch FAN ON STAND**

For cool comfort and convenience at low cost, choose this new 12-in. oscillator or the 10-in. oscillator with adjustable floor stand. Desk-type oscillators in 10 and 12-in. sizes. Genuine Emerson-Electric quality—remarkable values. (One-year Guarantee).

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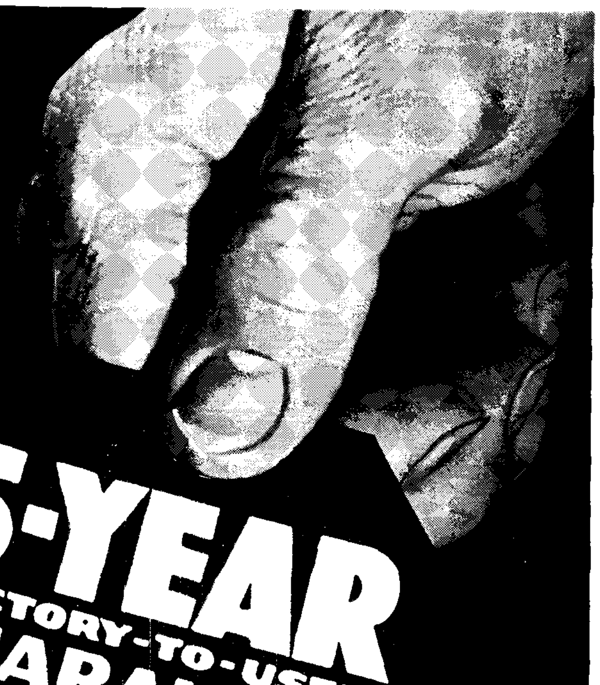

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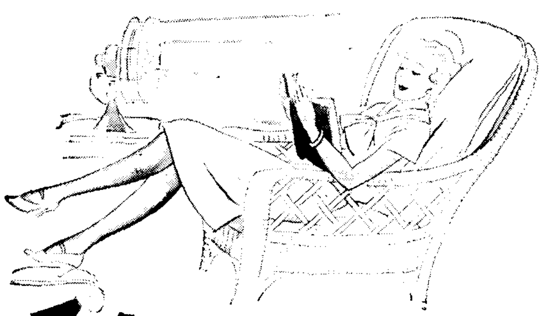

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"The Emerson-Electric Fan I purchased 25 years ago was submerged in water for four weeks during the 1937 flood. After drying, this fan runs like new. I figure this fan has cost me only 4c per month to own."

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MOTORS — FANS — APPLIANCES

dirt road that led up over a low hill. The land ran on and on into a blue-gray distance. They passed a farmhouse, hearing the windmill's dry squeal. A dog barked and four young, bleached-haired children ran off the porch and stopped and stared at them; and a woman straightened from a washtub on the back porch. At noon they sat under a solitary cottonwood tree and opened the paper bag, which held their lunch.

Marryat pointed back to the farmhouse. "England or Russia or here—people are the same. I wish I knew what that woman thought about."

"Steve," she said, "will you always be riding trains, somewhere to somewhere?"

"I'd like to own a small-town newspaper, and settle down."

She shook her head. "Another illusion. The world is your oyster. You were never made to be a leading citizen in a small town."

THEY finished the sandwiches and milk. She watched him light a cigar. She said: "I like to watch you drink or smoke. You get so much pleasure from it." She lay back full length on the ground, relaxed and with half a smile on her lips. Marryat propped himself against the tree. She made a slim, strong, round-bodied shape on the ground. The smile was gone from her eyes and she said, quite seriously: "If you ever think of me, Steve, this is what I want you to remember."

He didn't answer. His glance ran out across the prairie; his face had turned dark and smooth again and the sharp small lines struck away from his eye corners. "Steve," she said, "don't travel so far away. You'll be doing it soon enough. I wish I could be as free to come and go."

He said: "You could be."

She shook her head. "No, Steve." She made a little gesture with her shoulders, with her mouth. She raised her hand, turning the diamond ring toward him. "Maybe that's why."

"Maybe," he said. "If it's what you want."

He squared himself more comfortably against the tree, and when he looked at her again she had fallen asleep with the suddenness of a child, her arms flung out, her lashes softly curved and a grave, faintly troubled expression on her cheeks. This was a woman he had met three days ago, and had at once felt the need of knowing, though he could not explain why then, and could not now. Somehow and sometime in a man's life this happened.

At three o'clock he turned back to waken her and found that she had been quietly watching him. He stood up, drawing her with him. They went down the road toward the long outline of the train. From this little height the plain swept endlessly forward, the feeling of those long, rich leagues of land compelling him to speak.

"I've been trying to do a piece about a modern Robinson Crusoe returned to his native land. But it won't come. No man will ever find the right words for America. The other night I thought maybe the sight of a blast-furnace fire in Pennsylvania might be the answer. Then I thought of the black Illinois bottom lands. Now here's the prairie, and tomorrow we'll be on the New Mexico desert, and after that it will be California. We're walking through the paradise of the world, Tam. I think of that when I'm away from it. It makes me feel swell."

They swung aboard the train and presently they were racing on again with night sliding blackly by. She went to her own car.

SHE wasn't in the club car when he returned to it after dinner. Standing at the back door, he realized then how completely she had gotten into his mind and into his desires; for he felt a definite disappointment and, as time went on, a growing anxiety. When at last she entered the lounge, walking with the straight-shouldered swing that was so familiar to him, he felt a complete relief—and a distinct happiness.

She saw it on his face. "It would have been better," she told him, "if I hadn't come. I think we're being foolish. Perhaps we attract each other because you are lonely and want company, because I'm so interested in the things you do." She watched him, a faint line on her forehead. "It isn't anything more than that, is it, Steve?"

"Have a drink with me?"

"Why won't you answer my question?"

He said: "No," and a long silence settled between them. A group of people took the opposite seats, making a good deal of noise. Marryat said: "There's an observation on the train, Tam."

She murmured, "All right." They followed the train back to the small observation parlor and sat side by side. She turned her chair a little so that she might watch his face. She was as frank and direct as any woman he had known, as thoroughly and sweetly honest. She said: "Yesterday you asked me what the man I'm engaged to looked like. Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to hear your voice when you talked about him."

"It startled me—that I should be so calm and take it so much for granted. Do you know something? I got on this train thoroughly happy with my lot. Now here I am, wondering." She looked down at her hands, speaking more softly. "You did that. Steve, what should love be like?"

"Life is short and most people live it blind. They don't see, they don't feel. They eat and walk and sleep and die. It should be better than that, Tam."

She shook her head. "Answer me, Steve."

"The wildest thing in the world. It's—"

She waited for him to continue and after a while she said, "Go on, Steve."

He pulled himself around to meet the soft, alive brightness of her eyes. He held the words down, he tried to make them bare.

"If you should leave this car, Tam, it would be an empty car. Next week, wherever I am, I'll see you just as clearly as I do this minute—the way your lips curve, the way your smile changes your eyes. This afternoon I watched you sleep and wanted you. Your mind seems to be a part of my mind. We're that close, that much alike. Yet I can't touch what you really are—or explain the way I feel about you. I don't know what it is, but it made me come to your table yesterday morning. It shows in every part of you. It is something I won't see in any other woman. Do you feel that way about your man, Tam?"

"Steve," she whispered, "I wish you hadn't been on this train."

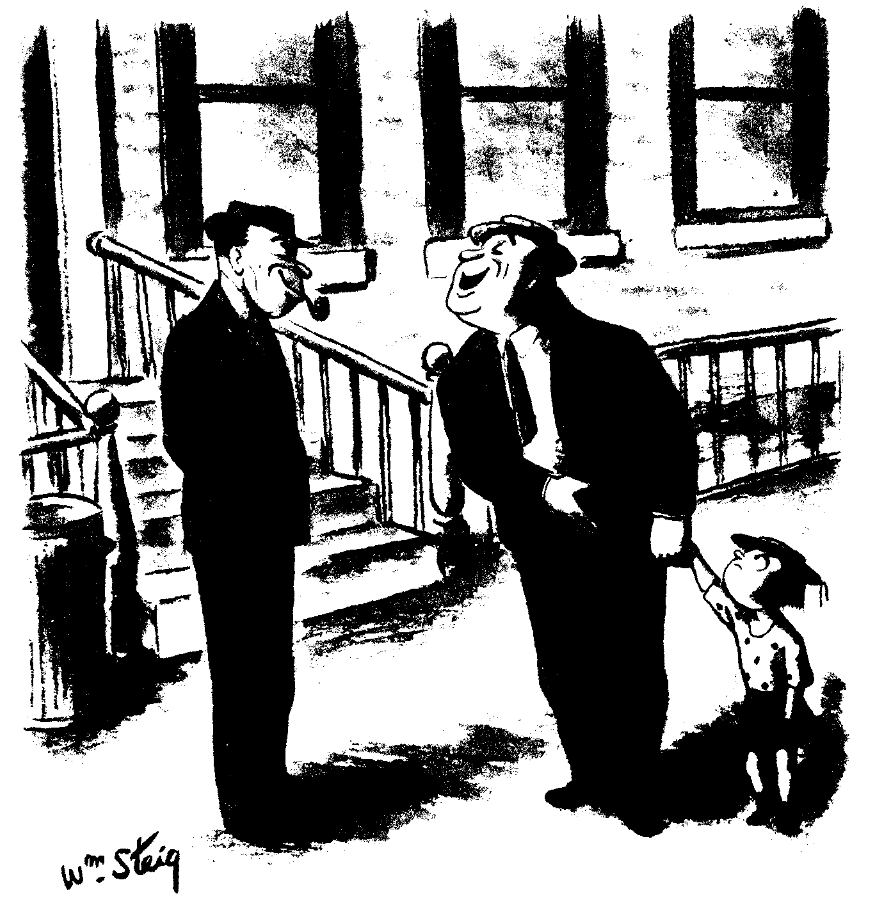
He looked at the diamond solitaire; he watched the small white knuckles stir. "Is that the way you feel about him, Tam?"

She said: "How could two days be so important? How could people change in that length of time? It isn't real."

"Isn't it?" he said. She drew her hand away and stood up, pulling the edges of her jacket. Rising, he saw the freckled tip of her nose. She murmured, "How can it be?" and left him.

HE ATE quite early in an empty diner, watching the red broken buttes of northern New Mexico shape and reshape themselves against the horizon's monotone gray. Later he returned to his seat and ordered a table and brought out his portable. He wrote a date line, and sat before the empty page, knowing he had disturbed her life and regretting it. Some things in a woman, he thought, a man had no right to touch. Things like her need of security, her loyalty to another man, her faith in herself. He went in for a late lunch and came back to find New Mexico turning into desert, cacti standing against an endless sweep of gray-and-silver soil, and here and there a settlement's squat small blur. Somewhere in the middle of the afternoon she came to his seat.

She said: "A little lonely back there, Steve." She had a small smile for him



"Mr. McCabe, I want you to meet Miss Murphy"

WILLIAM STEIG

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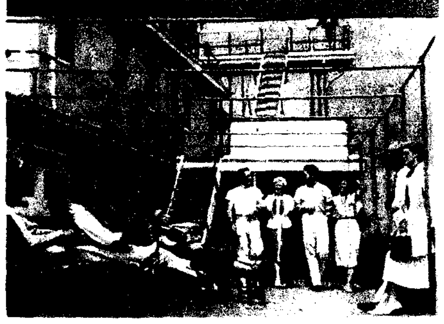

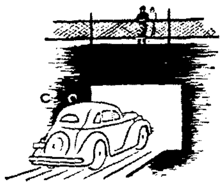

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THE **NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE** WITH **LUSTER-FOAM** IS THE MOST REFRESHING I EVER USED.

and she had a casualness. Her lips were smooth and her eyes refused to tell him anything. "When will you be taking the Clipper?"

"Friday, I think, if there's no wire in San Francisco to alter my plans."

"Possible that you might stay over a day in Los Angeles?"

"No," he said, and relaxed in the seat's corner. He seemed tired to her, the old half-taciturn indifference holding his face again. It was a little hard to imagine that this man, with the rather tough and skeptical face, had so much fire inside. The brown suit fitted him loosely and needed pressing and his tie needed a tighter knotting. She resisted the impulse to do that for him. "Where will you be staying in San Francisco?"

"Palace."

"Do you know what I wish? I wish a very stunning woman would ride across on the Clipper with you. It would be so good for you. You can be a darned lonely man."

"What should I say to her, Tam?"

She had a trick of catching him with a quick, full glance—and afterward looking away. "Not the things you have said to me, I hope." She made a little gesture with her expressive hands. "Women are funny. They want more than they should have."

THEIR talk was a flimsy partition poorly holding away the things they had said before and remembered now. The train stopped long enough for them to walk along a station runway. They watched men throwing ice blocks up to the car tops and stopped beside the engine until they heard the conductor's warning. They had dinner together and went back to the club car, taking the same two seats in the car corner. Dusk formed across the gray borderlands; southward lay the unknown haze of Old Mexico. In the deep desert black the car wheels howled around the turns of the low Arizona passes.

She said, irrelevantly: "When will you be in China?"

"A week from Friday, I think."

"I wish—"

"So do I, Tam. On any train I ride I'll go to the observation car and look for you. You won't be there—and then it will be just another train ride."

She said in a distant voice, "If you're drinking, Steve, please order me a highball too."

He rang for the highballs as the train came into a station. They dropped into the little alternate strips of station light and shadow. This night was warm with desert warmth, and the smell of the land and the land's tropic growth was in the air, and the sky above was blacker than any sky in the world, and the diamond-dust glitter of the stars was remoter than immortality. The tall young girl and the young man were walking ahead of them, close together. Tam said: "I think they'll meet again, Steve, when this journey's done. I envy them."

She had never before taken his arm; now she slipped her hand through the crook of his elbow, her shoulder gently touching him as they paced up and down the long platform. The fragrance of her hair came to him sharper than the smell of any perfume in the world. They caught the train as it was moving away and returned to their drinks in the club.

She said: "Can't you make it a little easier for me, Steve? Can't you be some sort of a man I can forget? I love that tie."

"One year from today, Tam, I'll mail it to you."

"Steve," she breathed, and forgot to be gay, "don't ever do that!"

The club car had gotten crowded and noisy. Marryat looked at Tam. She rose with him and they went along the adjoining cars to the observation. Two elderly couples sat there. Tam put her hand to the knob of the platform door. "Let's go out."

"It's pretty dusty."

"Doesn't seem to matter, Steve."

They sat close together on the observation platform, watching the signal lights whip by and fade until they were faint far points in the felt-thick desert black. Eastward lay the formless mass of a mountain range. Sleeping settlements showed and vanished and the running rhythm of the car wheels chopped off minute after minute of the few hours left them.

He reached out to lay his palm over her hand and touched the sharp surface of her engagement ring. She lifted her arm and reversed the setting of the ring so that it would not be between them, and slipped her hand beneath his palm again. As if she knew how he felt. This was the closeness she had to him; this was their nearness. She murmured: "Perhaps the Lord will forgive me, Steve. Am I so terribly disloyal? Where will you be in June, Steve?"

"Somewhere in Europe, I suppose."

"If this is real, Steve, you'll remember me. If it is just another shipboard romance, you'll forget." She turned toward him, shoulder and face. The slanting light from the observation parlor illumined her cheeks partially so that he could see the curve of her lips and the long, dark layer of shadow over her eyes. "Please don't forget me."

He said: "No, Tam. I dread tomorrow."

She said: "I can think of so little to say to you now, yet I know the moment you leave me I'll regret not asking you a thousand things. I'll wonder if you like baked ham and pineapple rings, if women with bright blond hair interest you, if you smoke a pipe. And I'll never see a man's brown suit without saying—there's Steve's suit. I wish I'd never met you." The calm on her face changed, deepening and darkening. She spoke in a long, low whisper, "I'll have to get you out of my head somehow. How terrible it would be to marry him—and carry the thought of you around like this."

HE FELT her body tremble and at once he drew her into the observation parlor. She looked at her wrist watch, and at him, and then she tried to smile. "It has been an interesting trip, Mr. Smith. I hope you find your hardware business much improved." But the smile was too small to last. Her shoulder points fell and she was momentarily irresolute and helpless, a wholly forlorn expression in her eyes. "Well, this is all there is."

They went down the car corridors to her stateroom. She opened the door and stood in it, swinging about to face him. He braced himself against the car wall and his expression then was as she had noticed in the very beginning—a settled and indifferent mask to cover all the things he felt. But now she knew what lay inside.

She said: "Jim will be at the station in the morning. You must meet him."

"I don't want to see him."

"I want him to see you. Because—sometime before we're married I mean to tell him."

"Maybe by then it won't seem worth mentioning, Tam."

She put her hands back to the doorframe of the stateroom, tilting her chin so that her face was squarely before him, strong-boned and shadowed. "I wish I could believe that. It would make things so much easier. Do you believe it?"

"No, I don't. I want to say something else. Do you know why I won't?"

She brought her left hand forward so that the ring was between them. "This is the reason, Steve."

He said, "I'd cheat this fellow Jim if I could. But it isn't he. It is you—the way you look at yourself. Things have

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to be square with you. You're the kind of a woman that only goes to one man. If he's the man, nothing I said could change it. You'd hate me for trying."

She looked down. Quick breathing stirred her shoulders, her breasts. There was a fullness in her, an immeasurable strength below the calm sweetness. She murmured: "Good night, Steve," and looked up at him again. She didn't offer her hand. He knew why she didn't—because she understood it might be the beginning of something different and more dangerous for them. This was the closeness they had, these were the hard, strong feelings that passed between them and made them so thoroughly familiar with each other. He said, "Good night, Tam," and left her.

Marryat stepped down to the platform of the Los Angeles station early the next morning and saw a tall, solid, beaming young man rush up and lift her completely off her feet. He pulled his eyes from that scene long enough to tip the porter and to identify his bags. The tall girl and the young man went along the runway together; the woman in green stood near by, looking along the station, as if expecting someone, and presently she turned away and walked on alone. Her face, Marryat saw, was drawn and unhappy.

Tam's voice said: "Jim, I do want you to know Steve—" She turned to him then, showing surprise.

"How odd. That's one question, Steve, I forgot to ask. What is your last name?"

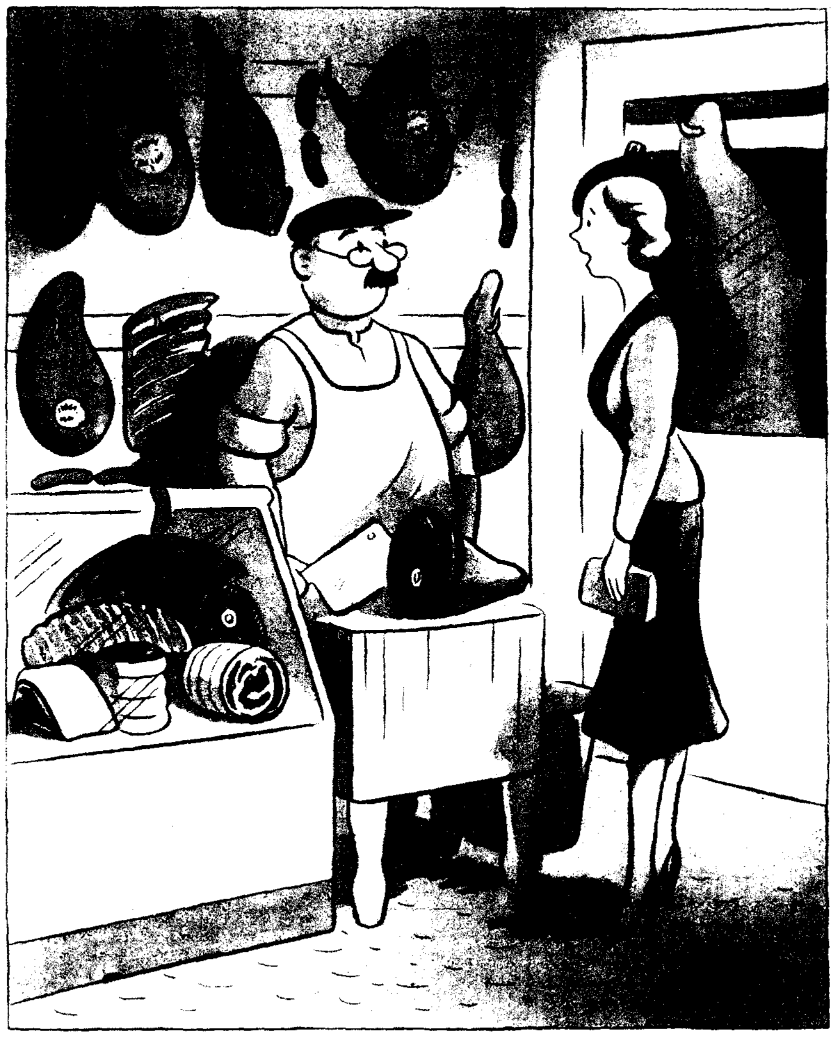
"Marryat," said Steve, and felt the solid pressure of the husky Jim's handclasp. The two men studied each other briefly—and that was all. Tam slipped a hand to the elbow of each, and so they went down the runway as far as the crossover to the San Francisco train. Marryat stopped here and removed his hat. He said, "I'd steal her if I could, Jim. Goodby, Tam."

She took his hand. She said, "So long," in a small indrawn voice—so like the voice of a sad little girl. "If that woman is on the Clipper, Steve, don't sit next to her." She had put her long, smooth lips in a steady line so that nothing would show. He turned immediately away. At the steps of the San Francisco coach he swung and saw her hand lift and fall, and then she walked quickly on with the other man and was lost behind a line of cars. At nine o'clock that Wednesday morning Marryat stood at the observation end of the train and watched Los Angeles drop behind.

HE SAT in his room at the Palace Thursday night, with his portable propped up on the writing desk. He slipped in a sheet of paper and was trying to think of a lead when somebody knocked. He tore the paper from the machine and crossed over to open the door. Tam stood before him with a small black traveling case in her hand. She wore a tailored suit that showed the squareness of her shoulders, and her face was calm, holding its faint touch of willful pride. She lifted her left hand and he saw then that the ring was gone. She said: "How long would it take to get a passport, Steve?" She was watching him and her eyes were direct and strongly lighted. "If I step across your doorsill, Steve, you'll never be rid of me and you'll never dare speak to another woman on a train."

He said, "Come in, Tam. It's been an empty room." He pulled her in. She dropped the traveling case and came against him, lifting her lips. When he kissed her she was crying, and he pulled his head back to see tears in her eyes. She said: "Those aren't for you, Steve. They're for Jim. You don't mind?"

"No," he said. "No, Tam. He's losing everything." She pulled his head down to her face, and presently her crying ceased.



"I'd like to look at some meat"

CHON DAY

The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 22

for me to make him love me, and I did; I'm telling you so you can see how important Brule is to me. I wish I could make you see that I am equally important to Brule. But you're in love with Brule; you are trying to deceive yourself; you don't want to acknowledge the truth." She paused, her eyes shining and secret with some deep preoccupation. In a moment she went on with an air of friendly frankness, only belied by that throbbing pulse in her throat.

"There's no use in my trying to tell you that it is, really, a friendly impulse that led me to speak to you. You wouldn't believe me."

"No," said Rue candidly.

"But nevertheless—Rue, can't you see for yourself that Brule loves me? That he'll never love you. That there's no use in your trying to hold him because he married you as he did. He regretted it instantly. Ask him if you don't believe me. Ask him to tell you the truth. And he—I can prove to you how much he loves me."

"What do you want me to do?" said Rue, again with that strangely honest curiosity.

ALICIA'S lovely hands made an impatient movement. She said:

"What do you think? I want to be sure that, when this is over, you'll leave Brule. You'll consent to a divorce—or ask for it, rather; it will make it easier and better all around if you'll ask for a divorce."

She's getting close to the kernel of her motive, thought Rue. She said:

"Why are you saying all this to me now? When things are as they are here?"

Alicia hesitated. She turned suddenly and went to the door and listened and came back to Rue and told her, deliberately as if she'd planned it, yet with a queer kind of anxiety, too:

"Because there's something I know that, if the police knew, would cause your arrest. But it's something I can keep them from discovering."

"What?"

"Will you—"

"Will I bargain with you? Promise to divorce Brule for your silence? How childish you are, Alicia!"

"Childish!" Alicia's eyes widened like a cat's.

"Alicia—tell me something else. Why did you think Crystal was murdered?"

She could hear Alicia's quick breathing; she could see the heavy throb of that pulse along her white throat. Alicia whispered, a little breathlessly:

"Because Brule did it. For me. I've always been certain of it. Do you understand now?"

The scene all at once stopped being tawdry and theatrical. It took on in an instant the poignant terror of a nightmare. Rue said in a tight, strained voice:

"You can't expect me to believe that. Brule—"

"Who had a better chance?" said Alicia. "Who knew how so well as Brule? That's the real reason we didn't marry. He asked me to marry him after Crystal died. But I knew—if you want to know the truth, I was afraid. I was afraid the truth would come out sometime and I—I would be caught in it, too."

Oddly enough, Rue believed that much. If Alicia had known or suspected that Brule murdered Crystal, she would have been afraid. Not for Brule; not because of the act itself, but for her own lovely white neck. Alicia loved only herself; and, as such people do, lived in a world of Alicia, hedged, guarded, marked by Alicia so other people, and other suffering and other tragedy, did not impinge upon Alicia herself. But murder—once discovered—would impinge. Would thrust through her hard wrappings of selfishness.

"Well?" said Alicia impatiently, as always curiously myopic when it came to detecting the reactions of other people.

"What is it that you say you know that could possibly cause my arrest?"

"Evidence," said Alicia. "Evidence they will have to accept as conclusive. And it isn't a question of my telling them. It's a question of"—her eyes flickered once—"of their finding it. I can prevent it. I will prevent it if—if you'll promise—what I ask."

How still it was in the library! With Crystal watching them, and the mocking little smile on her painted lips. Rue took a long breath.

"I'll promise you nothing," she said. "You are—you are mad to suggest such a bargain, Alicia."

But as Alicia accepted it instantly and turned and went out of the room, Rue wondered if she hadn't been mad to refuse. She tried to shrug away the memory of the parting look in Alicia's eyes, and failed. . . .

It was after that fateful interview with Alicia that Rue saw Andy. And the memory of Alicia's words was stronger than, even, the thing she found hidden so carefully, with such diabolic simplicity and shrewdness, in her room. Although it was that that, actually, terrified her and reduced any lingering sense of unreality to sharp and poignant reality.

For it was a knife; a sharp, surgical knife, wiped free of fingerprints, rolled neatly in a red and white scarf belonging to Rue and tucked down into the cushions of the chaise longue in her room.

The room hadn't yet been searched by the police. If they had searched it, it would have been the first thing they would have found. Rue, returning to her room after seeing Alicia, going absently to the chaise longue, happened to lean back upon her hand so her fingers came in contact with the little roll.

She pulled it out and looked with utter, chill horror at the thing disclosed. The deliberate malevolence of it shook her as nothing else would have done.

"Conclusive evidence," Alicia had said.

IT WAS then that Andy came. Came and asked to see her, and (this time) was permitted to do so. She put on a suède jacket with deep pockets and hid the knife in a pocket. Andy, familiar with the house, was waiting for her in Brule's little study on the second floor.

He, too, closed the door before he spoke. His face was white and strained.

"Rue, you are not safe in this house. You can't stay here. I won't let you stay. Not another night."

"I can't leave."

"Yes, you can. I'll fix things. Listen: There's a woman, a dear old lady who's a patient of mine. She's—fond of me. She'll take you in and take care of you. It'll be safe there. I'll fix it so we can get away without anyone knowing it; the police will stop us if they know. But once you are safe we can phone and tell them where you are. They can put a guard in her house for you; anything. But they can't compel you to stay in this house. It—" his voice broke a little. "It isn't safe here. Don't you understand that?"

Understand it? She understood too well.

Andy caught assent in her silence.

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"Rue—will you come?"

She closed her eyes. The knife was like a weight in her pocket.

"Yes," she said. "Tell me how—and where."

Andy knew exactly where and how. It was simple, he said.

"If it works," said Rue after listening.

"It will work," said Andy. "Listen, I'll repeat it—"

"If they think I'm trying to escape," said Rue, feeling as if she were talking of someone else, "they'll arrest me. I mean—it seems to prove guilt."

"Not at all. You'll be no worse off than you are now if they do stop you. But they aren't going to discover you've gone until you are safely there and telephone to them. They can't accuse you of attempting an escape if you tell them exactly where you are and your reasons for going. You can't be compelled to stay in this house."

Andy didn't know the most important reason. She put her hand in her pocket. He was watching her anxiously, yet listening, too, for the muffled murmur of voices in the dining room.

She said in a small voice: "Look, Andy—" and showed him the knife.

"*Rue!* What—"

She told him briefly.

"That settles it," said Andy. "Now you've got to go. What a devil that woman is!"

"Alicia?"

"She hates you, Rue. But I didn't think she'd go so far as this. Well, give me the knife; I'll get rid of it somewhere. And I'll go right now and telephone to Mrs. Brown. Don't bring any clothes; a bag would attract attention and you'd never shake the police. You can have them send anything you want after you're safely at her house."

He took her hands, held them briefly, said:

"Don't fail me. I love you so, Rue. I can't let you stay here another night."

BUT after he'd gone, his plan didn't sound so easy as when he had told her of it. Yet escape from that house was just then for her the only sensible course. It was too dangerous to remain—where traps lay waiting for her. Traps like that knife.

And if she told the police, what would they do? As they had done about the powder in the glass in her room; which was, so far as Rue could see, exactly nothing.

She took a long breath and turned and went to the door. And at that moment the dining-room door opened, a wave of voices and motion came from it and Lieutenant Angel, Brule, the little Funk and one or two other detectives came into the hall.

Brule saw her and came toward her. "They want to talk to you again," he said.

Something intangible, yet well-marked, too, in their attitude—in their directness perhaps, and in Brule's intent face, hinted that there was news. And there was.

They began first—Angel and one of the detectives (and, a little timidly, Funk who peered out now and then from the shadow of Angel's shoulder)—to ask her about the letters. Did she know anything at all of them?

"But I've told you I don't. So many times—"

"Yet, Mrs. Hatterick, all those letters, according to the dates on the postmarks, were written two months after your marriage. None were sent before that marriage took place. Doesn't that suggest anything to you? Or any sender?"

It suggested Alicia, but Alicia would have been afraid to write the letters and thus call attention to herself—the woman Brule had been in love with and the woman who, though Rue had forgotten it for a while, was actually one of Crystal's legatees.

So Alicia wouldn't have written those letters.

"No," said Rue.

Angel gave her a sad look and cleared his throat.

"There's no one—who might have had jealousy as a motive?" he inquired.

"Jealousy?" said Rue, still thinking of Alicia.

"I mean of you—on account of your marriage."

"A disappointed suitor," said Funk, popping out from the shadow to make things clear.

"Oh. No. No one."

"RUE—" began Brule but Angel went on rather quickly as if not to give Brule a chance to tell Rue whatever it was that he wanted to tell her.

"You see," said Angel, "whoever wrote those letters—or at least whoever wrote seven of them, had access to the Town Club. Your husband is a member. And Dr. Crittenden is a member."

"But—"

This time Brule wouldn't be cut off.

"It's this way, Rue," he said swiftly. "The letters were typewritten and the police have been searching for the typewriter on which they were written. I gather it's taken a lot of time and persistence, for they've even taken samples from the typewriters in Madge's school. However—"

"By great good luck," said Funk.

"This Mr.—er—Funk was sent to the Town Club on another errand—"

"Investigating cloakroom thefts," said Funk.

"And while there discovered I was a member and Andy, too, and got samples of the typing from the typewriters in the writing room. One of them corresponded to the typing of these letters."

"Exactly," said Funk with a note of dreamy satisfaction.

"But unfortunately," said Brule, "it rather limits the possibilities. I mean visitors are seldom in the writing rooms—at least ladies never are. I didn't write the letters."

"We never said you did, Dr. Hatterick," said Angel.

"Andy wouldn't have written them for exactly the same reasons. Either of us stood to lose more, or at least as much, as anyone else."

"Does this fact suggest anything to you, Mrs. Hatterick?" asked Angel.

It didn't. Twenty minutes later, with rain now slanting against the windows and the consciousness of a darkening gray sky and of Andy perhaps waiting, she still had no further replies to make to their repeated questions.

Brule came back to her after the others left.

"They've gone," he said, coming back into the library. "I watched Angel leave."

She paused, conscious of the things she ought to be doing. The interview with the police had made her late. It was important to Andy's plan for her to leave before it was dark.

Besides, face to face with him, she realized that there was, after all, nothing she could say. Nothing that wouldn't seem reproachful; nothing that wouldn't appear to make demands she had no right to make.

She couldn't, even, tell him she was leaving.

"What's the matter?" said Brule. "You're worried about something."

She crumpled the red and white scarf in her hand and said a little crisply: "That's rather in the category of an understatement, isn't it, Brule?"

And just then Steven's studio door banged and Steven himself came into the library.

He was disheveled and excited. He said, "There you are," glanced up and down the hall and closed the door after him.

"Look here," he said, "I—I'm in a spot. I—don't know why or—but I don't know what to do—"

"What's wrong with you, Steven? You look sick. What—"

"I am sick," said Steven and sat down in a chair and put his face in his hands and groaned.

THERE was a sharp instant of silence. Rue always thought that Brule guessed what was coming, for he put down his cigarette and went quickly to Steven and put his hand urgently, yet with the gentleness that had always characterized his treatment of Steven, on Steven's bent shoulder.

"Tell me, Steve," he said. "Is it the police?"

"It's the letters," said Steven. He dropped his hands and looked up. And said wretchedly: "I wrote them."

"Steven!" cried Rue in a smothered little gasp, and stopped.

Brule didn't say anything for a moment. And Steven cried:

"And I think they're onto it. I wrote some of them at the Town Club, times I'd be there waiting to lunch with you; I used a typewriter. Brule—what shall I do?"

Brule took a long breath. He kept his hand on Steven's shoulder and said quietly:

"Why did you write them, Steve?"

"I—Brule, I was out of my head. I—I don't know why I did it. If I'd thought—if I'd had the sense to see what would be the result of it all—but I didn't. I only knew that I—I had to know the truth."

Again there was a moment of silence while Brule looked at Steven and Steven at Brule. Brule said:

"You mean Alicia?"

Steven nodded.

"I thought you might have done it, Steve. Well—you know, now."

Steven said after a moment, speaking more quietly: "Look here, Brule. I've done you—and Rue—an irreparable injury. I know that now. But then, you see—I'd better tell you the truth."

"I think I understand," said Brule slowly.

"I'd better say it, though. Rue—ought to know." He turned to her, his eyes excited but pleading. "Rue—you see, after Crystal's death—well, it was only after that that I began to wonder if Alicia really loved me. If I hadn't been—in a way—a kind of catspaw for her. She—was so different after Crystal died. Well—little by little, you see, I began to perceive that she was in love with Brule. That she had been in love with him for a long time; little things I hadn't noticed at the time began to—to take on color and significance. Then one day—here in this house—I heard her talking to Brule. She said—" He stopped and then went on, his manner grown simple and direct: "She said, Rue, that Crystal had been murdered and that she was afraid to marry Brule because sometime that—murder—would come out. And then where would she be? she said. I—there was more, but that was enough.

"IT—OPENED my eyes. And I—while it wasn't the shock it might have been, still it was a—a kind of shock. It—well, I—didn't do anything about it; perhaps I was afraid to. But I kept thinking about it and wondering and trying to find a clear way out of it. And Brule had married you, Rue, and Alicia seemed to want things to go on with me just as before. She kept putting off marriage, yet keeping me—" He pushed aside Brule's steadying hand and got up and began to walk about the room, jerkily, stopping now and then to look anxiously at Rue and at Brule as if there were something he had to convince them of.

Again the thought of time nudged at Rue. But she had to hear what Steven was saying. She had to know what Brule would say, after he'd listened.

Steven went on:

"That was the hellish thing about it. I mean, if she'd said she wanted our engagement to end, that she never intended to marry me—I could have taken that all right. Oh, I know you're both thinking, why didn't he have it out with her, tell her he knew, tell her—Brule would have done it, but I—I couldn't. You see," said Steven, pausing in that restless walk to give them each that desperately troubled look, anxious of their belief in his words: "You see," said Steven, simply, "I love her. I—that's the whole trouble, you see, I love her."

Brule's voice was still quiet.

"Had you—any definite evidence that Crystal was murdered?" he asked.

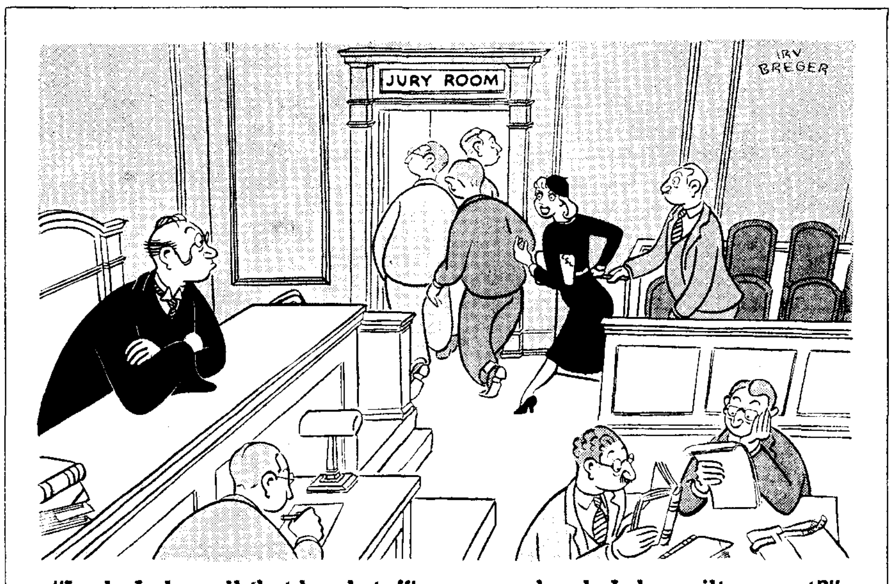
It brought Steven up short. He pushed his hands through his hair, stared at Brule and said: "Good God, no."

"Then why—"

"Why did I write the letters to the police? Why, to bring things to a head, of course. To clear it all up. To—" his hands groped into the air—"to—to bring it all out in the open so we could see where we stood—"

Brule said a little grimly: "Well, if that was your intention, you succeeded." Steven just looked at him, blankly and helplessly, and Brule said, more gently again:

"You mean you thought this would be



"Look, Judge, all that legal stuff's over my head. Is he guilty or not?"

IRV BREGER

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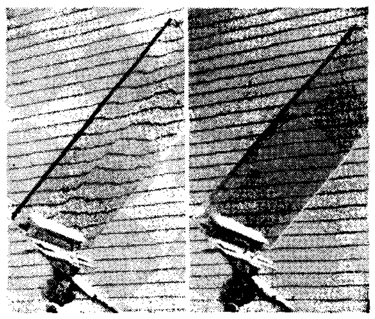

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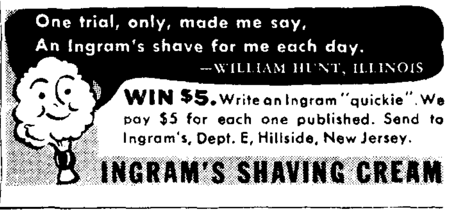

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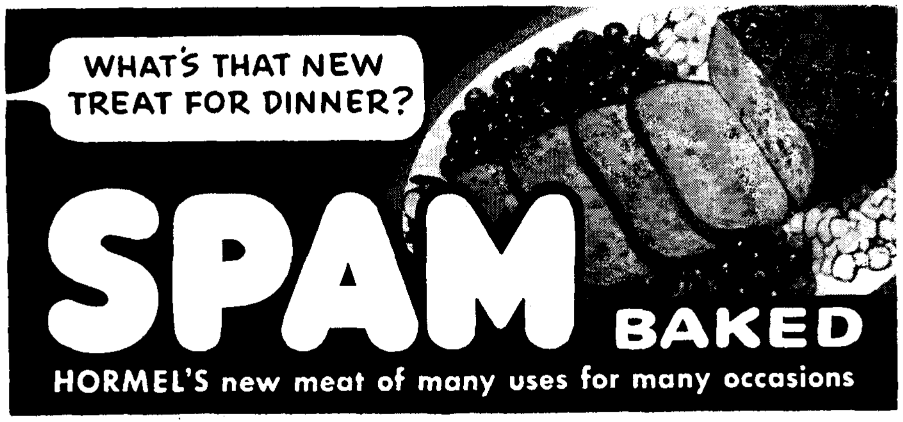

WHAT'S THAT NEW TREAT FOR DINNER?
SPAM BAKED
HORMEL'S new meat of many uses for many occasions

"a good way to—" rather helplessly in his turn he used Steven's words—"clear things up—" He stopped there as if credulity had strained too far and Steven said eagerly:

"Yes! Yes, I *did!* I—when it occurred to me it seemed such a—a practical way to go about it—"

This was too much for Brule, who said: "Practical! Good God!"

"Oh, I see now, it wasn't! I mean—I didn't realize what it meant! I thought the police might just—oh, inquire a bit, stir things up. I couldn't go on any longer as it was and I—" He stopped and again shoved his hands through his hair and said with a touch of tragedy: "But I didn't know it would be like this."

"No, I suppose you didn't," said Brule gravely. "Well—it's done now, Steve. Forget it."

"Forget it?"

"Certainly. Let the police go on worrying about it. That's their trouble."

"But, Brule—you don't seem to understand. I'm a murderer."

"You—" Brule strode to where Steven stood and caught him swiftly and savagely by the arm. "What do you mean, Steve? You can't mean—"

"I mean I've caused two murders. Two. If I hadn't written the letters," said Steven with the simple reasonableness of a child, "neither of those murders would have occurred. So I'm going to tell the police. All about it. The whole truth—"

"About Alicia—too?"

Steven hesitated, his troubled, dark eyes seeking Brule's.

"Alicia—but it's the truth, Brule. Alicia and you—"

There was another moment of silence. Then Brule said heavily:

"Oh, yes, it's the truth all right. About Alicia, I mean. And me."

THE truth.

Well, she'd already known it. She hadn't needed confirmation. And Andy would be waiting and she must leave that house—forever, it would be—before night. Before it was too dark to insure the success of Andy's plan.

Steven had moved. He had taken a step nearer Brule and put his hand, now, on Brule's shoulder. It was the last thing she would have expected Steven to do—yet it was like him, too.

For his hand was obviously a comforting one; he said, "Brule, I understand. Don't worry. I—I'm all right about it now. I've come through the worst of it—the jealousy and all that. It's all clear now. I—I've learned that you have to accept things. Alicia loves you. It's just one of those things; one of us had to lose. And—all those months when I didn't know—well, I understand that, now, too. You've always been so good to me, Brule; you were always so strong and I was weak and you—you understood everything. How could you have come to me and told me the truth when you knew how I loved her!"

Rue said brusquely: "I'm—going upstairs—"

"Wait, Rue," said Brule. "I want you to hear—"

"I've heard enough." She was at the door. The studio was empty, the side door unguarded.

But Brule caught her almost angrily by the wrist and whirled her back into the room.

"You will listen," he said. "You owe me that much. You've asked for the truth and you're going to get all of it—"

She wrenched her wrist from his grasp.

"I've had the truth," she said and looked at him. His face wore its mask, but his eyes were bright with anger. "I'm going—" she said and caught herself on the verge of saying "—away from your house. I'll never return. I'll make things easy for you. You can have your divorce. You can marry Alicia—" She didn't say any of it. She glanced at Steven, standing there so the light fell clearly upon his slender, haggard face—with its sensitive mouth, its high forehead, its look of introspection and the faint, intangible stamp of weakness.

It was only in his music that he had command; life itself and the emotions and problems engendered simply by living were too much for him. Yet was it that he comprehended too much rather than too little?

He said suddenly: "Rue—will you forgive me? It seemed the only way, then. I—didn't know what I was letting you in for—I didn't know what I was doing." He said it simply. That probably was true, too. He honestly, really didn't know what he was doing when he wrote the letters—and started the whole horrible train of events. As a pebble rolled out of place by the unthinking hands of a child may start a whole slide. But the slide has to be there, waiting, accumulated for some immediate, small release.

She put out her hand to him. It was a gesture of farewell, but neither of the men knew it. He took it in his own.

She said: "I know, Steven." And left the room.

Poor Steven. But she wouldn't think of Brule. Not now. There were things to do.

No one was in the upper hall.

Her decision to leave was made. It was the sensible, indeed, the only course to take. She told herself that—selecting and quietly donning a tweed coat. She pulled on a small hat and over it all her bright, green rain cape with its concealing hood. Remember fare for the elevated, she told herself; there was a little change in the pocket of her coat; that was all right, then. Hat, coat, this green rain cape with its hood; money for El fare and—oh, yes, gloves.

All ready now. She must hurry; already the windows in the bedroom beyond were long gray rectangles and the shadows increasing in the room itself.

She didn't stop for a farewell look, but the room watched her leave—the room and the swan bed and the great gilded screen. The room where Crystal died and where Julie died and where the scent of roses was cloyingly sweet.

She was done with that room forever.

At the foot of the stairs the mail, just delivered, lay on a table and her own name on a letter caught her glance. She took the letter, thrust it, too, in her pocket and went on without looking closely at it.

So far it had been easy.

SHE didn't know and there was no way for her to know, then, of a conversation that was, perhaps, going on at that very moment, in a brightly lighted, official-looking room at police headquarters, over a table that was bare except for a stack of reports and a small brown bag.

"I'm going to make the arrest. She gave the woman poison in medicine, likely; she gave it to the Garder girl in the tea. There's drugs enough in this bag—"

"You haven't questioned her about it; you've had it since—"

"Since you found it in the cupboard in Rue Hatterick's room; her own room. I know. I didn't need to question her about it; I already knew it belonged to her; I knew what's in it. Now the case is pretty complete and I'm ready to make the arrest."

Silence. Then a voice at the door:

"Funk, you're wanted at the Town Club. That cloakroom business again—"

By that time, probably, Rue was outside the house, safely through the hall and past the closed library door, and through Steven's studio and out the side door.

Cold air and rain touched her face.

Her bright green cape was like a flag. A policeman, in uniform with a heavy-caped mackintosh over it, was standing at the back gate. He turned, saw her, and Rue, her heart pounding, walked along the brick walk toward him.

"Is it—all right," she said, "if I walk up and down here?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Hatterick," he said at once. His heavy face looked cold and impassive; he watched her stolidly.

She was approaching the difficult part of it; well, she told herself, it would either work or it wouldn't. She'd carry out the bit of acting Andy had suggested.

SHE walked up and down the strip of lawn; the second turn brought her near the hedge that divided their strip of lawn from Guy's; she hesitated, went through the little opening, and the policeman did not stop her. She went up the walk toward the door of Guy's conservatory—a small glassed room flung out from and adjoining his dining room. She hesitated there, too, perceptibly, as if in indecision, and that was the hardest thing to do because she felt perfectly certain it would give the policeman the time, and a chance (if he needed it) to stop her.

But, incredibly, it worked as Andy had said it would work. Apparently the policeman took it to mean, simply, that she'd had an impulse to enter that house (what would be more natural than to want to see her lawyer?) had paused to think again and then had entered.

For she did so and the door to the conservatory was not locked. That had been the second point of danger.

She closed the door behind her, removed the green cape and dropped it behind a bench.

Now, hurry. Quick.

She also knew the general plan of Guy's house. If anyone questioned her —but no one did. There was only a cook and a butler on the premises; Guy was not yet at home from the office. The door leading to the dining room was not locked either. From that point on the coast was ridiculously clear. Through Guy's dining room and through the hall and out the front door and there was no policeman in sight and the corner of the house shielded her from her own street.

Into the hurrying groups of pedestrians. With the bright green cape for which, at first, they would look among all those pedestrians, left in the conservatory. Take the first taxi you see—there was one, cruising. She got into it.

Now for the Evanston Elevated. She told the driver to go to the nearest El station.

Afterward she remembered that ride, hurrying, dodging other hurrying cars and taxis and trucks, and the homeward flow of Loop workers.

She never knew what station he took her to; but they arrived at a lighted corner with the El thundering and clattering overhead, and she paid him and joined the flow of people surging up those long, steep flights of stairs. Kept with them, in a line to pay her fare; stood with them, only one of all those milling people, their faces looking oddly white, like the papers they carried, folded longitudinally. Struggling with those nearest her to board the first train that clattered, lighted and noisy, out of the night, and jerked to a stop before her and said in bright letters "Evanston and North Shore local."

Soon she'd be with Andy—safe.

Rain slashed the windows.

IT WAS still raining when she got out at the Anchor Street station (barely within the city limits)—still raining steadily and drearily when, descending from the platform, she looked around and found, as Andy had predicted she would find somewhere near, a small, desolate-looking little drugstore. She went in. Sat at a table and ordered hot cocoa and the shining white table reminded her of that other night, so short a time ago, when she'd sat in the bright din of another drugstore. With Andy.

When would he come?

Time passed and she finished the hot cocoa. Time passed and she heard newspapers hawked on the street outside and her own name but wouldn't buy one and read it.

Time passed and she didn't once think of the letter in her pocket.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Andy finally came. Came hurriedly, his coat collar turned up about his face, with barely a word of greeting, taking her swiftly out of the shabby but lighted little drugstore, down the street into the shadow of the stark elevated pillars where his car waited. Only it wasn't his car. It was one Rue had never seen—but it wasn't a new car.

It was old and battered and even in the dim light looked as if it wouldn't run for more than a mile or two. It might have come out of a junk heap.

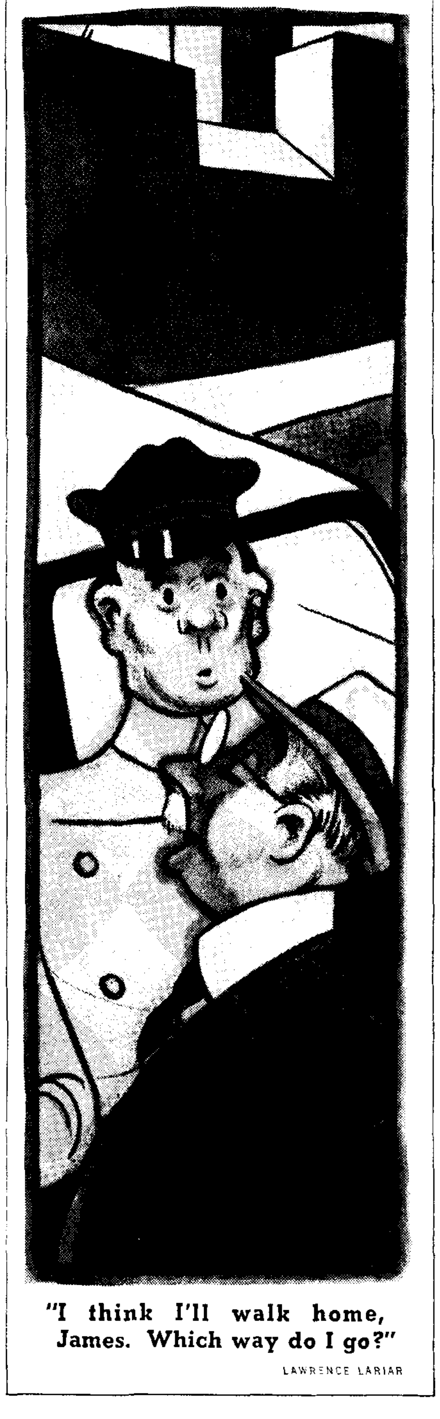
Andy was holding the door open.

"Get in," he said.

As she did so a curiously irrelevant thought came to her mind. She wondered what Andy had done with the knife she'd given him. It was irrelevant and she dismissed it.

Andy got in the car beside her.

(To be concluded next week)



"I think I'll walk home, James. Which way do I go?"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

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So They Had Dinner

Continued from page 15

in the delights of the table. A gourmet must not be confused with a gourmand, to whom the practical pleasure of eating is the chief end—in other words, a gouty and ravenous glutton who will eat anything that cannot bite back.

"To tell you the truth," Harold stated in his pleasant voice, "I felt no great appetite for dinner at such an early hour and therefore only nibbled. I now observe in myself the desire to eat, and knowing you have arrived late and are no doubt hungry, too, it would give me great pleasure if you would join me at dinner."

The lady smiled. "It is rather informal," she said gently, "but, after all, we are gourmets, and so there is a slight bond."

"Which I hope to make stronger," he said boldly, "for I consider myself very lucky to have met such a charming young lady."

He was so plainly a gentleman that she consented instantly, told him her name, and they began running over the names of select places to dine—places a little out of the common, away from the herd—where the cuisine was fit for the cultivated palate. They decided in favor of Le Cheval Blanc, and if you are not a total ignoramus in matters gastronomic you will know that the food was beyond reproach. Le Cheval Blanc occupies a warm spot in the heart of every honest gourmet and is operated by a Frenchman of the old school, M. Guizot-Guillaume, whose judgment in foods is flawless.

IT WAS Harold who did most of the ordering, Miss Tuckshire being content to lean back, nod her approval and enjoy the continental quiet of the restaurant. While young Fletcher discussed items with the Gallic servitor, she studied his cheerful countenance and decided he was unusually attractive, even for a gourmet.

He was, she could see, thoroughly respectful and deferential. He in no way resembled some of the young men she had met more formally. His face was honest and reflected a sterling character. These and similar thoughts fluttered through her consciousness, while Harold moved along with his skilled ordering, and presently their dinner came.

It began with just a touch of caviar and hors d'oeuvres, followed by *consommé en tasse*. There appeared filets of sole and the bright particular plate of the day was *les bitkis à la Moscovite*, with *les côtes d'agneau Americaine*. They chatted and partook daintily of the *haricots verts* and *les petits pois, le soufflé Rothschild, les spaghettes Neapolitaine, les artichauts, les compotes de fruits* and finally a bit of cordial in a thimble, and while he was interested in the entrancing parade of edibles, Harold's fascinated gaze scarcely moved from the face of his piquant partner.

"You know," he said, as though contemplating a profound thought, "a man doesn't meet a girl of your type in a thousand years."

"Among your other capabilities," she smiled, "you have learned to flatter."

"No. Honestly. I've met dozens of girls, like any fellow does, but there's no depth to them. All on the surface. You're different. There's something about you that's absolutely different."

"You're different, too, Mr. Fletcher," she said.

"Mister Fletcher?"

"Well, then, Harold. I realized it very soon after we met this evening. The boys I know are—well, you know what I mean."

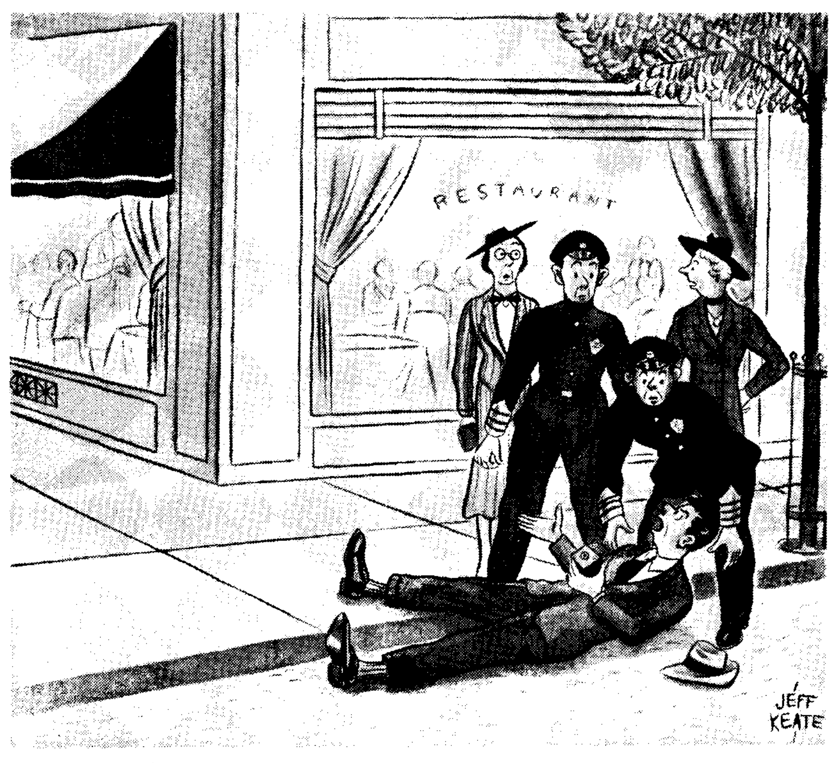
"I certainly do," he said earnestly. "It sure gripes me to see the way some of the fellows act toward girls."

He paid the check with the happy conviction of a good deed well done, and the evening being still comparatively young, they wandered forth into New York, responsive to its many-faceted allure.

"How about a movie?" Harold demanded in front of a gilded façade of flicker.

"I love them," cried Miss Tuckshire, and they entered and sat in smiling content for an hour. Then they strolled as far as the Park and, the moon being overhead and full of shine, Harold employed a horse hack, two dollars for once around the Park, and they rode blissfully and were sorry other people had troubles behind all those lighted windows.

Midnight found them strolling arm in arm and now time meant nothing. They had come to the stage of placid ecstasy, where even words were needless. It was a side street and the neighborhood was one of genteel poverty, and at a certain crossing they came upon a cheerful spot. It was a streetcar without wheels, an eating bazaar, modest in its appointments and bearing in jovial lights the name of Ptomaine Terry's. Harold paused to laugh quietly.



"Whaddya mean drunk and disorderly—can't a man take a few candid camera shots?"

JEFF KEATE

"YOU wouldn't believe it," he said, "but, by golly, I'm hungry. And another thing, Naomi, I have often wondered about these queer eating joints on the fringe of human society and tried to picture to myself the foods they serve. They must be simply awful."

"I too," said Naomi, "have been tempted many a time, but never had the courage."

"If you think you could stand it," he continued, with a light laugh, "I'm as brave as you are. Let's go in."

"You can't dare me," she said, and they mounted the steps and entered. Before them were seven leather-topped stools that revolved, a counter, Terry himself, in an apron, and two citizens on end stools, who might have been truck drivers. Harold and Naomi seated themselves and Terry came toward them.

"What can a person have to eat here?" Harold inquired.

"Anything you want. Our specialty is hamburger sandwiches."

"Hamburger sandwiches," Harold repeated, glancing at Naomi. "What are they?"

"If you don't know that," said Terry, "it's too late at night for the two of ye to be out."

"I've heard of them," said Miss Tuckshire gravely. "And that's what I want, too."

"The same for me," said Harold.

"With coffee," the lady added.

WHEN the hamburgers were served, along with coffee in extra-stout mugs having no handles, they bit in and were pleasantly surprised. Terry surveyed them over his spectacles, but said nothing. Coffee and hamburgers disappeared with great speed.

"You know," said Harold, "this hamburger is surprisingly good."

"It ought to be," Terry grunted. "Most joints use ordinary beef. I cook nothing but Kansas City beef. Costs me more, but it's made my rep around here."

Harold paid the inconsequential check and when they emerged it was still glorious moonlight and midnight was gone.

"I'd better take you home," he said, glancing at his watch.

"At this hour! You'll do nothing of the kind. You'd be forever getting home to bed. Just put me on the subway and I'll scoot for Brooklyn."

They argued about this momentarily, but Naomi won. She gave him her telephone number.

"Phone you tomorrow," he said. "What time?"

"Well, say seven tomorrow night. I'll be home then."

"And," he added, "we'll step out again. I know another place where the food surpasses Le Cheval Blanc."

"We'll see," she promised. Harold made no attempt to kiss her. They shook hands, both aware they were saving the first kiss for another time.

"Good night, Harold," she said. "I like you." And the subway swallowed Miss Tuckshire.

At ten the following morning, Ed Freem's Public Market Restaurant was going full blast. Farmers from Long Island, having trucked their lettuce to town and sold their beets, were eating, and Ed Freem stood beside the cashier's desk, surveying the busy scene. The cashier was making a neat pile of the one-dollar bills. The cashier was Miss Naomi Tuckshire, blooming as usual, busy as a bee.

"How'd you like the dinner last night?" Ed asked her, having himself handed her the admission ticket, the gift of a customer.

"The Gourmets Dinner was over when I got there," she replied. "You told me eight o'clock."

"Mr. McDonald told me eight. Didn't you eat?"

"I did," said Naomi. "I ate the most gorgeous and satisfying hamburger sandwich made since time began. You said keep my eyes open for pointers. Well, I did. I always knew there was something wrong with our own hamburgers. You know what's wrong?"

"What is?"

"We don't use Kansas City beef."

Mr. Ed Freem suddenly slapped the desk a resounding whack, the gesture of a man who sees the light.

"You are absolutely right," he declared. "I've been thinking about that myself. We ought to be doing a whale of a hamburger business and we're not. Our sandwiches are no good."

HE WALKED impatiently around the desk, buried in thought, and returned.

"Naomi," he said, "from now on we don't order another single pound of beef from Schleckmeyer & Brostworeck. I know where to buy Kansas City beef. Call up the Red Star Supply Company. Tell them to send me over thirty pounds of K. C. beef."

Miss Tuckshire did so, wearing the complacent smile of a bright employee who has helped the "old man" out.

"Is this Red Star?" she asked.

"It is."

"You sell Kansas City hamburger beef?"

"Nothing but and the very best."

"Kindly send over thirty pounds to the Public Market Restaurant."

"Right away, Miss."

Within thirty minutes the Red Star truck rumbled up in front of Freem's and the driver hopped from his seat, threw open the rear door, dragged forth a basket of beef and hurried inside. He passed Naomi's desk without seeing her. Head bent over, she was sorting two-dollar bills.

On his way out, the truckman stopped, wiped his hands, stepped up with his slip for signature and stared at the pretty cashier.

"Well," he said in slow astonishment, "I will kiss a pig!"

Miss Naomi's eyes widened, and then she commenced to smile.

"There are nicer things than pigs to kiss," she murmured.

"Okay," said the driver, taking the signed slip. "See you tonight. So long, gourmet."

And Harold Fletcher walked out to his truck, whistling Thanks for the Memory, while business in the Public Market proceeded as usual.

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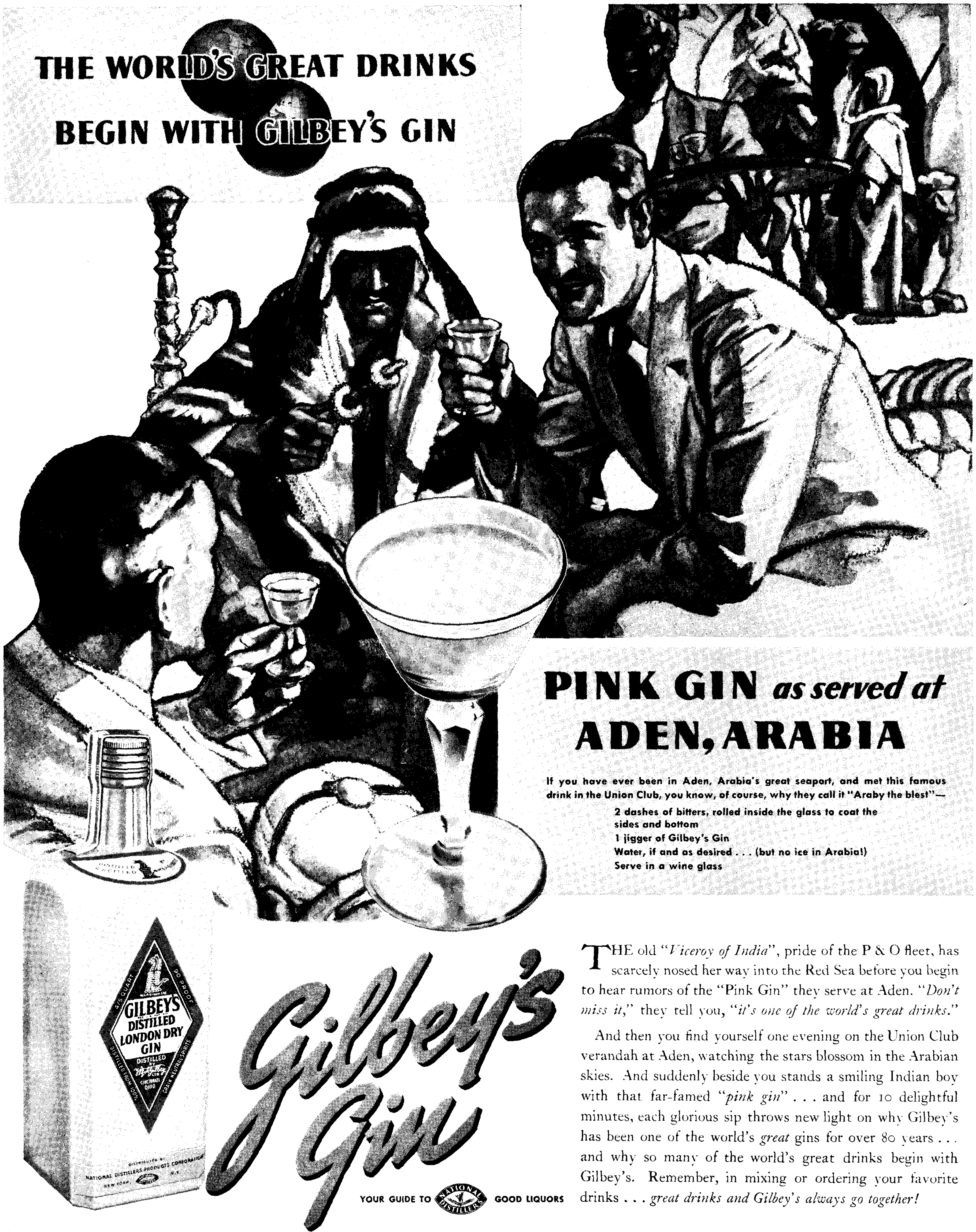
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War Built to Order

Continued from page 13

enemy might accomplish Burgoyne's aim—to split the country in two; and today, to break this heavily populated industrial area from the rest of America. The War Department is constantly troubled over this.

Behind these points are hundreds of manufacturing establishments, the loss of which would seriously damage our national defense, to say nothing of civilian suffering on an unprecedented scale.

Among hundreds of other manufacturing enterprises we have there such establishments as cotton and woolen factories (civilian and military clothing) in Fall River, New Bedford and New London; a submarine base, New London; Springfield Arsenal; Colt, Winchester and Remington Arms factories; Pratt and Whitney, makers of airplane engines; Hamilton Standard Propeller Company; twenty-five per cent of the optical instruments and eighty per cent of inspection gauges come from this area.

Aviation—No Militarist's Dream

To tell the truth about the defenses of Chesapeake Bay in the most moderate manner is shocking. But the truth is, it would be possible for enemy battleships to steam up and shell Norfolk, Newport News and Baltimore; smaller craft and battle cruisers and even battleships could move on Richmond and our national capital. Enemy airplane carriers could also do a job on all these places.

Why?

On one side only of the Chesapeake, there are howitzers, with inadequate range, no fire control, no mines or cables or similar equipment of any kind. There should be sufficient 16-inch guns *on both sides*, with full equipment, plus AA guns and properly based fighting planes.

Every American knows the industrial, psychological and strategic importance of this area.

I do not anticipate that some enemy is going to steam up the Chesapeake and run us all out of the capital as the English did in 1814. However, the reason the British were able to do it was because the Chesapeake was not properly defended. For us to permit the present conditions, while we groan and strain over the building of battleships for overseas action, is beyond the realm of common sense and reason.

I think it only fair to say that the areas I have mentioned, that is, from North Carolina to Maine, are in the worst condition of any of our coasts. From North Carolina down past Florida the condition is fair, and can be improved by mobile AA guns and railroad artillery; the same is true of the Gulf Coast, which has further advantages of protective geography and some seacoast guns. As for the Pacific, it is in good shape, and is improving. On top of which, they have the whole fleet.

Now we come to a vital part of modern warfare—

In any picture of national defense, one must give complete consideration to the airplane just as certainly as traffic experts twenty years ago had to consider the effect of the automobile on the horse and buggy. Aviation is no longer a militarist's dream. It has made enormous advances. It concerns our own defense from the possibility of attack from planes cruising from afar, and planes brought nearer by great airplane carriers. Also, we must consider the ability of our own airplanes to sink battleships—and of our own battleships getting sunk by enemy airplanes.

Not so long ago, I had some rather definite information of battleship sinkings, and knowing Army bomber developments, I suggested that recent reports showing the vulnerability of battleships had been suppressed. Although the vulnerability of the battleships was denied, the existence of the secret reports was not.

The only answers were some flag-waving statements that we should not let the enemy know our secrets. The admirals, emulating sea life, closed their mouths as tight as clams, and brand-new military locks clamped shut the lips of the Army officers. But tales could not be downed of battleships theoretically sunk out on the Pacific in war games, of Army planes that did the work. And there were stories of "battleship admirals"—old-timers sticking to their illusions of sea power and the invincibility of the battleship—and of "flying sea captains," younger fellows who see above the water, but do not talk because the battleship admirals sit on promotion boards and can deny promotion and can transfer a flying captain all the way to China if they please.

Flying officers of the Army, too, had been told to keep quiet—and they remembered General Billy Mitchell, who, though the brightest air officer in either the Army or the Navy, got the boot for telling the truth about the inadequacy of the air service.

One thing is sure: the inequalities, the chaos of naval demands, the mixture of objectives, the overlapping of jobs, must be settled, as things cannot go on as they are.

What is needed in this situation, it seems to me, is a broad, cool, co-ordinated view of national defense. At the present time we have in both the Senate and House a Naval Affairs Committee, Military Affairs, Sub-Committee on Naval Appropriations, and Sub-Committee on War Appropriations—eight congressional committees in all—and the Departments of War and Navy, and no co-ordinating force.

Toward a Unified Defense

Under the War and Navy Departments, we have an aviation service for each; the Marine Corps under the Navy with its own Air Corps, and the Coast Guard—all of which constitutes a ouija board of conflicting interests. What can be done immediately to unify and coordinate this scattering and often contradictory line of fire in our national *defense, and at the same time lay the* groundwork for a permanent program?

First: The Joint (Army-Navy) Board (whoever heard of it?) ought to wake up. There must be some balance between Army needs and Navy needs, but I defy anyone to study the various and sundry fatted volumes of hearings on the Army and Navy bills and find a single piece of evidence for the co-ordination of the services or of national defense. This "Joint Board," composed of officers of the Army and Navy, meets, nobody seems to know where or when, and if conclusions are made, they are not final or conclusive unless approved by both the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy. Co-ordination of national defense demands action by this outfit at once.

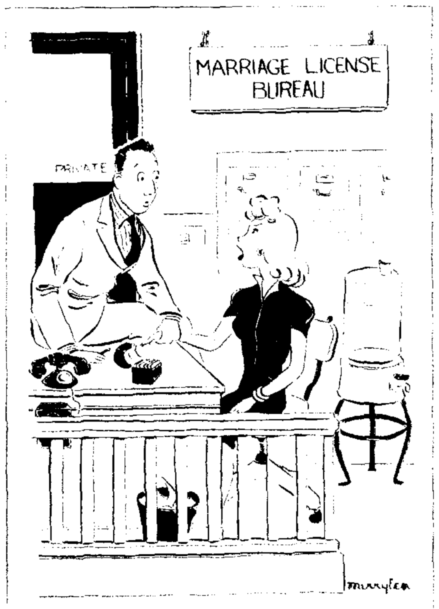
Second, and much better, there ought to be established a single Department of National Defense, with two under-secretaries—one of the Army, another of the Navy: which means abolition of the Secretaries of War and Navy. In ordinary common sense, this is necessary for the elimination of overlapping features and conflicts of "missions"—all of which must now be settled by the President, whose overwhelming duties prevent a detailed study for unbiased decisions, and who may in any event be prejudiced in favor of one service as against another.

The morale-breaking, defense-weakening troubles of the present situation of contending, jealous military and naval forces could be eliminated by this Department of National Defense.

Third, and in connection with the foregoing, the Joint Board *now*, and the Department of National Defense when it is created, should, I think, tackle and then keep settled these specific problems:

(A) The relative necessity of the two departments in reference to the number of airplanes each needs. The present situation of the Navy having more planes than the Army is ridiculous. No aviation authorities believe that should be.

(Notwithstanding the accepted belief that the Army has more planes than the Navy, the fact is the Navy has the greater number — Army, 2,320 maximum; Navy, 3,000 minimum. In a Department of National Defense this condition, lopsided one way or the other, could be regulated, since the only consideration would be national defense.)



"Oh, stop talking shop!"

(B) The relations of seacoast defense by the establishment of emplaced guns, AA batteries, fire control and mines, as against the building of battleships and other warships.

Why Not a Disarmament Conference?

Fourth, aviation training should be established on a broad and comprehensive scale. This could be accomplished by converting the Army air-training center at San Antonio, Texas, into the United States Aeronautical Academy, on a parity with the naval and military academies at Annapolis and West Point. In addition, land-grant colleges should have aviation units just as they have other combat units. The National Guard Air Service should be greatly extended. Civil aviation, for war use when needed, should be encouraged.

Fifth, there should be an international disarmament conference. The only reason one has not been had so far is the stubborn refusal of the administration and State Department to consider it. The President and the State Department agree it's a grand idea—but we cannot have it "just now." The State Department, after having been subjected to severe criticism and having been asked by the Senate Naval Affairs Committee about our government initiating such a conference, replied austerely that the "convening of a conference that would become a platform for airing national grievances would merely exacerbate public opinion in the various countries and harm, rather than help, the cause of peace." Then, after more diplomatic run-around, they added "no practical results could come," ending with the astonishing news that "this government would welcome at any time international agreement upon practical measures for further limitation and reduction of naval armament."

In other words, the situation seems to be that if the rest of the world turns as pure as we are we might attend. It is generally conceded that the reason we don't initiate such a conference is because the British don't want to go into it with Japan with their conflicting interests in the Orient. But Japan has repeatedly stated she would attend such a conference.

Let us analyze this. The State Department worries about "exacerbating" public opinion at such a conference. Feeling that such a word must be awful, what could be more awful, or "exacerbating," than the continual debate on the subject, the continual denunciations in the halls of Congress and in the Press?

To Keep the Peace

For this country to throw its hands up, and continue this senseless naval race, in the meantime wasting billions and committing acts that get us nearer war, is criminal folly. Indeed, when there is such a race, based on "relative strength of navies," no one ever catches up; it keeps on and on until physical exhaustion, bankruptcy and war do catch up with the racers, of which our nation is one.

Here, certainly, is a job for the American people to tackle. They should not stand for this foolishness, and ought to demand an accounting.

The conclusions one may reach on these questions may all be different. But the facts that I have stated are facts in anybody's language, and in anybody's politics. The decisions to be made are with the voters, or the readers, and I put the questions up to them.

Do you think it wise to keep building battleships, always bigger and more expensive, while our fences are open at home?

Do you believe the psychology created by the establishment of a Department of National Defense, plus the efficiency from eliminating overlapping features, would improve the present system?

What do you think about airplanes—wouldn't it be a wise idea to give aviation proper encouragement, while we shake off some of our antiquated ideas of old-time heavy-armored battleships?

If we finally get the biggest Navy in the world, what are we going to do with it? Do you want it to police the world, and make the rest of the world behave?

Do you want the Navy for national defense, or for such policing?

I think it is reasonable to say that foreign affairs have become home affairs and your affairs. What is the American idea of foreign affairs? First, that we establish safety at home, which we haven't done. Next, we don't want any foreign outfit, Fascist, Free, Communist, European or Oriental, planting its flag in any part of the Americas. All right, let's agree to that; and also that no American nations will build forts against each other, or make war upon each other. That might be the beginning of a foreign policy; and if we managed to keep the peace for a few years, the rest of the world would grasp our good example, and take a hint.

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Dreams for Sale

Continued from page 16

to discover that he was a comparatively wealthy young man.

He had conquered Canada. Now for bigger things. He arrived in England on the wings of voluble and extravagant publicity, most of it unfavorable. Quite undaunted, he went to Manchester and stood for Parliament. His campaign consisted of speech after speech pleading for a high tariff that would surround the empire like a protecting wall. Manchester had always been the center of free trade, yet, incredibly, he was elected.

In the beginning he attracted about as much attention in Parliament as another frog would in a large pool. There were a great many things against him. He had (and still has) the arrogance of the successful man who springs from humble origin. He was a Presbyterian in an Episcopalian country. He was a Canadian who professed his admiration for and practiced American business methods. He was a bad speaker. His maiden speech bored his fellow parliamentarians thoroughly and it got practically no notice from anyone. They said that he was just another rich man who had gotten into Parliament on a due bill. Max Aitken, however, has always had the happy and rare faculty of being able to indulge in frank self-appraisal. He looked himself over carefully, nodded thoughtfully at the shortcomings that he saw, and set out to remedy them.

At the Peak of His Power

There was the question of speaking, for instance, a bothersome but undoubtedly important detail. He learned how to make public speeches. He learned it as he had learned finance. He became a fair speaker, then an accomplished speaker and eventually one of the greatest speakers in the country.

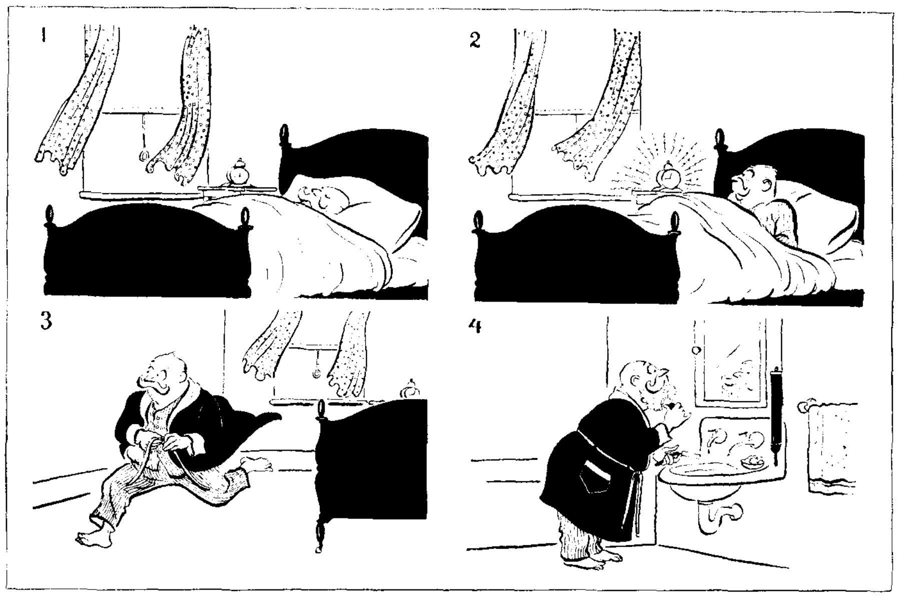
It was years later that Beaverbrook used his pen to sway people. To get back to the young Max Aitken, M. P., of 1910: By now he had decided to make politics his career. He studied the technique of the successful politician. He discovered that the man who lasts longest is the man behind the Prime Minister, not the Prime Minister himself. He made ambitious plans and confided them to no one but himself. England was still doing all right without any help from this arrogant young Canadian.

Bonar Law was a personable young man, who, like Aitken, was the son of a Presbyterian minister. The future Lord Beaverbrook liked Bonar Law enormously. Perhaps he saw qualities in Law that he himself lacked. He looked at Law and said to himself, "There is the future Prime Minister of England."

He did the same job on Bonar Law that Doc Kearns once did on Jack Dempsey. Kearns maneuvered Dempsey into the heavyweight championship of the world by careful matching, by picking good spots for him and by using all of his guile to see that Jack got every break. Max Aitken handled Bonar Law just as skillfully. Bonar Law got the headlines, but everyone in England knew that Aitken was behind the scenes pulling the strings. They offered Bonar Law the Prime Ministership during the war but he refused it. Lloyd George accepted it and it was generally believed that Max Aitken had been responsible for the appointment.

They gave him a peerage for that and now he was Lord Beaverbrook. He took the name of "Beaverbrook" from a small town not far from his Canadian birthplace. During the war Beaverbrook did a great job on war propaganda. The kid from the Canadian backwoods was now definitely a real factor in English politics.

The London Express was a sick dog then to whose piteous cries Fleet Street was lending a stonily deaf ear. It was just emerging from bankruptcy and its journalistic bones were about ready for interment. Beaverbrook's fortune had increased. He had always maintained his Canadian holdings and they had increased tremendously in value. He considered the purchase of the Express merely for the purpose of supporting Bonar Law. By now Bonar Law had become more than a human being to Beaverbrook—he loved the man and, in addition, Bonar Law had become a symbol: If Bonar Law became Prime Minister it would mean that success had crowned Beaverbrook's years of effort. If Bonar Law did not, he would feel that he had failed.



Northcliffe said to him, "Max, I hear that you're thinking of buying the Express."

Beaverbrook said that was right.

"How much money have you?" Northcliffe asked.

Beaverbrook told him.

"You will leave it all in Fleet Street," Northcliffe said with serenity. For a long while after he bought the Express it looked as though Northcliffe had been a good prophet. The public showed a great and enthusiastic apathy toward his paper. He lost one million dollars during his first year of ownership. He lost $300,000 during his second. He broke even his third year, and since then the story of the Express has been nothing but a success story.

Northcliffe died and now Beaverbrook was heir apparent to the title of England's greatest publisher. Of course, there was Lord Rothamere who owned the powerful Daily Mail, but Beaverbrook was leaping forward in great strides. Then in 1922 Lloyd George fell and Bonar Law became Prime Minister of England.

He resigned as Prime Minister after only four months. Then he was stricken with cancer of the throat, from which he never recovered.

Now Beaverbrook threw all of his energy into the strengthening of the Express. By 1925 it had become a great newspaper. By 1929 it was being read almost literally by everyone in England who could read. He fought vigorously against Baldwin and beat Baldwin whenever the latter put up a free-trade candidate in by-elections. He reached the peak of his power perhaps in 1931, when the Conservative party adopted his protective-tariff program.

He had peddled his dreams successfully. He would rather sell dreams and newspapers than make speeches and bother with parliamentary procedure. He was the greatest publisher in England.

Beaverbrook has a passion for speed. Once he took up horseback riding. He liked it so well that he wound up with an unprofitable racing stable. Right now he is engrossed with flying. He owns one large plane in England, and this winter he bought a magnificent ship for use in Florida. He always sits with his pilot and it won't be long before his pilot will be just another passenger.

He will lie in the sun and talk of the make-up of American newspapers; about Damon Runyon's short stories, which he is running currently in his Standard; of Miami, which he thinks is the real capital of America; of his admiration for the policies of President Roosevelt—and eventually, of course, of war.

"I hear more war talk in the United States than anywhere else," he says. "Talk of a major war is absurd. We won't have one for a long time. Germany isn't ready for a war. France is a pacifist country. Russia can't afford a war. Italy?" He made an impatient gesture. "Everyone looks upon Italy as a strong power. Nonsense! Italy couldn't stand up a month against any first-rate army or navy. Italy has proven that . . . No, there won't be any war."

He Sells Newspapers

Beaverbrook has one dream now that he is peddling. He is a fanatical believer in an Anglo-American union. He knows England well and he knows America well. To him there is no difference in the two peoples. To him England and America are the only two great countries in the world. Their aims and purposes are the same. Both are democratic people. In his papers he preaches Splendid Isolation for England and America. If the two countries get together on a firm basis, they can tell the rest of the world to go fly a kite. England and America ruling the world—he lies there on the beach warmed by the sun and dreams that dream. Well, he is a great one for selling dreams.

He won't admit that though. He sells newspapers.

"I was selling them when I was a kid," he says. "And I'll be selling them until I die."

The Runaway

Continued from page 17

what was worrying or pleasing every separate member of an intimate group, there would be no deception. Dad would pay the hospital bills, the doctor could wait, Rebecca would write and write to Gavin. And what if there was no answer?

"Gavin, when could you come to Salletts if I went home?"

"Oh, gosh, why should I go there? You'd be coming back."

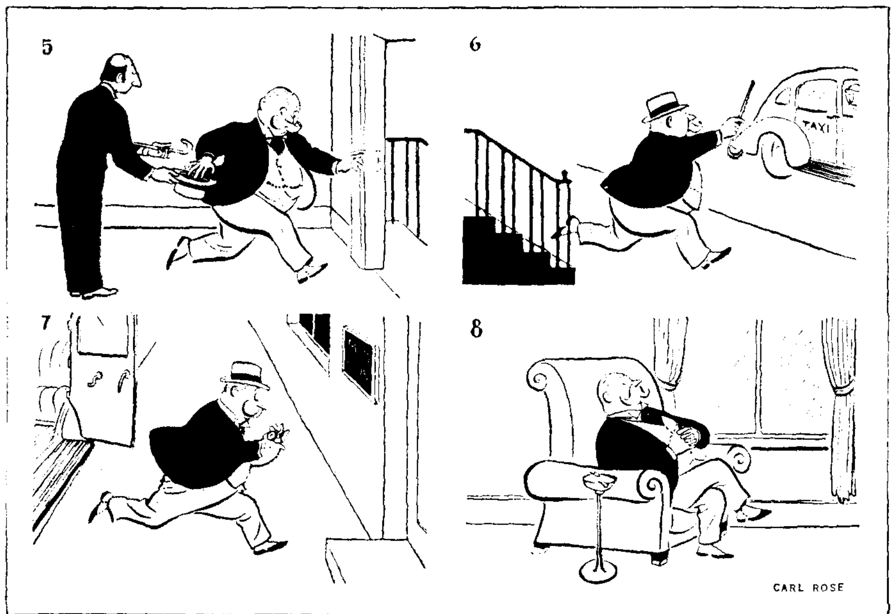
"But you'd want to see—and I'd want you there—" Her voice was thickening into maddening tears. "I know you're—you're cross about it!" She stopped speaking, abruptly.

"You mean the kid?" he asked slowly. "Well, I've always thought I'd like a kid. But I wish to hell this one hadn't decided to come along right now!"

"I wish so, too!" Rebecca said, trying to make her tone philosophical, cheerful. But her eyes were wet.

"YOU and the kid could come back when you got ready. I wouldn't have any objection to having a cute little girl around here!" Gavin said thoughtfully, over his pipe. "Keep you from places like that damn' dress shop, anyway. But we may be moved to Los Angeles any time now—"

She had to think the situation out, to answer the problem without help from him. Hour after hour Rebecca weighed one thing against the other. He *might* not fail her, of course. He was generous enough when he wanted to be. If she went home now in mid-November, he might come to Salletts for Christmas. They could give up this apartment; save a hundred that way. He could go south and see Lomita, the man all-important in the commercial photography business. No one in the world knew more about cameras than Gavin, and all Hollywood's business centered on cameras. Gavin had said a hundred times he wished that when he had been down south Lomita had been there. He knew Lomita personally, would have no trouble, he was sure, in getting a good job under him.



"But, gosh, you can't drag a woman down there, pay hotel bills for three weeks while you're getting an appointment!" Gavin had good-naturedly grumbled. Alone, he could bunk with Wilson or Dave or any of the boys. After February she and the baby could go down.

She and the baby! Rebecca shrank from the care and responsibility that the baby represented. She had not adjusted herself to wifehood yet, had not solved half the problems that that state presented. Now this unwelcome baby! Sometimes in the night she cried in pity at thinking how wholly unwelcome the poor little creature would be.

In the end she went home. Gavin gave her another hundred dollars one morning, the morning they would start a fresh week at the "Golcondita." Quite suddenly Rebecca determined to pay off most of the remaining bills, even though it would leave her with less than twenty dollars in her purse, give up the apartment, send Gavin south with Wilson in Wilson's car to see the all-important Lomita. And she herself once more went down to the ferry and bought a ticket for Salletts.

The town looked oddly shrunken when she got out of the train in bleak mid-afternoon. But the fresh air struck upon her flushed face deliciously cool and sweet, and when she half jumped and half tumbled out of the taxi at her mother's kitchen door Becky was laughing and crying together in excitement.

She heard her mother's unchanged voice: "Well, for the land sakes, Becky!" and the wild excited cheering and shouting of the small brothers. She was somehow gotten into the warm kitchen among them all, and the happy breathless questions and answers were flying about, the boys' entire unconsciousness of restraint covering what might have been awkward moments of embarrassment and explanation.

Becky thought at first that all that was over, that dreaded moment of adjusting present to past. But she found that as the hours went by it was not so. There was a gap, and all her mother's generosity and all her tacit apology could not quite bridge it. She was changed; they were all changed; life could not go back.

At six o'clock she was brushed and fresh and ready to hug her father, and repeat her explanations.

"My rolling stone has rolled to Los Angeles for what really did sound like a good job, and I couldn't resist—I *had* to come home! I've thought of you all—I've *longed* for you all so—"

But even as she spoke, with her hand holding little Gary's hand as he sat next her at table, her eyes shining at each member of the group in turn, she knew it was not quite enough. Eleven long months of absence with only a brief note now and then to say that she was well, that she would come, that she would write. It was not enough!

But the bliss that it was to be home again showed in every expression of her older face, sounded in every word she said, and they forgave her, without ever knowing or thinking that they must forgive her, because she was Becky and because she brought back to them something that was of priceless value in their lives.

They had dinner in the kitchen.

The boys were eager to hear about the city. Gee, where had Becky lived? Gosh, movies all day long!

"We lived in a little apartment downtown—really nice rooms, and an electric refrigerator, Mother, and all that. But everything," Becky said with a rueful laugh, "everything that Gavin and I do is so sketchy, so temporary, that I kept thinking we'd change our address, and be in some little place with more sunshine to it, and a garden—like Lily Potter's place, remember, Mother?—out past the Twin Peaks Tunnel? Remember we went there about—oh, years ago, when they were first married? I kept thinking—and time went on—"

And her appealing look moved about the circle again, explaining and saying that she was sorry.

Her appearance immediately betrayed her condition. Becky sensed an odd reluctant satisfaction in her mother's lowered tones as Sarah asked her very first questions. A baby was welcome to Sarah under any conditions. Her father shook his head, lovingly, doubtfully.

"Little old Becky, eh? Well, well, well."

"Now tell me everything and anything," Sarah said seriously, when Becky had had a night of delicious, restful sleep, and when the two women were busy in the kitchen with breakfast dishes.

Becky felt a second's interior panic. But she had known this talk must come. And she had known from the first instant of thinking of this visit at home that it could not be quite a frank talk. Confidential but with reservations her mother must not suspect.

WELL, Gavin was a dear, of course, but he did jump from one thing to another, hated to settle down. He'd had a perfectly good job last year, but he was so lazy that he was always late, and in the radio business you simply couldn't be late. What exactly had he been doing? He'd been doing studio photography. He was really an expert on cameras, in his crazy way. Becky tried to make it all casual and laughing. It had a maddening way of sinking into what sounded like wifely whining, wifely complaint.

"Gavin's thirty-two, Mother, and he's simply not used to making allowances for a woman. Not in any way. Her comfort and her expenses and her feelings!"

"Selfish," Sarah observed thoughtfully, looking up over her grater. "How about money?"

"Well, Mother, if he had it! Or if he were lucky with cards, or dice." It didn't sound very satisfactory. Becky had forgotten Salletts' simple countrified attitude toward gambling.

The talk rambled on and on in the heavenly quiet of home again.

"When do you go back to him, Beck?"

For some reason the question struck her cold, and Becky looked startled as she said:

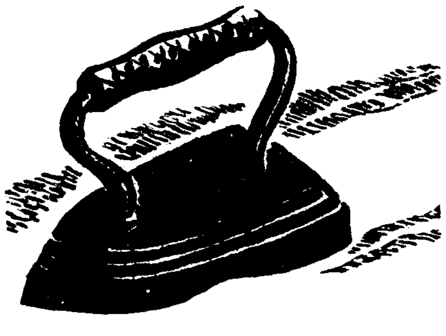
"Well, I thought after the baby comes—"

"But that's February, dear!"

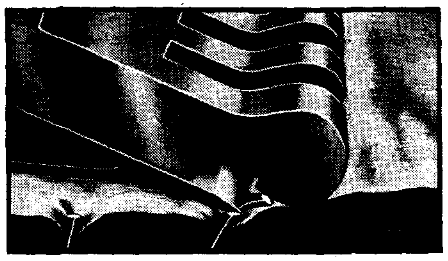
"About eleven weeks."

Sarah shook a wise head, and Becky

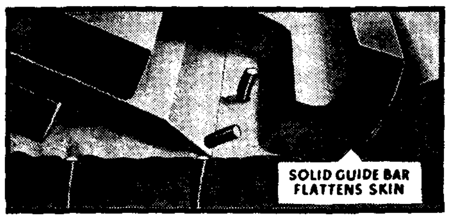
YOUR FACE NEEDS IRONING FOR A GOOD SHAVE



It was for this reason that Schick abandoned the "toothed" blade guard for a *solid, flat* guide bar that "irons" the skin ahead of the blade.



"TEETH" GROOVE THE SKIN. Here is the abandoned "tooth-type" guard. The tooth design did not sufficiently stretch and flatten the skin. "Teeth" also have a tendency to groove the skin surface. This creates a series of "ridges" which sometimes gets nicked or scraped.

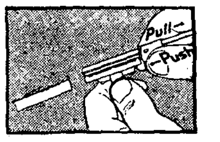


SCHICK GUIDE BAR STRETCHES SKIN

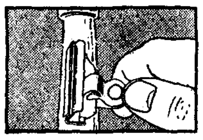
Above is the revolutionary Schick Injector Razor guide bar in action. Flat and solid, it grips the skin, stretches it taut. Note how the whisker is held firmly upright for a clean cut. Note, too, how the tiny ridges and furrows of the skin are smoothed out flat so the blade cannot damage the skin and yet gives a close shave right at the skin line. Try a Schick Injector shave tomorrow . . . you will *see* and *feel* the difference.

$2.00
in black waterproof case with 20 blades ($3 in Canada)

Blades are protected in a bath of oil in a metal blade-injector cartridge. Blade edges are suspended in space; no paper covering to dull them.



One-second blade change . . . a pull and push of the "trigger"... out shoots the old blade and in goes the new . . . nothing to unwrap, take apart or re-assemble. Quick . . . time-saving.



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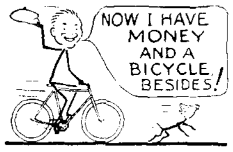
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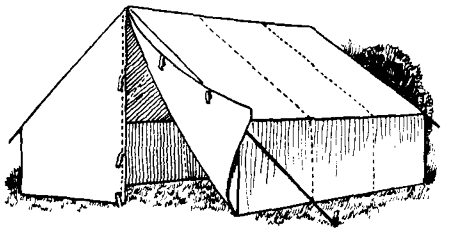

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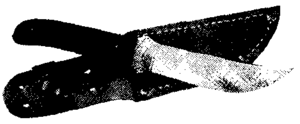

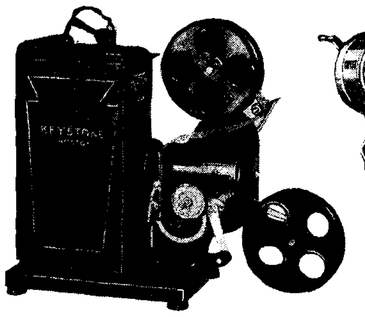

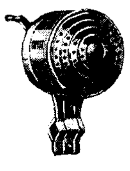

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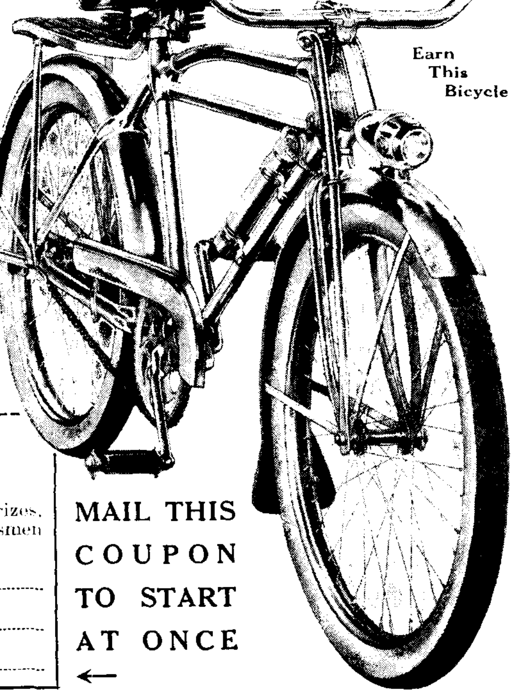

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felt her happiness shrivel within her.

"That's too long to leave a man, dear, now, in the beginning, when you're hardly settled even into being married yet. No; we'll keep you here a week or ten days, Beck, and then you join him again, and I'll come down to you in February."

Becky sat puzzled, hurt beyond words, her cheeks red.

"A man like that," Sarah was quietly, almost sorrowfully, resuming, "has got to have marriage built about him, Beck. I don't know whether that's the way to say it exactly. But if he's anything of what you called him to Dad last night, he wants an anchor. A rolling stone needs a wife and child. You say he wasn't especially glad about this baby *coming—poor little tyke!* That's another reason why you ought to be with him all these weeks, let him see what it means to a woman. He'll not have any feeling for it or for you either if you stay here four months—"

"February isn't four months, Mother!" Becky said in a proud, quick voice.

"No; but it'll be another six weeks, it'll be April before you and the baby are fit to move. It's a job, getting a small baby started—food and hours all have to be worked out. You'd want to stay right here near Doctor Thomas for *that; they say he's the best in the state.* No, Beck, you'll have to go down to Gavin next week, and get some sort of a home started—" Sarah left the sentence unfinished.

"I'll go as soon as he writes me," Becky said. "And sends money," she thought. . . .

But the days went by and were weeks, and Christmas came, and the new year, and he did not write.

BECKY went to the hospital on a bitter cold February day when the sun was brightly shining on frozen ruts in the road and on the nipped green of early grass. She went shakily, laughingly, apologizing to her mother for the bulky clumsiness with which she got into the car.

Sarah was quiet, efficient, nervous. She and Becky had been lingering over the breakfast table at nine o'clock when *a startled cry had been wrenched from* the younger woman, and Becky had said courageously: "Ouch, we're off!"

Her suitcase had been packed for days. They had only to pick up the coat, which somewhat disguised Becky's figure, turn off a gas jet or two in the kitchen and start.

"It's a relief to have it coming at last!" Becky said, as they went toward the village and turned up toward the hospital street. But her teeth were chattering despite her tone.

"It's early, at that," Sarah said, not knowing what she said.

"Yes, he said fifteenth, and this is only—" Becky knew the date well, she had kept careful count of the days for weeks ahead. "This is only the thirteenth," she said. She was icy cold and shaking; she felt as if she were going to be nauseated and her head was spinning. "It's a lovely hospital," she said.

"It cost pretty near a hundred thousand," Sarah observed.

Not knowing what they were doing or what they saw or to whom they spoke, they went in and laughed and explained and were led about. Finally Becky was upstairs in a small plain room where a high, beautifully fresh bed slid about at the slightest touch on the polished floor. Minnie Case came in and sat down with a fountain pen and a long blank, and filled in answers.

Mrs. Flood was twenty-one. "My land, is that all you are, Becky?" Minnie said. Sarah said that she would go over to the Exchange and tell Dad that things had started. "Maybe I'll have something to show you when you come back!" Becky said gallantly. Sarah, her heart wrung with pity, stooped to kiss her forehead as Becky sat taking off her shoes and stockings. These hard months of hurt pride and uncertainty behind her, the rack just ahead, and she could smile, could think of her mother's fears.

"You'll have something pretty nice this time tomorrow," Minnie substituted. Sarah saw Becky's eyes blink with fright.

"It couldn't be that long," Becky said.

"Don't worry about time, just take things as they come along," Sarah suggested. "Get into bed and get reading and don't worry. You'll get through it, dear, like everyone else, and you'll have something lovely to show for it."

"I suppose the first's got to be a boy, Becky," said Minnie, when, rather scared, Becky was left alone with her, and various preliminary activities were under way. Her clothes were hung in the closet; oddly, she had on her nightgown and a loose cotton wrapper at ten o'clock in the morning; Dr. Thomas looked in.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you're having a baby, Becky," he said. And then to Minnie: "Say, what's your brother on O'Neill's side of the fence for in this school business? You tell Dave to come 'round and see me."

"No, Gavin wants a girl," Becky presently answered Minnie. She brought in Gavin's name when she could, without seeming to force it. Minnie reflected, as she heard it, that her folks weren't the only ones in town who'd like to get a good look at Rebecca Gibson's marriage certificate.

"Well, whatever it is, you'll keep it," Minnie said.

Becky glanced at her wrist watch, her face twisting a little.

"Want me to time these pains, Minnie?"

"Lord, no," said Minnie, twisting something around her arm for a blood test. "You aren't having pains at all yet!"

Becky knew she was having pains, good hard pains. She thought it would be nice if they suddenly discovered that her baby was much nearer being born than they had thought. Becky Gibson, the town folk would say, got to the hospital at ten and fooled Minnie Case good and plenty. The baby was born before lunch!

But time did slip by rapidly, that was one comfort. Even if the baby wasn't born until—say, five o'clock, that wouldn't be so bad. It was noon already, with Minnie bringing her chicken soup and a cracker. She was not hungry, and her hands and feet felt cold and her face burned, but when her mother came back at two she could say triumphantly: "I'm really having bad pains, Mother."

The main thing was to get it started and get it over with.

SARAH looked at the white face in which two spots of red burned. She sat down to talk and wait. She knew these were not pains; that Becky might not really begin the business of bringing a human to birth until this time tomorrow.

"How about some sleep, Beck?"

"Mother, you can't sleep when you're having *pains.*"

"It's a nervous sort of time, waiting," Sarah sighed. The hours went by, and Becky's stream of chatter stopped. Her face went on burning; her hands were cold. She turned magazine pages, looked hopefully at the screen every time the door creaked. That might be the doctor. Or it might be Minnie to say, "Listen, this baby's practically here."

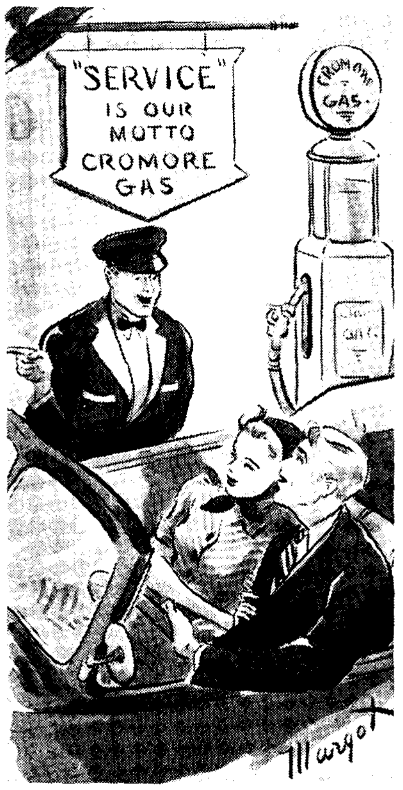
It was eight o'clock when the old doctor really did come in, and said cheerfully that he thought she ought to get some sleep; he did not expect that baby until sometime tomorrow. Becky was agitated and wakeful now; she was sick of her magazines and hungry and wearied unto death of the impersonal little room and the eternal waiting, waiting.

But she said very meekly that she would try to sleep.

At three she was awake again, and the hot bright little room took shape, and the dark starry night looked in at her high window. The night nurse came in yawning and smelling of coffee; Miss Case had told her not to call her unless it was important, she said.

To Becky it was important. She was seized, flung about, hammered. She did not look at her wrist watch now, nor at the clock whose hands stood still on the wall. Her voice was gone, and she was soaked and panting. Minnie Case was looking at her thoughtfully through a red mist.

"I just had the most awful dream," Minnie said in an undertone to the night nurse. "Don't throw yourself around that way, Becky. Take hold here. Yep, we're started all right."


"SERVICE" IS OUR MOTTO CROMORE GAS
CROMORE GAS
Margot

"About a mile down the road you come to a billboard; behind the billboard is a motorcycle cop; two miles farther, behind a large oak tree, you'll find two more motorcycle cops"

MARGOT COOK

Becky said something in a hoarse whisper.

"The doctor? He'll be in," Minnie said soothingly; "he always comes 'round early."

It went on and on. A nurse looked in and said, "Miss Case, my patient is being terribly bothered by the noise in here."

"You tell her to tend to her knitting," said Minnie Case.

THERE was a lull. Rebecca panted; Minnie sponged off her forehead and told her to take it easy.

Suddenly, as it all recommenced, Rebecca felt herself settling down to it. It was not a question of avoiding pain now; it was a matter of something to be done. Her wet hair swept from her forehead. The merciless light burning on, the merciless rack seizing her, she looked expectantly at Minnie. What was she supposed to do? She would do it.

Sarah came in at six with a straggling dull dawn. Rebecca heard her mother's little gasp of pity, heard Minnie say, "She's working hard now. She started in an hour ago. We're coming on fine now."

Oh, that the love of a man could put a woman's supersensitive body through this! Devils, not men. Devils, all of them—oh, God, she could not stand it—

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mother, I can't help it!"

"Don't mind anything, darling, except that it's coming to an end."

"Well, well, well," said Minnie. Rebecca felt Minnie's hand on her forehead; she could not open her eyes. "The doctor's here," Minnie said, "and here we go. This'll prick, but in about five minutes—"

Rebecca felt a needle in her arm, she felt the blessed silence closing in over her own voice. She was only crying now, audibly sobbing, moaning through her nose, but not with pain.

"Oh, that's better. Oh, Mother, make them keep that up."

The wheel stretcher at last. The God-given bewildering halls at last, and a student nurse smiling at her. The elevator, strongly scented. And the pain held under, smothered under—there, but under—

"Well, now what would you like? A baby?" It was old Doctor Thomas. Rebecca, crying already, began to cry afresh. Tears streamed down.

"I guess I'm broken!" she faltered with a smile.

"Let me fasten your arms down, Becky. You aren't going to have any more pain, dear." This was homely old-maid Doctor Mary Saville, but what an angel she looked, bending down! Becky could summon up enough manners to whisper "thanks," and that was all she remembered.

SHE came back from far places by degrees. First it was someone being soothed, someone with a cold wet rag on her forehead. Then it was hands lifting her, changing hot blankets. "Thanks, Miss Pierce, I've got her."

She was going to sleep. But afterward her head hurt and she opened her eyes and saw the top of the window curtain and a rainy sky. Long, long ago she had been Becky Gibson, come to the Pennoyer Memorial Hospital to have a baby. It seemed very sad; so long ago. Everyone must be dead.

The time clock, and the girls crowding about her. "Maxie, I'm late. Cars blocked." Raining in the city streets.

"That hurt. You're fine, Becky. Proud of you," Minnie Case said suddenly in a warm bright hospital room.

"Oh?" Becky said, with a sore dry throat. "Oh, thanks, Minnie." For that was a sliver of ice, deliciously cold and wet.

"Becky, you've got a beautiful boy." That was her mother, close beside her, crying and smiling.

"Oh, no," said Becky, as the full miracle broke upon her. It was over; she was flat and weak and out of pain and back in bed. Ether hung about her, slightly nauseating; breakfast trays clattered in the hall. It was over. "Oh, Mother, is he nice?"

"He is simply a darling; they're all laughing at him, he's so saucy," Sarah said.

"Stay," Becky whispered.

"I'm so proud of you, darling. They said you made it all so easy for them."

"I was a flop and a quitter and I lay down on my job," Becky breathed, with something of her old smile. Her mother had missed it all these months. "But now I'll come to, and be a model mother," she whispered, after a pause.

"It's all over," Sarah said. "You've got to sleep now, and then you're to have some breakfast."

"And not see him?"

"Oh, Lord," said Minnie. She went away and brought the baby in, tunneled in a blanket, wrinkled, deep orange red,

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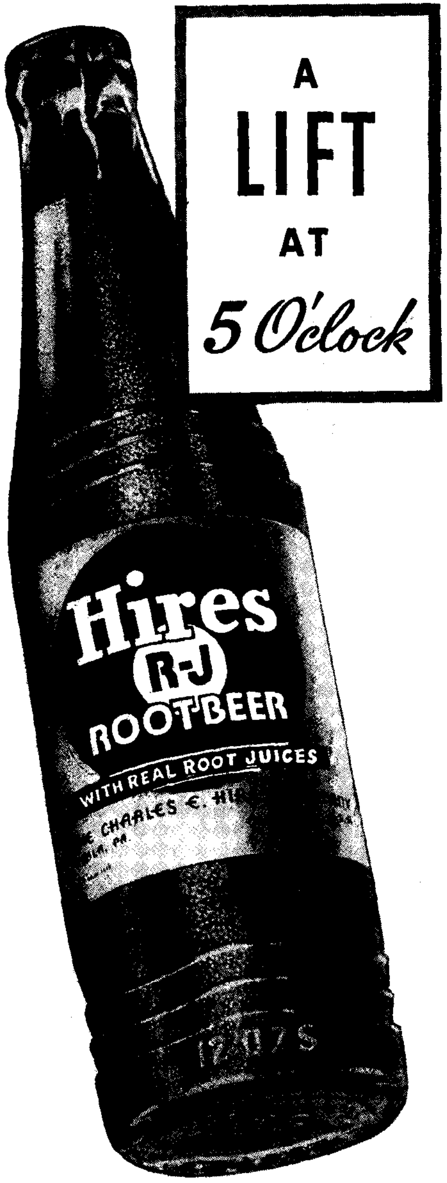


with a black mop on the top of his scowling face.

"Is he really handsome?"

"Oh, yes, he's a fine baby."

"Oh, Mother, I'm so happy!" Becky said. Her head aching faintly from anesthetics, her throat rasped, her eyes drenched, her body sore and wearied, her stomach caved with hunger, every bone of her slowly receding to normal position after hours of wrenching and straining, she went peacefully into the deepest sleep that even her twenty-one healthy years ever had known.

And for a few lazy comfortable weeks she was content.

"Mother, we'll have to find Gavin, Gibbs and I, and go to him," she said one day seriously, and with a little effort.

Sarah looked at her but made no denial.

They were at home again. They had moved the baby, dainty and sweet and fed, pink blanketed in the bottom of a washbasket, out into warm spring sunshine. Now the two women were sitting near him for a moment, in the old side-porch chairs, glad of an interval of breathing and resting.

IT WAS almost eleven o'clock. Since Gibbs' first little awakening whimper at five minutes of six, Becky, who had slept even before that but lightly, had been flying from one thing to another without an instant's respite.

The day had followed its usual pattern. She had stumbled up in the early cold to patter downstairs for his bottle; she had set it in a saucepan of hot water to heat, the complaining baby meanwhile balanced firmly on one hip, and had waited the endless moments until a squirt of milk on her wrist had matched in temperature her own bodily warmth.

Then upstairs again to a room warming to the first heartening crackle of a fire in the airtight stove, to tear every soaked stitch from the crib and from the baby's small person, pull a fresh dry microscopic shirt over his head, pin things, fold things, wrap him in a new warm blanket, and settle down to getting his morning meal into him, a serious business, and one that usually took almost half an hour. Afterward Spencer Gibson Flood was turned on his face, warmly covered, and left to go off to sleep again, but Becky, at twenty minutes before seven, had other things to do. She must straighten the room, make her bed, take her bath and get thoroughly dressed for the day. Any neglect of hair or girdle or shoe laces was bound to react later in the morning, when some caller would find her disheveled and sloppy.

After that masses of baby linen must be gathered into a great bundle, and if Becky was already perspiring and a few minutes late for the eight-o'clock breakfast it was because she had seized a minute in which to soak all these in the tub, and soap some of them thoroughly. Then breakfast, with her old sunshiny greetings for her father and the boys, her old eager help for her mother at the stove. Only somehow this eagerness, this cheerfulness, seemed infinitely more valuable, seemed to her parents at least to be more touching now, now that Becky was a woman and had put a woman's experiences, passions, tears behind it.

She and her mother dared not loiter after breakfast now. Becky's share of clearing was confined to carrying dishes into the kitchen, wiping the table top and putting back the strip of colored embroidery and the flowers, running a carpet sweeper over the floor. Window shades were evenly drawn, chairs aligned against the wall, and she was upstairs like a flying swallow to see if Gibbsy had stirred.

Downstairs again with all the bottles, which were sterilized while she mixed his formula.

"Is this the new milk, Mother?"

"*That bottle there, Beck.*" Sarah had an assistant now, a morose big peasant girl from some Balkan country, who worked with something like three horsepower. Sophy had a child, too, a pale shy little creature called Anya, her one interest in a life that had treated her hardly. She was hence expert in handling Gibbs and often helped Becky with the last of the ironing or with folding the clothes.

When the bottles were all filled with the smooth pure creamy mixture and set away in the icebox, Becky rinsed out the forty or fifty pieces of laundry work that Gibbs demanded daily. Shirts, diapers, bibs, sheets, everything that came into the remotest contact with Gibbs had to be washed every day, wrung out, shaken out, hung flat, sunned unless there was a cold wind that shortened matters, for at least three hours.

Becky put on a sweater to hang them out; the yard was cold these March mornings. She snapped the springs of small wooden clothespins, snapped the diapers by their corners, and felt the fine fog from them strike her warm face. There would be a tremendous satisfaction in working so hard, if only one's back wouldn't so maddeningly get tired in midmorning!

At ten Gibbsy had another bottle and another complete change. Again the crib was torn apart, another bunch of discarded clothes began to gather like a snowball on the bathroom floor. This time he might be wakeful for half an hour, and Becky would carry him down to the kitchen.

Sarah always stopped her stringing of beans or cutting of cookies to stretch eager arms for him; while she crooned and cuddled him, Becky dragged out the basket, placed it either where an angle of sunshine came into the kitchen or carried it out into the yard and ran up- and downstairs to get blankets and pins.

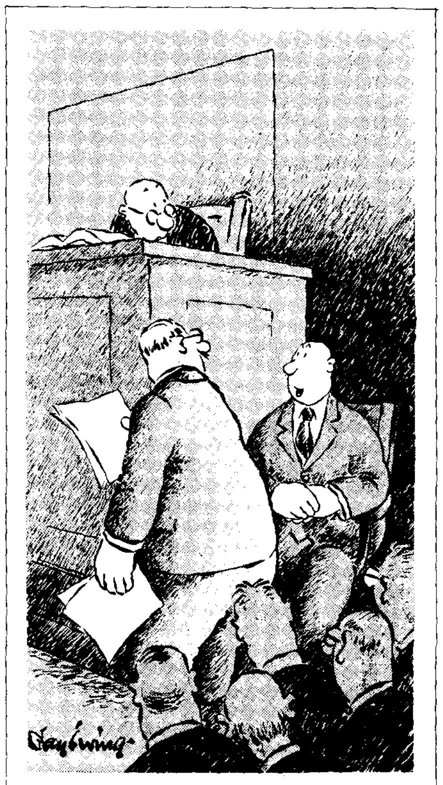
ELEVEN o'clock now, and two of the boys, who had been moved to the Union High School since Becky left home, would be back in an hour on their flying bicycles for lunch. Sarah had to get baking potatoes started. If it was a Tuesday or a Friday she had been to market, and would only be getting back now with her loaded car. Becky would go indoors, half blinded by bright sunshine, and set the kitchen table. The boys' meal was an altogether hurried affair—no use in formality. They seized their sandwiches, took great bites between gulps of chocolate or milk, stuffed cookies or gingerbread into their pockets and were away again, flinging apple cores behind them as they went.

Becky and her mother, as the racket and whirlwind died away, settled down more comfortably to their own meal. Sophy ate never and always. A saucerless cup on the very edge of the kitchen table at some odd hour, a scraped saucer that had once held the remainder of spiced herrings, or wilted salad in the sink, a few doughnut crumbs on Sophy's dark face were the only evidences that the family had of Sophy's eating at all, except for the fact that Sophy always gulped something down before she morosely answered a question. Little Anya had careful meals given her by her mother, but she was always asleep at noon.

After lunch Becky gathered in her wash, stiff, dry and sweet, and much of it was folded at once, and carried upstairs to go into Gibbs' bureau. What had to be ironed was dampened and rolled and put back in the basket, and when Becky was not so tired and sleepy that she could not keep on her feet, she started ironing immediately. It was pleasant work especially when every slip and sheet and tiny shirt made her think of the brown sturdy baby with his mop of black silky hair. But her back would be tired again; no help for it!

She had made a solemn compact with Sarah that the older woman should not touch the ironing, although Sarah protested, and Becky knew it was true that she loved to iron. But Gibbs and his mother had quite sufficiently disorganized the household without that, Becky said, and she meant it so earnestly that Sarah dared only sneak in a little surreptitious service here and there. Becky insisted that her mother go to her clubs, keep up with her village interests, but with all her efforts she knew that Sarah had too much to do at home, and that the augmented housework was a burden to her, whether she admitted it or not.

At two and at six there must be a full hour out again for Gibbs' bottles, for more complete changing of raiment and bed linen. Sometimes at the later bottle he roared inexplicably. Becky was sorry that that was his troublesome time, for her father was rather awkwardly and shyly fond of the baby, and was quickly regaining his old adept touch with a tiny infant. The boys also liked to gather about their nephew and comment with laughter upon his inadequate equipment of intelligence. Gosh, he did look at 'em, and gosh, what a hand, and gosh, didn't he hear anything, Beck?



"You want I should answer that one 'yes or no,' too? Or you want I should tell th' truth?"

JAY IRVING

SOMETIMES after dinner she brought down whatever rumpled and wet baby linen had accumulated and set it to soak overnight. She was usually so tired at eight o'clock that she went blindly upstairs to bed, setting her alarm for Gibbs' ten-o'clock meal, and hardly awake while she gave it to him.

For with all his demands the household demands went on steadily, too; bedmaking and dishwashing for a family that now numbered nine; cutting of bread and setting of tables; picking up gum wrappers and detective magazines in the boys' rooms; keeping them at their homework; clearing up after them when they polished their shoes or took their baths.

And all the time Becky must endure the nagging humiliations of Gavin's treatment. No letter, no money, not even a dollar to tip Sophy, who so obviously expected it, or to indulge Gibbs in the little white coat at McGee's Linen

Shoppe. Nothing for her but heartsick wondering, and lame explanations to her own people, and what face of courage and confidence she could present to the world.

So on this particular sweet warm morning, when she said seriously that she and Gibbs must go to join Gavin, Sarah, who understood all these things, made no protest. She only gave one quick glance at the baby, or rather at the lock of silky black hair that was all that was visible of him, and faintly nodded, her face very grave.

"I'll miss him so, Beck!"

"Ah-h-h!" The long-drawn syllable was like a sob. Becky had been longing, only a short two years ago, to get away from home. Now it seemed to her a very haven from the cold winds of the world, a place filled with peace and love, roofed with blue skies and apple blossoms, where Gibbsy could grow safe and strong—

"If I don't go now, I never will," she said. "And then what?"

"But you don't know where he is, Beck."

"I've thought of a way to find out. I almost hoped it *wouldn't* work," Becky confessed, ashamed, "but it's going to. Ned McSwayne, the San José man Gavin was with when he first came up here, was up here to see Mollie White on Friday. I met him when I took Spin to the dentist. Apparently he thinks everything's—" Her throat closed on a dry bitterness. "Everything's fine, between Gavin and me," she began again. "He asked about Gavin, said that he was baching it with a man named Cotton, down there in Hollywood, a movie photographer, I think he said. He said he'd send me the address; it probably wasn't in the telephone book. So I wrote Gavin."

Her voice stopped on a level note. She looked away into space.

"I wonder we didn't think of him before," Sarah commented, trying to make her voice sound simply concerned and natural.

"We might have thought that if I didn't know, Ned McSwayne wouldn't know." Becky spoke dryly.

SARAH was silent for a little while, troubled.

"Beck, I hate to talk about this. Don't think that I'm curious," she presently said. "But you—you don't hate Gavin, do you?"

"No, I don't hate Gavin," Becky answered, not moving, speaking in a lifeless voice.

"It's just—?" Sarah left the question in air.

"It's just that I can't depend on him, Mother. I never know what his mood will be, what his job will be, how much money I'll need and how much I'll get. No," Becky said, still looking away, and now with a sudden flush on her face, "I—he could so easily make me love him again. He can be fascinating; I know he's smart; if he'd only just—just apply it to something. Everyone likes him. That is," she amended it with a reluctant little laugh, "everyone he wants to make like him does like him. But I'm never—comfortable, with Gavin! I think perhaps—I think perhaps I love him," Becky went on uncertainly, speaking as if she were in pain, and with a frowning brow, "I love him without liking him. When he loves me, when he needs me, everything goes right somehow. I despise myself for it," she finished, "but he can—can tease me into loving him, can win me back to him by just putting his arms around me. I go—all soft and—and kind. I want him to love me. That's what makes me feel I'm such a *fool!*"

"But that's the way it ought to be, when you're married, Beck."

"Yes, I know. But not with all the other things wrong. Not when you're resenting unfairness, resenting being left alone, resenting extravagance and bills and ill-temper and criticism!"

Sarah sat pondering this, her own forehead lined, her lips pursed.

"Yet I'd hate you to talk divorce, Beck," she said finally. "A girl your age, with this beautiful child."

"I'm not thinking about divorce," Becky answered grimly. "I'm thinking of failure. I've made a failure. I suppose it always takes two to make a failure in marriage, and I'm one. But how—*how?* What did I do or what didn't I do that made him want to marry me, and be so wonderful during that week here, and then let me down this way? It isn't even Gavin, or even Gibbsy that I'm thinking about. It's me. What have I done?"

"Well, you just married a man who—who hasn't acted up to his promises, Beck."

Becky's thoughts were adrift. She spoke somberly:

"I saw Joe Feratta yesterday."

"Back in town, is he? He's been in Sacramento since Christmas."

"Yes, I know. He asked so pleasantly for Gibbs, and was so nice."

"Not any feeling—I mean, you haven't any love for Joe left?" Sarah asked in a new anxiety.

"I NEVER did love Joe, Mother. It just isn't there. I see Joe just as he is, a big, fine, clean, nice man with all the good points of the Irish and the Italians combined, clever and successful and rising in his profession, and I wish—I wish," Becky said, with sudden warmth, "that everything Joe has could stir in me just one tenth of the feeling that Gavin used to manage with one look, or the lazy way he used to say one word!"

"D'you think Joe's still in love with you?"

Becky answered hesitatingly, reluctantly.

"Yesterday I would have said 'no,' Mother, because when I met him at Christmas time, that week that he was home, he seemed just like—just like anyone else. Of course I was enormous, not exactly the laughing girlish beauty that men follow. And I was glad. Lucy said something about a girl he liked in Sacramento, and I was really glad. But yesterday there wasn't any question about it. He—of course one knows. His voice was shaky and he—well, I knew. He asked me to go and have a soda at Luchein's, and I said no, I had to be back for Gibbs' bath at half past five, and he asked to bring me home. But I said I had the car and was picking Dad up, and he walked with me to the car and asked me if some night, before Gavin came for me, I'd go to the movie with him."

"Joe Feratta asked you that!" Sarah said, shocked.

"Yes. He was—was all shaken up. It made me ashamed." Becky dismissed it with an impatient jerk of her head.

"His folks would die if he went out with a divorced woman," Sarah said ruminatingly.

"There's that to think of, too. I don't fit here any more, it's just eternal food for gossips, and God knows this town has its share!"

"But, Beck, you haven't the faintest idea what you're going to do!"

"I know. But just the same, if Gavin's working—"

Both women turned. A man, well-dressed and groomed, with a light overcoat folded and belted about a slender figure, had come in from the front garden, past the bare whips of the berry bushes.

"Hello, Becky!" he said cheerfully, advancing toward them.

"Gavin—!" Becky said faintly.

(To be continued next week)

"Oh, I adore bunnies!" Miss Pettibone butts in

Honest, I never did a better sellin' talk in my life!

Tippin' my cap, I says, *"Miss Pettibone, good mornin'—*

"Miss Pettibone, you've been a good customer, and I want to let you in on a bargain."

"A *bargain?*" Her eyes got bright and snappy, so I saw I had the right approach.

"Now this Golden Shell Oil of ours is only twenty-five cents a quart—"

"Two quarts for 49¢?" she cuts in.

This slowed me up, but I gulped a couple of times and said, "No, two quarts for 50¢—and you can't buy a finer oil at any price! It's made specially for stop-and-go driving. You see, when you stop a while, your oil drains down into the crankcase. Then you come back, get in and step on the starter."

"Shouldn't I?" she asks.

"Yeah," I says, gulping once or twice more. "Oh, sure—but if your oil is *sluggish,* a lot of wear happens before the oil starts *flowing.* But Golden Shell begins flowing *instantly.* It gets going like a scared rabbit!"

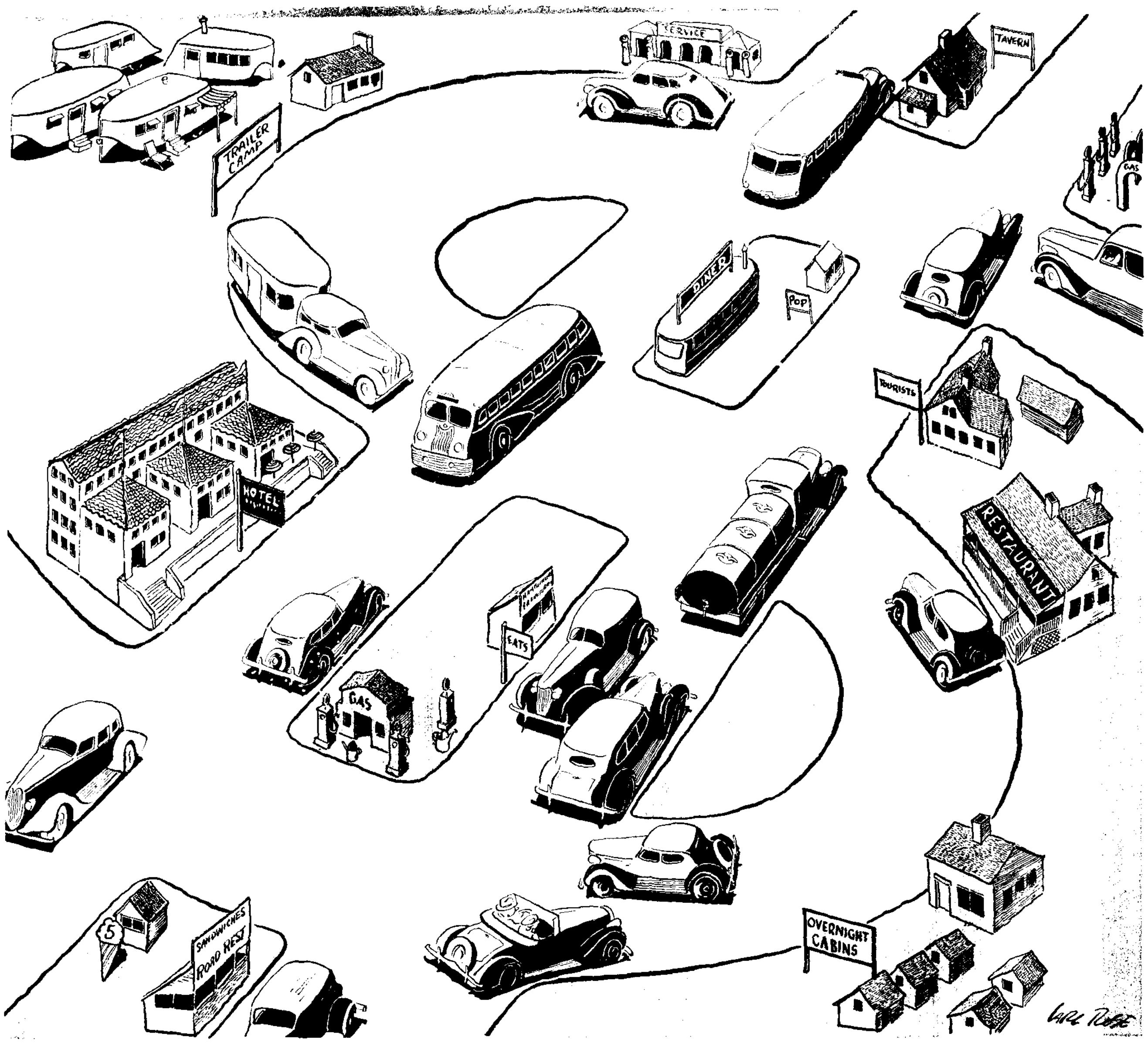
"Oh, I do *adore bunnies!"* says Miss Pettibone, claspin' her hands.

* * *

No, I didn't *faint.* But how'm I ever gonna get the facts o' life over to these lady customers of mine?

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer



Dollars On Wheels

TRAVELING about the country in your motorcar is pleasant. At least once a year every other American who possesses an automobile takes his car out for a tour.

It is fun to seek distant scenes and new views. With all the various accommodations, the adventure need not be expensive. Food and shelter are cheap on the highways. But if you put pencil to paper and begin to do little sums in arithmetic, you may be amazed to discover the huge national dimension of the simple tourist business.

Here are some facts that you don't have to remember but that may give you a new notion of the other motorists you meet on the road during the next few crowded days.

Every year 12,000,000 American passenger cars are taken on long trips. Each car carries three to four people. On the average, each trip costs about $100 total. The sum actually expended by all touring motorists runs from four to five billion dollars a year.

Michigan is alert to the advantages of trade and so keeps books. Tourists spend about $315,000,000 a year in Michigan. Here is how it is scattered. If you stay in a hotel, on the average, you will spend $7.65 a day. If you choose a cabin or a private home you will spend, generally, about $3.70 a day. Campers get by for slightly less, about $3.37. The Michigan experts reckon very precisely the exact sums we are apt to put into circulation. For example, even if we are visiting friends we can still be relied upon to spend about $1.82 a day.

Motor travel actually costs about $7.00 a person each day. Here is how your tourist dollar is divided:

Twenty-five cents for retail purchases en route, including camping supplies and souvenirs. A cool billion and more for retail trade from strangers indicates the big stake that merchants have in vacation motor traffic.

Twenty-one cents for food, or $900,000,000 gross for restaurants and hotel dining rooms.

Twenty cents for transportation, including fuel, oil, garage and repair service: $850,000,000 plus for the 325,000 gasoline stations and garages to divide.

Twenty cents for accommodations, or $850,000,000 plus, going to 20,000 hotels, 15,000 tourist camps or courts and 200,000 tourist homes.

Eight cents for amusements, or $350,000,000 for theaters, movies, golf courses and other entertainment.

Six cents for refreshments, or about $260,000,000 for snacks at wayside stands, chiefly sandwiches and soft drinks, estimated as covering a large part of the nation's annual consumption of 4½ billion frankfurters and 12 billion bottles of pop.

A glimpse of the touring mind arises from a questionnaire sent to its million members by the American Automobile Association, a nonprofit merger of automobile clubs. When we stow the family luggage in the car and say that it's time to start, we have only a general idea of where we are going. We steer for a region, not for a specific town or resort. If we settle down, our choice depends on what we see and hear en route. More than half never accept a fixed location, but just keep rolling.

Tides of tourist travel run strongly from the Mississippi Valley toward the oceans, both winter and summer. New England and New York, combining scenery, history and good accommodations, pull a third of all well-heeled tourists and are the most popular regional destinations. Next come the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast, with California a great magnet. Then the Southern states, Florida leading. Michigan gets the bulk of midland trade, with Wisconsin next. Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, New York, Ohio and Texas furnish the liveliest gasoline gadabouts in this mobile nation, which annually sends more tourist cars into Canada on extended visits than the total Canadian registration.

Forty per cent of all tourists are repeaters, returning to scenes they have visited before, and another twenty-five per cent start toward regions recommended by friends. Officials, police, and all who cater to tourists, will do well to remember that two thirds of their visitors on wheels come in response to prior satisfaction.

To attract motorists, cities, counties and local trade associations spend upward of $5,000,000 in promotion. California is the leader with $570,000. Evidently this generous expenditure pays, for that state drew 225,000 more tourists in 1937 than in 1936 and they spent $28,000,000 more. Florida comes next in promotion with $500,000; Michigan and Texas with $300,000 each.

Only 38 per cent of all tourists patronize hotels. Consequently, a region or community seeking tourist business needs all varieties of accommodations. This is recognized by many towns that, located on main routes where tides of traffic cross, have developed a brisk trade in catering to tourist needs. Many of these "slumber towns" such as Walterboro, S. C.; Winchendon, Mass.; Bedford, Pa.; Buena Vista, Colo.; Placerville and Folsom, Calif., were once famous stagecoach centers. Mississippi River crossings, notably Vicksburg, Natchez and Greenville, are also becoming focal points for tourist travel.

The big bulge in trailer traffic has passed, both in numbers of vehicles operated and in miles covered. A growing tendency is for trailerites to leave the trailer in a camp, as a base of operations, and use their car for side trips. A survey of the National Park Service shows more than 90 per cent of these vehicles entering national parks were used only for vacation purposes, and less than 9 per cent as abodes. Their occupants gave the following occupations: businessmen, 44 per cent; professional men, 22 per cent; miscellaneous occupations, 15 per cent; retired, 15 per cent; farmers, 4 per cent. Stable citizens, most of them.

Nothing comparable to these seasonal migrations ever before has happened. Each of us is driven by his own particular desires. Our expenditures lumped become prodigious sums. What we get for our money and effort and time is a fresh knowledge of this land and the people. The money is well spent.

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EVEN IN ARCTIC CIRCLES

Hiram Walker
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AKE
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IN 87 LANDS
WHISKY-WISE
MEN ASK FOR

1932
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
BOTTLED FOR & IMPORTED BY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA ILL.
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

6 YEARS OLD

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE UNIQUE FLAVOR OF "CANADIAN CLUB"

"Imagine needing a 'cooler' in Alaska," reads a letter from Sitka. "But our summer is surprisingly warm, so our guide invented what he calls an Alaskan Cooler. Its main ingredient is 'Canadian Club', which accounts for its absolutely unique flavor. I'm sending the recipe so you, too, can enjoy an Alaskan Cooler."

3,000 MILES AWAY

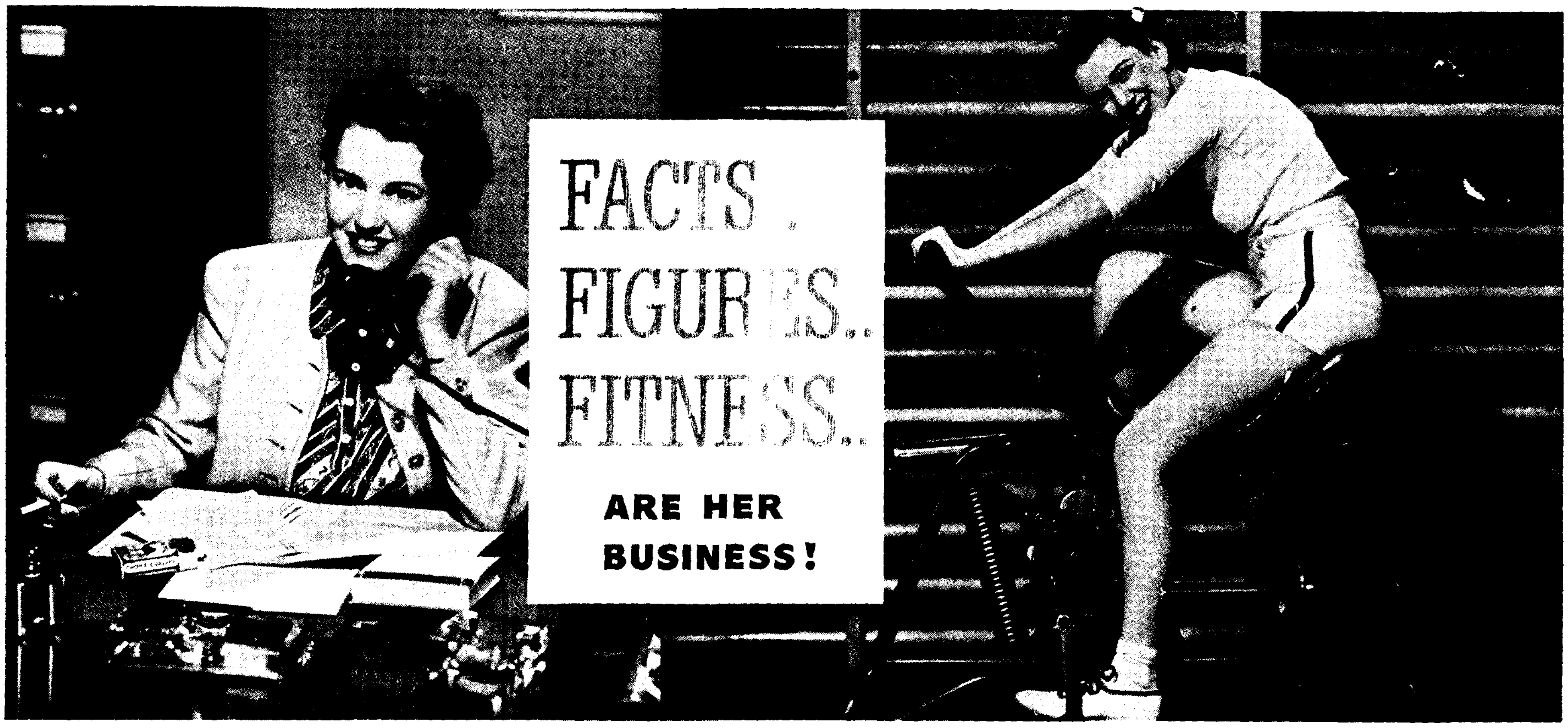
from home "Canadian Club" is as much a favorite as it is here. And until *you* taste "Canadian Club" you cannot imagine how *different* it is! For, although there are several choice Scotches, a few great ryes and bourbons—since 1858 there's been only *one* "Canadian Club." Unless you try it, you'll miss one of the world's great treats. This whisky is 6 years old. 90.4 proof. At leading dealers; and at clubs, bars, hotels throughout the world.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

HOW TO MAKE AN "ALASKAN COOLER"

1 jigger 'Canadian Club' ● Juice of ½ orange

Use tall glass and fill with finely cracked ice. Sprinkle a pinch of powdered sugar on top of ice, and over this pour the 'Canadian Club' and orange juice.



FACTS . . FIGURES . . FITNESS . .

ARE HER BUSINESS!

BUSINESS GIRL—1938 MODEL— Office manager Olive Tucker keeps disarmingly calm despite nerve-nagging phones, buzzers, interviews. "If anyone needs healthy nerves, I do," Miss Tucker smiles, adding: "That's one reason why I smoke Camels. They never get my nerves upset." Later—much later—Miss Tucker skips to the roof-top gym for a quick work-out. Next—shower—rub—a Camel—and she's up and off again! Tired? Miss Tucker's answer: "Camels give my energy a refreshing 'lift.'"

Cigarettes may *look* alike—but what an appealing difference there is in Camels!

As a smoker, you'll be interested to read what Miss Tucker, successful young office manager, said to Miss MacGregor about the difference between Camels and other cigarettes (at right).

"Olive, do you always serve Camels because you feel that there's a big difference between Camels and other cigarettes?"

"I'm very glad you've brought that question up, Helen. I've tried as many kinds of cigarettes as most people, I guess, and I'm amazed at how *different* Camels are. Camels are extra-mild—they never bother my throat. And Camels taste good, yet never leave that 'cigaretty' after-taste. In so many ways, Camels *agree* with me."

Old Man Business licked for another day, Miss Tucker entertains graciously—and *thoughtfully!* There are lots of Camels around her smart living room. Miss Tucker says: "Camels are the favorite with my guests and are delightful for topping off a meal. During and after dining, I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.' Camels set me right!"

WELKER COCHRAN, who has won many important championships at billiards, says about *his* choice among cigarettes: "Camels give me *real* smoking pleasure. Under the strain of a championship match, Camels never make me feel jittery or unsure of my 'touch.' The saying, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel,' expresses just the way *I* feel too!"

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"

"You bet Camel is our choice of cigarettes," say these tobacco planters—and they *know* tobacco because they *grow* it!

Mr. George Crumbaugh, well-known planter, had his best tobacco crop last year. He says: "The Camel people bought the choice lots—paid more than I ever got before. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Fact is, most planters favor Camels."

"I know the kinds of tobacco in various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, 19 years a tobacco grower. "Camel got my choice grades last year—and many years back," he adds. "I know Camels are made from MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS."

Last year, Mr. Walter Devine says, his tobacco brought highest prices. "Camel took my best lots," he says. "Other planters also got top prices from Camel for extra-choice grades. Naturally, I'm partial to Camels. Most growers here are too."